

Yours Sincerely,

MRS. JOSIE B. HALL,

Authoress.

Waxahachie, Texas.



ARELLA THERESA HALL.
Born Monday, September 5, 1904

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HALL'S MORAL AND MENTAL CAPSULE

FOR THE ECONOMIC AND DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE NEGRO, AS A SOLUTION OF THE RACE PROBLEM

BY
MRS. JOSIE B. HALL
WAXAHACHIE, TEXAS



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DEDICATION.

To the memory of Christ,
Who suffered, labored and sacrified
To save the sinner and distressed,
To save all nations that were oppressed;
Who sits to-day upon his throne,
Offering all who come to him a home;
Who inspired this the author to write,
And made it her delight
To prepare this message for all.
This volume is most humbly dedicated by Josie B. Hall.

CHRIST.

Behold Christ hanging on the cross,
An emblem of love for thee.
How can the sinners stand to see
The crucified on Calvary
And not believe?
With thorns encircling his brow
And blood flowing from his side,
To give all a right to eternal life,
He hung on the cross and died.

INTRODUCTION.

I have cheerfully consented to prefix a few words of introduction to Mrs. Hall's treatise upon the problems confronting the Negro. I have read with interest so much of her manuscript as the many duties of a busy pastorate would allow. And while the reading public may not agree with some of the opinions herein expressed, yet it must be conceded that she makes a severe, and in the main, a strong, courageous indictment of the race. Her unflinching and fearless diagnosis is accompanied by a proposed remedy which I regard as both sound and sane, born of common sense and attested by the history of the rise of individuals and races.

In these apprehensive and turbulent times the Negro is receiving much instructions along social and economic lines, some of which is wise, but much of which comes from the lips of novices who have more brass than brains, and more interest in self than in their fellows.

The demagogue and the politician are all taking turns at guessing at the Negro problem. Every young and unpractised orator, every fresh and unseasoned collegian, every man called upon to address a Sunday School picnic, or Fourth of July celebration, wades fearlessly into the mysteries and intricacies of this much vexed question. Theories galore, and theories fine; solutions born of the keenest intellects and of the stupidest minds, are proposed every day in the week. But, "Like Bancroft's ghost, it will not down." Verily, theories will never solve the problem. It is an individual matter that must be worked out alone.

The author has gone to the root of the matter in her own way in words simple and true. She has set the duties of the Negro before him in a clear and unmistakable light, placing them to themselves as individuals and families. In this little treatise is the clarion call of a woman's heart to manhood, purity, womanhood, chastity, self reliance and independence. He who has these is no problem, for out of these are the issues of life.

The author does not profess to give an analytical and exhaustive treatment of the subject; nor does she essay an unusual fete in literature, word painting, picture hanging, or scene setting. The pyrotechnic is severely absent, but her pages are made to glisten by the humanity of the heart which speaks through them. It is a book for fireside use, for the husband and the wife, for the son and the daughter. I sincerely hope that it may find a wide and helpful reading.

J. T. S. WHITE.



REV. J. T. S. WHITE, B. D., D. D.
Pastor of Bethel A. M. E. Church.

THE AUTHOR'S BIOGRAPHY.

Mrs. Josie B. Hall, the author of this book, was born on the 17th day of September, 1869, in Waxahachie, Texas. Her parents were Tennie and Henry Briggs, both were industrious and pious. Her mother was a native of Tennessee, and her father was a native of Kentucky. At the age of eleven years, Miss Josie Briggs was left an orphan, but she was left to the care of a kind and loving sister. The first beginning of her public career was a Sunday-school teacher, at the age of twelve years. She was faithful in this capacity. The community loved, honored and respected her, be-



REV. JOSHUA V. B. GOINS, M. D., D. D.,
Author, Presiding Elder, Brenham District, West Texas A. M. E. Conference.

cause she was kind, modest and virtuous. She professed to know God in the pardon of her sins, at Bishop College, Marshall, Texas, in 1886. She early developed a strong desire for an education. However, through unfavorable circumstances, her education was not completed. When at the age of sixteen she began teaching public school, at Canaan, Texas, and was teaching there when she entered the matrimonial bonds with Professor J. P. Hall, in 1888. Professor Hall

was at that time one of the leading teachers of Mississippi, his native State. He is a normal graduate of Fish University, Nashville, Tenn., and is a man worthy of imitation. Their union has been blessed with five children, viz: Veralee Hall, 13 years; James L. Hall, 10; Theophilus Hall, 8; Thessie Arrilla Hall, 5; A. G. Hall, 1. Prof. and Mrs. Hall are interested in the education of their children, and are trying to train them for usefulness. Mrs. Hall taught school at Austin, Mississippi, in 1888 and 1889; Tunica, Miss., in 1890; Ray, Texas, Penton and O. K., Mississippi, in 1891; Ray, Texas, in 1892; Mexia, Texas, in 1893, 1894, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901 and 1904. Her uncle and grandfather were the first Negroes to purchase land in Waxahachie, Texas, her native city. Her purpose in writing this book is one of the methods she has in helping her race. She is a great factor in the Sunday-school, Church and Societies.

Ere I close, I would say,
Go forth, my friend, upon your way,
Each obstacle despising;
Prove by your efforts every day
To all that we are rising!

Respectfully,

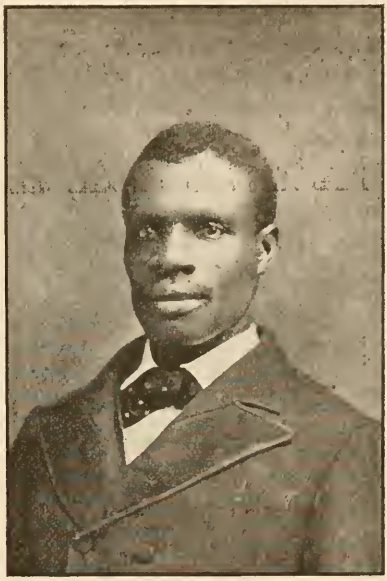
J. V. B. GOINS.



REV. G. W. HILL, V. D. M.
Pastor of the Baptist Church, Muskogee, I. T.

Prof. J. P. Hall, son of Robin and Katie Hall, was born and reared in Tunica County, Mississippi. He received his first instructions from his father and mother, who were very anxious that he should be well educated.

His second teacher was a little white boy, who was employed by his parents to give him lessons on Sundays. There being no public or private day schools in the community, he was placed in a night school, tuition $1 per month, which he attended two years, completing the second and third readers and making rapid progress in arithmetic, language, geography and spelling.



J. P. HALL.
Principal of Mexia Colored High School.

Being apt, studious and obedient, he was in 1875 sent to the Lemoyne Normal Institute, Memphis, Tenn. Here his general deportment, love for study, punctual attendance to all duties, soon won for him the esteem and respect of teachers and pupils. He was one of the best scholars of his class. His oration delivered at the close of the term made a profound impression upon all who heard it. He was an active member of the literary societies and Sunday school. During this year he professed religion and joined the Church. In the fall of 1876 he en-

tered Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn, where, after a rigid examination, he was placed in the junior class of the grammar school department, from which course a certificate of qualification to teach in the common schools is granted. He left school in April, 1877, to accept a position as assistant teacher in a district school in Tunica County, Miss., for which services he received a salary of $40 per month for five months, thus enabling him to return to Fisk in September with sufficient money to remain in school the next term.

By careful and hard study during summer, he passed the required examination, entered his class, completed the course as one of its leading members. Thus he became self supporting in his education.

He taught school in Hardeman County, Tennessee, in 1877-78, receiving for eight months service an average salary of $28 per month.

On account of the prevalence of yellow fever and other unfavorable circumstances over which he had no control, prevented his return to Fisk in September of 1878, but he went south in October, and spent three months in Alcorn Agricultural and Commercial College, January, 1879, he was elected principal of a school in Claiborne County, Miss., at $46 per month, for five months; but after three months satisfactory work in this school he resigned to accept the principalship of Indian Creek graded school, Tunica County, Miss., where he continued to teach until August, 1881.

In September of that year he returned to Fisk University where he continued to pursue his studies, completing the Advanced Normal Course in 1884.

Teaching being his chosen labor, he has steadily followed that profession since his graduation. Taught three months in Arkansas, three in Mississippi and twelve months in Texas during 1884, 1885 and 1886.

In September, 1886 he was chosen principal of Tunica graded school, Tunica, Miss., where he remained until September, 1891, when he resigned to accept a position in the Colored High School, Waxahachie, Texas.

By recommendation of Elder W. R. Carson and Rev. A. M. Gregory he was elected, November, 1892, principal of Mexia High School, which position he has held ever since, being re-elected May 30, 1904. Prof. Hall is possessed of high moral qualifications, at all times cool and conservative. The publisher of this volume has profound respect for his high Christian graces, and all he has seen and know of him is productive of the highest good for humanity. Prof. Hall stands in the front

ranks as a teacher, a law abiding citizen, an affectionate husband and a loving father, that has provided well for his highly interesting family that adorn these pages; and as we hail from the same State, we wish for the book a reading from the public and a great reward for its authoress so richly merited by her massive brains and assiduous labors to place it before the public. R. S. JENKINS, Publisher.



FOUR OF THE HALL CHILDREN.

Edward Theophilus, Miss Veralee, James L. Ammiel Gamaliel.

Rev. Benjamin F. Watson, D. D., born in Missouri, 1848, entered the United States Army in 1863, converted 1869, entered the A. M. E. ministry in 1870, elected Chaplain of the Colorado State Senate 1876, elected secretary of education by the general A. M. E. Conference 1880, secured the right for the Western A. M. E. University in Kansas, served



as an appointee, secretary of Church Extension, appointed by Dr. W. B. Derrick 1891. Presented the present law of the Church Extension of the A. M. E. Church in 1892. Elected Secretary of Church Extension of the A. M. E. Church in 1900. Re-elected Secretary of Church Extension Department of the A. M. E. Church, 1904.

CAUSES WHICH LED ME TO WRITE.

In undertaking a task so difficult and so important as that of writing a book on the solution of the Negro Problem, I feel it my duty to state the causes which led me to undertake it.

I write to show my people the cause of part of their oppression, misfortune and misery; and to instruct them what to do to better their condition.

I was not just now aroused to a sense of duty. For quite a while I have been impressed and annoyed with the thought that I was bound in duty to do something to aid the progress of my people.

I do not write because I feel so competent, but because I am inspired to do so. Hence, I shall do the best I can; for I feel that God is in the plan.

This is not my first effort; about seven years ago I had almost completed a book, subject, *Precious Thoughts of the Present and Future,* when it was destroyed by fire. I became so despondent over this misfortune I did not feel encouraged to make another effort until about three years ago, at which time I began this work.

From a child, I have been inspired to work in the interest of the race. When I was ten years old, I would go to different houses in this city, and get old people to attend Sunday-school.

I have taught school seventeen years, and during that time I endeavored to impart knowledge as best I could, for I enjoyed the work, and have seen a noteworthy advancement which is evidenced by the positions that some of my pupils are filling.

But failing to see the desired advancement morally, I began to search for the root of the error, and tried as best I could to bring about the desired change.

Therefore I would frequently turn the system of the school work into a moral lyceum.

For I was confident of the fact that mere school education alone could not raise the race to the proper moral standard.

I looked at this side of affairs too serious; hence, I couldn't rest for the desired progress; finally, I began to feel the effect of the pressure of that desire. I didn't mind the months of patient labor, but what crushed my ambition was this: I seldom saw one of the plants, that I had handled with so much care, bloom into pure character; and sadder still, some of the flowers were nipped off by the cold frosts of selfishness and rudeness, just about the time I thought their minds would open their petals and become flowers of admiration.

Therefore, as I looked at blighted possibilities, the thought came to me that the most careful instruction would fail to eradicate some of the faults imbedded in the child's nature by its parents.

Then another thought came to me, that I could do more good by reaching the parents through the children, and in this way there would be an improvement in the homes. Thus sending out boys and girls to better the schools, churches and societies. And I thought by teaching the parents the lesson of duty, I could admonish them to help save the youths of the race from destruction.

Therefore the parents must learn the lesson of how to train their children now and very speedily. For if the youths continue downward at the present speed, the future promises to be a dark one. Observation had taught me that the race had advanced wonderfully in wealth and intellectual education, for this was evidenced by beautiful homes, and a decrease in illiteracy.

Then I asked myself this question, Is there equal progress in moral education commensurable with that of illiteracy? The answer came to me that it was not. And I saw that a true moral system could not be fixed in the children's minds without the assistance of the parents. Oftimes after I would leave the schoolroom my mind would ferment with different methods as how best to serve my people; nor could I content myself with any other thought, except that of trying to help check the gait of their speed downward, and do something to help them travel upward. I saw that the race had been trampled, stigmatized, oppressed and discouraged so much, until it had but a very little ambition left to go forward and upward. Then, after looking into the matter deeper I discerned that effeteness had begotten poverty, poverty immorality, immorality vice, vice crime, and crime illness.

On discovering the illness of the race, I at once fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur criticism. However, I leave to your better judgment as to what will be said, and as to the fate of this medicine that I have prepared to put the race in a healthful development, and make it happy, prosperous and progressive.

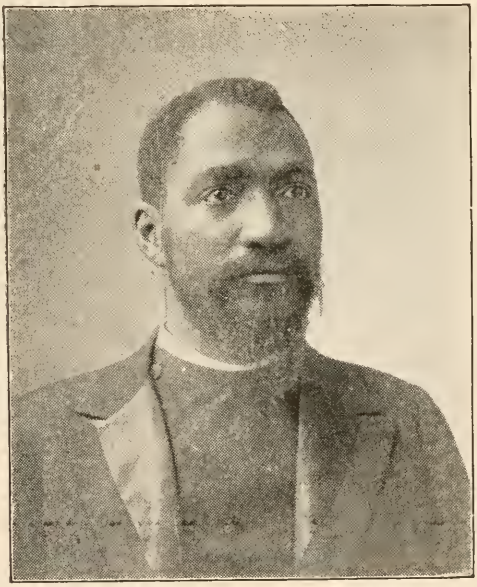
Perhaps some of you will act wise, take it by directions, and be benefited thereby; of course some will lay it on their shelves, and not use it, as they have done other medicines; and others will suffer and refuse it, simply because it's hard to swallow.

Knowing that some of the most valuable medicines have been refused by patients, I shall not trouble myself as to its fate, but with

patience hope for goodly results of my first effort in a booklet. As it is my design to make you wiser and better, I shall send out this matter of fact in the name of a capsule.

May it inspire you to nobler, grander and more courageous deeds, for you will find it to be the life blood of your spirits.

Now I soulfully send these pages forth with peace and good will to the race, and hope that they will aid the cause of morality, education, Christianity and righteousness throughout the world.



REV. H. B. PARKS, D. D.,

General Secretary and Treasurer of Home and Foreign Missions, Editor and Publisher of the Voice of Missions, New York, N. Y. Dr. Parks is a prominent clergyman, and in line for the Bishopric May, 1908, in the A. M. E. Church.

A MORAL, MENTAL AND PHYSICAL CAPSULE.

I see that the race is ill, hence I have dissected the carcass of its nature, and made a profound diagnosis of its constitution and disease.

But as I look upon the skeleton, the bones of its moral relations, social relations, and conditions, stand before me in horrid deformity.

As the bones are essential to the support of life, I thought it necessary to observe them first.

The skeleton is the framework of the body, and is composed of bones of various sizes and shapes, known as long, short, flat and irregular bones. However, I have given them the following names: The long bones act as levers and sustain weight. Hence I have named them characteristics and character.

The short and irregular ones give solidity, strength and protect the delicate organs. Hence I have named them method, intellect, honesty and wealth.

The flat ones are like the shoulder blade. Hence I have named them habits of position.

Now, I claim that the bones of characteristics, character, method, intellect, honesty, wealth and habits of position of the masses are in an abnormal and crooked condition. These deformities have been brought on by requiring children to sustain the weight and responsibilities of life too early; by losing opportunities, carelessness, dishonesty, disobedience, and false positions.

However, I have selected the very best course of medicine that I could find in the drug-store of wisdom, to relieve the sufferer, and restore health and vigor.

Now I feel it my duty to the race to lay open the true causes of its disorders , and compound a remedy that can effect a cure, however unpalatable it may prove to the readers.

Nature itself has instructed humanity that diseases are prevalent in the land, and medicine is very necessary for the purpose of restoring health.

The illness of the race is so full of interest and includes such a broad field of thought, that its full discussion would be impossible within the scope of this volume.

However, as my mind is stirred with ideas, thoughts and facts, concerning one of the gravest problems that face the nations, I shall endeavor to mix as many of them as I can in their proper relations to each other, and press them into this capsule.

Thus with all of my imperfections and with all of my fears, I have taken upon me the responsibility of administering medicine to the needs of my people.

Yes! my people—descendants of Ham, and a race whose blood is as impure, and habits are as corrupt, as that of any people ever recorded in history.

Diseases which may be imparted from one person to another are known as infectious diseases. Infectious diseases are carried in different ways. They can be communicated by actual contact with a diseased person; they can be conveyed by touch; they can be conveyed by air; they may be carried by water; they may be carried by clothes, and in some instances the germs live in certain districts, and only affect the people of that district.

Through a careful analysis of the race I have discovered that the majority of Negroes' minds and hearts are affected with one of these infectious diseases, which is pulling them back instead of forward.

As there can be no effect without a cause, I have compounded a capsule to remove the cause, by purifying the blood and regulating the habits.

'Tis true that as a race we are morally and intellectually weak. This unwilling acceptance of conditions, in many instances springs not altogether from a wicked desire. But I feel that many of the vices of our people are brought about from a lack of knowing how to find a remedy.

Hence, I have mixed and rolled a series of valuable ingredients together, the object of which is two-fold, to make a better people and solve the Negro problem.

This capsule has many peculiar features, therefore it's probable that it may show much fluctuation in opinion and sentiment. But it has been carefully compounded for the soul, body and mind, so as to mould character, restore health, brighten the intellect, and teach you how to prepare yourself for a place to rest.

It also has power to enter the body and mind, and correct faults, hence one should be in the home of every family, so as to excite their nerves to make an effort to better their condition.

You will find this capsule to be a mental, moral and physical restorer, which performs the mission of a purgative, to remove the innutritious burden of mistakes that is keeping the race sick. And after cleansing the system it will feed the brain with the oxygen of thought and make the blood rich.

Therefore I am keenly alive to its eminently practical, as well as its morally ennobling effects, and take this method of sending messages of healing to the afflicted of my race.

This remedy will be effectual if taken by directions.

Take one every time your conscience tells you that you're wrong, and you will find it to be an elixir. This moral, physical and intellectual medicine will do all good.

Who read it, and would
Adhere to the teachings that it contains;
What wonderful blessings they would gain!
Now if you'll accept the teachings of this volume,
Christ will solve the Negro Problem.

As my intentions are for the good of my people, I do not believe that you can peruse these pages without seeing and regretting the condition of the race. I write without selfish motives, but with noble ends in view. I write without censuring my people harshly, but shall endeavor to state plain facts. For when I look upon my family, my friends and my race, I consider them, what they really are—Negroes in color and disposition. Then I ask myself this question: "What has the future in store for them?"

One moment I seem to be bouyed up with a hope, that is, when I see some of them filling high positions, when I see them preparing themselves for life's battle, and when I see them living lives of usefulness and integrity; at the next, complex emotions fill my breast, that is, when I look into the slums, alleys and saloons. Then when I compare them together, the future looms up before me as a sealed book, with these words inscribed thereon: "You can not know my contents until I am opened by time."

Then, for fear that the race will continue to cavil away its time in folly and ignorance, I wish for power to force it to accept the present opportunity, and advance in wisdom, virtue, honesty and industry; but the task is too hard for my slender abilities.

However, I feel that I have power to do good in this way, though I am conscious of the fact that such work as I have undertaken, might have employed the pen of a much better writer.

But as I have found out the needs of my people, and what must be done to raise them to a higher civilization, I have the fond hope of winning their zealous assistance in lessening crime and helping the cause I have so much at heart.

I can not but believe that the cause for which I feel inspired to write will prevent you from tarrying in darkness, and will move you to struggle for enlightenment.

The race is not only affected with infectious diseases, but some of them are inherited. Hence the illness of the race has not been brought about altogether by the present generation; but as far back as history records our ancestors have been affected with taints of impure character; therefore many impurities have been handed down to the present generation as a legacy.

I have studied the children at their play, and find them as other children; I have studied them in the schoolroom, and find that they make rapid progress, both mentally and morally, for a few years.

Yes; this progress is only of a short duration, for they soon learn to pattern after the fashion of the age, and degenerate into its vices and corruptions.

Some of the children have inherited diseased minds from parents or grandparents, and show signs of them when they enter their teens. Finally, those whose minds are affected by inheritance, home atmosphere or surroundings, have an inclination to give up; they begin to fall short of individual ideals; in fact, they seldom have ideals higher than that of their parents.

Therefore, while conscience is pointing upward, their little hearts plunge downward in despair.

Though I have failed in some of my undertakings, I am not content to sit in slothful ease.

"The old foxes have eaten sour grapes, and the young ones' teeth are on edge." You see that the children have taken on the habits of their parents.

Now I sincerely hope that all of the ingredients of this medicine will cut their way to the very heart's core of the parents, and quicken their consciences with the sense of duty.

It is the aim of this capsule which has spread itself out into the form of a book to present the main facts of the race, in a way to attract and interest your minds, encourage an effort for right, incite progressive activity, stimulate an interest in education, develop healthy thoughts, afford aid and guidance, give you a sympathetic appreciation of the development of your children's lives and character, and to solve the Negro Problem.

The problem of which I speak is as old as the Negro race, and as

young as the baby born to-day, but the solution of it would be easy enough if reason, thought and work were applied to it.

How can it be solved? Perhaps you would like to have a definite answer. I would not attempt to answer this important question without basing my remarks on the Word of God.

"He says, Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people; and walk ye in all the ways I have commanded you." (Jeremiah vii. 23.)

When our lives come into harmony with the will of God, He will come to our rescue. But as long as we live in sin, linger on it, cherish it, taste it and love it, the blessed Savior will permit other nations to trample us under foot.

The race is not living according to the will of God; but if it would put away its abominations, there would not be enough power on earth to move it.

Christ will not say, Follow me!
And then allow us to sink in the sea
On which we have ventured at his command,
And are relying on his upholding hand.

But when the race obeys the Word of God, and is raised to the proper standard, with an educated moral sense, intellectual sense, and physical sense, it will be one that other nations will respect, in the moving panorama of life.

Now I hope that each of you will be imbued with the conviction of the great and urgent importance attaching to the cultivation of the heart, mind, soul and body.

"Hear, O earth; behold, I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts, because they have not hearkened unto my words, nor to my law, but have rejected it."

"Therefore thus saith the Lord, Behold I will lay stumbling blocks before this people, and the fathers and sons together shall fall upon them; the neighbor and his friends shall perish." (Jeremiah vi. 19, 21.)

In these chapters he whispers words of warning to disobedient and rebellious nations.

The testimonies of the Scripture inclosed in the above verses are sufficient for my purpose, and most abundantly confirm my answer on the solution of the problem.

The hate, the malice, the revenge and the prejudice, all seen, all

heard and all felt by us every day, make us tremble beneath their tread, and wonder if Christ sees them.

Yes, Christ sees everything, and permits such things to happen to disobedient and rebellious people.

Knowing that the race is not living according to the will of God, I fear and tremble over its future; and I think that the better class of our people should here and now set their faces against everything and everyone who will not come up to the lofty standard of right action.

This problem has engrossed the faculties of some of our wisest men, and many crafty brains have been applied to the task of its solution.

From the day we were given our present complexion until now, we have had difficulties too weighty for us to comprehend. Even history tells us that we are an unfortunate people.

Comparatively speaking, we have but few racial events of our ancestors recorded in history to feel proud of. What can be more sad than our history? However, we are aware of the fact that many noble and heroic deeds performed by them have been recorded in the book kept above, and written on pages that can not be destroyed by man.

Our minds are often filled with much of the painful recollections of slavery, mingled with much of the wrongs of the present, and with much of discouragement over the future.

Hence, when the disturbances bring on sad remembrances of the past, a state of despair over the present, and a state of despondency over the future, our minds are filled with pity mingled with indignation.

But I believe that if we follow the command of God, He will bring about the desired change in due season. Though the present condition of the Negro is entertaining the minds of millions, indeed, I have discovered rays of hope. For when our lives come into harmony with the will of God, He will supply strength to the weakness of our endeavors and deliver us.

Though there are times, whilst traveling the rugged pathway of life, when our individual efforts seem fruitless, when the evil of our race seems very strong, its growth persistent, and times when the sense of weakness, failure and discouragement are overwhelming. But amid the distractions of life we must keep Christ before us, as did the children of Israel; and He will deliver us.

The race is suffering with many ills which remedies have failed to cure, and which have baffled the skill of wise men. But all of the

besetments of the past, the difficulties of the present, and the promises of the future have been squeezed into this little capsule, to roll over the tongue of every Negro, to be seized by the muscular bands of his throat, captured by the fibers of the esophagus, absorbed by the stomach, taken into the current of blood, and to glide on—and on—until it reaches the central organ of the circulatory system, the heart, and the heart will send it out through the arteries and capillaries in order that it can permeate the whole system, and counteract the disease.

Then, after it has been assimilated and transmitted into the elements of your character, there will be prosperity and progress in the race.

It will bring the emancipation of womanhood and the freedom of manhood.

Through it's power it will scatter education in its path, so that you can bear the torch of enlightenment. Then other races can behold the radiating light held up by the Negro, and open avenues for him that are now closed.

After removing impurities, and regulating habits, it will bulge out as some great force, and solve the greatest problem of the twentieth century. Now, if you do not believe that this capsule can cure the ills mentioned, and solve the problem, consult the wonderful old homeopathic doctor, Time, and he will tell you that it is a panacea for every ill of the race, and will do all it promises.

May this capsule bring with it new life to the race, heroic womanhood and stalwart manhood, virtuous girls and industrious boys, worthy parents and better born children.

May this capsule which has spread itself out into the form of a book, wind its way into the different homes, so as to guide the young and entertain the old.

May it inspire the readers to noble, grand and courageous deeds, for you will find it to be a guide.

And may this capsule inspire the sinners to go to Christ, who purifies the soul with His own precious blood, and carries with Him its only remedy.

God and the Negro can solve the problem
That urged me to compose this volume.
Perhaps this work you'll criticise,
And think my views are unwise.

However, they are not unprecedented,
For other nations will be relented
If the race will only obey God's voice.
And in His holy name rejoice.

It matters not how much they hate,
No power can the race relegate,
Unless God wills it to go
From the land of the foe.
For He is God, and He is just;
And all people must
Bow in humble obedience to His will,
For the sayings of the Bible He will fulfill.

If the Negro is frustrated and froward,
He may expect the problem to be hard
To solve or understand.
But if he'll only obey God's command
He will not only abash those that are wrong,
But he will abate the mighty and strong.
Other nations should banish things that cause God's displeasure,
For when He pays He gives full measure.

Christ says ask and it shall be given;
Then need the race suffer to be riven?
No; but the colored people should stand together,
And should not stop to inquire whether
This factor or that should be involved.
For the problem will be solved
If the race trusts God and obeys His voice;
It can go on its way and rejoice.

Oh what a pity!
There's always a hurly-burly in some city
About the Negro and his imperfection,
And as some have an objection
To his ways, they become obdurate
And say that they hate

The Negro, and desire his relegation
To another country or station.

Provocation causes outrage and often incites
People to do things that are not right.
Hence the race should be cautious and pure;
Then if others put upon it wrong that's hard to endure,
It should be patient and wait
Until they meet their fate,
For the God of all nations is just,
And in Him all should trust.

Fear Him; for He can
Destroy the world with man.
Be provident and God will bless,
Though you be in poverty and distress;
Others will your honor concede
And will not try to impede
Your progress; if you'll
Follow the principles of this capsule.

And I pray that its teachings will go
Through the system of every Negro,
And I hope that the race will reclaim
Lost opportunities, and try to gain
Confidence, a good name, and respect.
Then Christ will protect
The Negro. For when the race obeys His commands
He will enable it to stretch forth its hands.

THREE REASONS.

For three reasons I claim that the time has not arrived for the solution of the Negro problem.

The first is a moral reason; through degrading circumstances the degeneration of the race has been brought on, hence the moral status is not what it ought to be.

That we have hundreds of moral men and women, is an undisputed fact, but the masses must be more moral.

We can see signs of a sturdy moral growth and we possess moral strength, but we have not had time to grow as morally strong as the solution requires.

The second is an intellectual reason. As the education of the masses is one of the most important factors in the solution, we need more intellectual strength.

Negro education has furnished us with hundreds of qualified preachers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, statesmen and other professions; but the thirty-eight years of freedom is not the time required to furnish the necessary number of intelligent and qualified Negroes required for the solution.

The third reason is a financial one. Despite the fact that the financial progress has been about as wonderful as that of any race ever chronicled in history, taking everything into consideration, and despite the fact that it owns seminaries, universities, churches, beautiful homes, large farms, publishing houses, banks, drug stores, ice houses, boats, stock, stores and have about $950,000,000 worth of real and personal property, yet in still the thirty-eight years have not given to the masses, the land, stock, money and homes that's required for the solution.

Every Negro who is doing his best is to that extent a success and a help to the common good of the race; and every one who is not doing his best, is to that extent an injury to its progress.

To me, it is perfectly clear that if the race fails to change its position, it must continue to receive the same respect now accorded it. But if it makes the proper improvement, morally, intellectually and financially, it must and will receive the proper recognition as a citizen; for these prerequisites will break down the barriers. No, it will not be time for the solution until the requirements mentioned take effect into the lives and homes of a few more men and women.

The noble ones that the race looks upon with so much pride, is not sufficient. The problem is a large one, hence the solution requires thousands of spotless wives, mothers, sisters, and strong men.

However, the race need not grow impatient as long as there is a Mary B. Talbert, a Lena Mason, a Josephine Yates, a Lena T. Jackson, an Ariel Bowen, a Rosetta Sprague, a Mary Church Terrell, a Rosa D. Bowser, a C. C. Petty, an E. C. Smith, a Paul Dunbar, a J. T. Hewin, a J. M. Cox, a Bishop Clinton, a J. W. Cromwell, a J. B. L. Williams, a M. W. Gilbert, a R. P. Wyche, a G. M. McClellan, a W. I. Lewis, a J. D. Davis, a J. Q. Johnson, a Nathan B. Young, an E. C. Morris, a D. J. Jordan, a J. S. Flipper, a G. A. Goodwin, an E. M. Brawley, a John R. Hawkins, an A. U. Frison, a B. H. Peterson, a C. H. Turner, a Geo. W. Murray, a T. Thomas Fortune, a Geo. H. White, a W. F. Penn, a R. F. Boyd, a R. W. Thompson, a D. Webster Davis, a Walter W. Wallace, a Bishop Turner, a Bishop Salter, a D. W. Onley, a Bishop Holsey, a H. L. Walker, a R. L. Lovinggood, a T. W. Talley, a Bishop Hood, an E. L. Blackshear, a H. P. Cheatham, an Arthur Richards, a W. D. Chappelle, a W. H. Councill, a Sterling N. Brown, a J. H. Anderson, a J. W. Johnson, a L. Kerr, a James Storum, a H. H. Proctor, a S. G. Atkins, a W. H. Brooks, a J. H. Jones, a L. B. Ellerson, a John P. Green, a W. E. Partee, a R. S. Smith, a W. E. King, a I. L. Purcell, a R. G. Robinson, a G. T. Robinson, a N. W. Harllee, a Frederick Douglass, a Booker T. Washington, an E. E. Cooper, a W. R. Pettiford, a Bishop Payne, a J. D. Bibb, a George L. Knox, a W. H. Heard, a G. W. Carver, a H. A. Hunt, a J. H. Smyth, a F. J. Grimke, a T. L. Tucker, a H. E. Baker, a W. L. Scarborough, a J. H. Morgan, an A. F. Hilyer, a T. W. Jones, a J. W. E. Bowen, an O. M. Waller, a J. W. Whittaker, a Geo. F. Bragg, a J. R. Wilder, a H. F. Johnson, a John R. Francis, a J. W. Gilbert, a H. A. Rucker, J. R. Porter, a W. T. Vernon, a Bishop Evans Tyree, a John M. Henderson, a J. Albert Johnson, a Bishop B. F. Lee, and a Bishop Abraham Grant.

It is an undisputed fact that these and others like them foretell a bright future, for they have done much to help the race reach the zenith of development.

They and other noble ones not mentioned have helped to pull down many great barriers; but there are many more that must be met and overcome by others.

Rise and be a factor by doing your part, and when the time comes for the solution, yes when the problem is solved, you can say, "I helped to solve it," appreciate the result, and feel worthy of the opportunities, honor and respect that will be accorded you by other races.

A DOLEFUL PREDICTION.

This generation was born in a corrupt age, and its effort seems to leave it corrupt.

At the beginning of freedom, if the race could have locked the depraved practices of slavery up in its own mind, and thrown the key away, where it could not have been found by the present generation, then its vice might have been grafted into a virtue.

But instead of this, this poisonous plant was watered and nurtured, so now it has become so deeply rooted, and grown to such an immensity, it is throwing the dark shades of vice in every direction. Hence, it will require time and judicious skill to check its growth; for the poison from it has penetrated the minds and bodies of the youths, filled their brains and hearts, with its deadly fruit, and seared their consciences. Hence, there seems to be a willful disregard as to their habits, or as to the mistakes that will be handed down to the next generation.

As this upas plant, vice, will grow larger through the influence of time, every parent should try to sow enough good seed in the hearts and minds of children so as to choke out evil thoughts, aand check their growth. For, if the race ever expects to escape from the thraldom in which it is nowengulfed, it must be through the power of God, and its own prowess.

The North came to its rescue once, but you need not expect its help now, for it is as much disgusted as the South. Hence, my dear readers, there must be a change in the moral status of the race.

If impure women do not stay off the streets, trying to entice men and boys to enter the slums of debauchery; and if Negro men don't stop sitting on goods-boxes or beer kegs, with nothing to do but slander girls and talk politics, the politicians of the North and South will combine into a great force, and engulf us in a sea of proscription much deeper and wider than our present alotment. A vast number of men and women are nothing but pests to society, setting examples of laziness and dishonest living. They do not try to elevate their children's minds; neither do they provide for and educate them as they should. As want and poverty always exists in the homes of lazy and trifling people, these deficiencies naturally lead to crime. There are men in the race who seldom lose an opportunity of trying to disgrace the female sex.

There is another class who appreciate lewd women more than they

do virtuous ones, thereby encouraging immorality.

But, on the other hand, a white man will lose the last drop of his blood, to protect the chastity of his women, thereby encouraging morality.

I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract any of the merits of the race, but it's simply a matter of justice and truth to both sides, and in other ways.

If you read Uncle Tom's Cabin, you will see that the Negro was encouraged and allowed to exercise base emotions during slavery. Therefore his moral senses have been dulled, and his nature has developed in the wrong direction, because such emotions have imbedded immortality into his system; so now he looks at it more as a matter of choice than a mistake.

So strongly do immoral practices, when sanctioned by custom, appeal to the animal nature in man, it obtains a full lodgment in his mind, blights conscience, and prevents him from realizing errors; but encourages him to continue, until he is meted out with punishment for the infraction of a law. Then he spends his remaining days in jail, or the penitentiary, reflecting over and regretting mistakes.

The race must face and solve the great problem, by raising intelligent men and women. We have no time to cavil; but the hour is at hand for a change.

How many young men have we capable of standing at the head of a family; how many are industrious enough to make a support, and how many can imitate the lives of their fathers, and do the will of God?

Study the conduct of the race, until you can answer these questions for yourselves. The majority of the young men of to-day haven't any ambition higher than that of robbing girls of their character. And most of the girls are simple enough to waste their best days, and follow them down, down, until their strength is destroyed; hence, when they reform, they are well nigh physical, moral and mental wrecks, with ineffaceable stains upon their character. These statements may be made in strong language, but alas, they are true; and I say them in sadness, hoping to arouse my people to a reformation of this shameful abuse of freedom.

The moral and religious elements are the highest elements of nature, and furnish the guiding principles of a race.

Then to fail in the proper improvement of these, is to fail fatally.

Some wonder why the white man could trust the Negro during

slavery, and can not trust him now. The answer is this: The Negro has advanced in intellect, but not so rapid in morals; and the white man is wise enough to know that intellectual education, without proportionate moral education, is dangerous.

The white man says he has watched and studied the Negro until he knows him. He has a little confidence in the old Negro but can't trust the young one. Why? He says he sees him in his servant room, he sees him in the streets, and in fact he sees him in so many placeswhere he shouldn't be, he has become disgusted, and has taken a desperate step in trying to rid the country of him. Therefore, the clamor for the continuance of mob violence becomes louder every year.

Careful observation of affairs leads to the conclusion that something must be done, for our condition is exceedingly precarious. Therefore I heartily wish that a law was enacted to prevent the youths from spending their time in idleness, and force them to work. Listen! Oh listen at this doleful prediction. Something must be done before it's too late for opportunity.

Looking now on this side and then on that, you will discover that an awful stretch of space separates the two races, leaving a great gulf between them. This breach is being widened by the lower element of both races. A certain element of Negroes sometimes commit nameless crimes and a certain element of whites seem to think fire and oil are the best method of punishing him. Every decade shows that the ebb of prejudice is rising. However, it is claimed that when we as a race pay more regard to morals, and all of the higher virtues, we will be given an opportunity. These virtues will move out oppression, and they will have the good effect to keep the spirit of prejudice at low ebb, so they claim.

Sometimes the Negroes fail to get the merit deserved. Therefore, being unable to influence those who are wrong, to act right, and being humiliated and broken-hearted, some have become wounded in every belief, religious, social and personal. However, there is too much work to be done, for the intelligent and industrious Negroes to throw up their arms in despair. Those who are true to their God, true to themselves and true to their country, need not fear, but should take a bold stand for right, trust in the Lord, and He will bring about the desired change in due season.

He has delivered other races who have trusted Him, and He is

able to deliver us. Nevetheless, preventative steps must be taken to keep the indolent off of the streets, to lessen immorality, and to lessen intemperance. If not, during this cruel crusade, the worthy Negro will have to suffer with the unworthy.

The Negro is not treating the Negro right; for, to tell the plain truth, the prestige of the race is weakened, not so much by what he is doing to other races, but by what he is doing to himself. So, when a shocking crime has been committed in a community, if they can't find sufficient evidence to know who the perpetrator is, some Negro must die, guilty or innocent. Why? Well, they say to themselves, "He's guilty of some crime, if not this; so we'll punish him anyway. Hence, this is why the better class of white people haven't any more to say concerning the vengeance of a mob.

However, the race is not altogether to blame for the ban that has been placed upon it. But, on the other hand, if other races would look at the difficulties and calamities that the race has had to face from time to time, in judging it, if they would use the same standard in trying all races, I think it would lead to sounder conclusions. And such conclusions would be strengthened by the fact that, for hundreds of years its pathway has been marked with ignorance. Thence, it could be presumed that quite a number of its mistakes have been brought about by being mislead.

If you plant one peach seed, you expect to get an abundance of fruit from the plant, and if you plant the seed of vice, you or your children will reap the fruit of corruption, whether you expect it or not.

Knowing that sin begets sin, those who are acquainted with actual facts can hardly be surprised at the conduct of the race.

There are three points which I think are of the utmost importance, and which demand the highest attention; the one is, to put an end, if possible, to immoral principles and practices, which threaten the most dangerous consequence to the race. Another is to be more industrious and economical, for without these, the race can not hope for peace and prosperity. The other is the most dangerous of all—that of our people being envious and treacherous among themselves.

"Together we stand; divided we fall." Instead of being daunted at the dangerous situation of affairs, we must stand together and work vigorously, and endeavor to retrieve lost opportunities.

The race should not wait for other races to force it to duty; neither should it wait to be forced to it; but it should be lead to it by reason

and judgment. It should not have any desire to cling to the relic of barbarism, and to live in the mire and filth of dissipation, for the tidal wave of misfortune is upon us, and the shores are already strewn with wrecked manhood. Hence, the race should turn this relic aloose, take its feet out of the mire and filth, cross the strait of ignorance, and rise with the tidal wave of progress.

Of course, there are many who will say that it can not rise to its crest, as it is living under the ban of prejudicial opinions, and as other races will keep it from rising by preventing it from having good schools and efficient teachers.

I am aware of the fact that strong authority can be produced in favor of the obstacles mentioned. Nevertheless, you must agree with me, that the parents are not crowding their children in, when we have good schools and good teachers.

One reason why some of the boards fail to put on a full corps of teachers at the beginning of the term, you fail to put the children in school, and after you do let them enter, some of you stop them for every frivolous thing, and let them rove the streets, to become victims of crime.

For when you let the child stop school at will, you encourage it to disobey the teacher; finally, it begins to disobey you; and next he puts on the garb of manhood, and defies the authority of the country. Therefore he becomes an outlaw, and falls into the hands of a mob, or is arrested, tried, and sent to the poor-farm, penitentiary, or else is hanged. So you have brought destruction on him by neglecting to teach him obedience, which should have been a daily lesson. I may add that a great want of the race is not having enough industrial schools. How many Negroes are failing in life because they are compelled to pursue paths ill suited to their capacities? Some have a talent and a desire to pursue certain professions, but their feet have been placed in the wrong paths, hence life is a failure. We should have at least one industrial school in every State. And it should be the duty of every educator employed, to watch closely those placed under his charge, and to place them in the proper vocations. The majority of our educated people are preachers, teachers and doctors. But as education furnishes a broad field for work, more opportunities would be open for employment, if we would send out more competent men and women to fill them.

I know that the press has told you that colored men have been shot

down, simply because they wanted to follow certain styles of employment and make an honest living. It has also told you of other men being shot down for the same cause.

But, because a white man is assassinated, it does not prevent the race from pressing forward for greatness. If wise, we will garner all the practical knowledge we can obtain from other races, and will shun all things that are degrading.

And if we begin at the first of the book of reformation and solve the moral examples of addition, the mental examples in subtraction, and the physical examples in multiplication, God will sink the zeal of justice and humanity deep enough in the American heart to persuade them to help solve the difficult problem that urged me to write.

As we must go step by step, it is very necessary to begin in moral arithmetic, which develops the character, and add education, religion, industry, economy, truthfulness, refinement and chastity. The next step is mental arithmetic; this trains to logical and exact thinking; therefore this step will enable the race to fully understand its situation, and enable it to know how to subtract some of its characteristics, by getting rid of as much evil as possible.

To do this, it must subtract dishonesty, immortality, ignorance, contention, strife and envy from the sum of the race's misery.

The third is physical arithmetic; this will teach how to multiply all of the forces in society together in order to develop strong character, and healthy boys and girls. Health is one of the greatest blessings of life. And this step will also teach the young people whom to marry, when to marry, and how to marry. When the race learns to work all of the examples in the steps mentioned, it will not be difficult to solve this vexed problem.

For these steps will meet, defy and bear down the opposition of adverse circumstances; they will displace nothing of life's good, but many of its evils; they will destroy idleness and develop industry; they will cultivate a spirit for union and harmony; they will open for us more manifold spheres of mental activity, and they will afford us access to more varied modes of occupation than have hitherto been available in our race.

Necessity demands some uniform system whereby the whole race can be reached by the benign influence of intelligence. Hence, there must be a continued effort for virtue, religion and education, for they will result in good. But our churches, schools and societies will suf-

fer until a prevalence of these permeates the race. Now is the time to have them enter into the warp and woof of the minds of the growing generation. With the proper respect and justice from the other races, on one hand, and merit, morality and intelligence of the Negro on the other, the standard can be raised within a few generations.

Though the race is said to be corrupt, yet we have many noble-hearted men and women, whose minds flow in a clear and pure stream, and are living lives that would do credit to any people.

No just mind will say that the race has received justice; and no just mind will say that it has done its duty. Therefore mistakes on both sides have succeeded mistakes, on down to the present moment. And each race has misunderstood the other. So, the wrongs, mistakes and misunderstandings have become wound around each other in such a way it would be a matter of impossibility for either race to untangle them. Hence it would be wise for all concerned to throw the tangled parts away by forgetting the past, and try to remedy the matter by keeping the future straight.

MY FIRST POEM.

In 1880, July the third,
Something I shall never forget occurred.
I lost a friend, it was my mother;
Then, I thought I had no other.
But I had a sister, kind and true,
Who knew what to do.
Being taught by the Father above,
Her heart was ever full of love.

Fifteen years she's been gone
To her eternal home;
When she died I was small,
Would have been eleven in the fall.
Many times I have wept,
Because she slept,
To awake no more until judgment day,
Because her body had turned to clay.

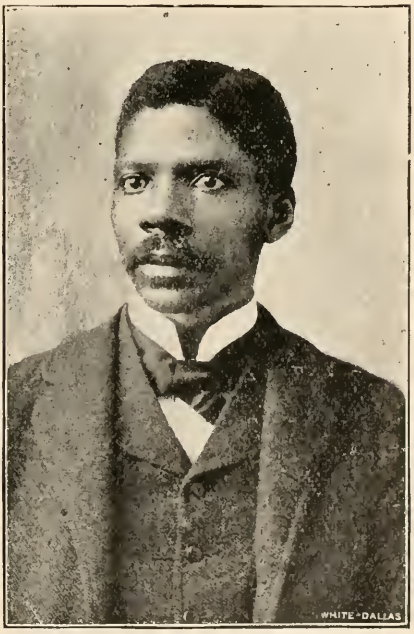
Though my mother was gone,
My sister was at home;
And when at leisure, or when it was raining,
She would not neglect fireside training,
Which was printed upon my heart
Like lessons for children upon a chart.
I was taught to work and sent to school,
So now I have a useful tool.

I can earn bread by the sweat of my brow,
Being taught while young, I know how.
I stopped school in 86,
But during that year my heart was fixed;
I believed in him who died for me
On the cross on Calvary;
And he's a light unto my pathway—
I can see as well by night as I can by day.

Though my mother is gone,
Christ is with me, I'm not alone;

I'm trying to serve him the best I can,
So I can live in another land;
I am trying to be pure and humble;
I know this building will crumble,
But my soul shall soar away
To an eternal day.

All who have relatives or friends at rest,
Serve the Lord, it is the best;
And when we reach the other shore,
All will meet to part no more.
There will be no sickness or sorrow there
To burden and fill our hearts with care;
Then all will happy be
With him who died on Calvary.



DR. A. N. PRINCE,
Physician and Surgeon, Sherman Texas.

The Negro Question and Its Solution



By COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

THE QUESTION TODAY IN THE UNITED STATES IS NO LONGER "HOW SHALL WE DELIVER THE NEGROES FROM THE CRUELTIES OF THE SLAVE OWNERS?" BUT IT EXISTS IN ANOTHER FORM, "HOW SHALL WE DELIVER THE NEGROES FROM THE VIOLENCE OF ALL THE WHITE, AND THE WHITE MEN FROM THE VIOLENCE OF THE BLACK RACE?"

The solution of the Negro question in its new form will be found some day, not in the lynching of Negroes, not in the liberal and artificial measures taken by and given to the Negroes by American politicians, but by the application of the principle proclaimed by Garrison fifty years ago.

A few days ago I read an article in one of our best and most liberal magazines in which the writer, full of confidence in the justice of his claim, expresses the opinion that the recognizing of the principle of non-resistance to an evil is a strong and somewhat ridiculous error.

I advocate non-resistance because I have never during the seventy-five years of my life seen the fantastic colored vagrant who murdered or assaulted a child, but I have seen millions of brigands who assault and murder children, women, old men and laboring men in the name of law, believing themselves justified because they themselves suffered violence.

No one has seen the hypothetical brigand, while the world which suffers from violence is always before your eyes, and still no one sees or wants to see that the struggle which is to deliver human kind from violence is not against the imaginary brigand, but against the real brigands who rob and assault the people.

Non-resistance only means that the natural conditions under which

a rational and intelligent being should live does not consist in violence, which is only slightly pardonable in inferior beings who do not think, but in moral persuasion. This is the great goal toward which we should all strive.

During the last century 13,000,000 or 14,000,000 people were killed in war, and though the loss of that many lives and the loss of the work of many more men is absolutely without any sense or reason, we still continue to engage in bloody wars. As it is now, the soil belongs to those who do not work, all the profits of human labor go to those who do not know what honest labor is, and all this only exists because we allow violence to take the place of persuasion.

But the time will surely come when justice will prevail; when people will see that it will not be dangerous to make the change; that the principle of non-resistance is not the principle of violence, but of love and brotherly feeling.

This principle of non-resistance can, of course, be forced upon people. The displacing of brutal violence by persuasion must come from within; it must be adopted spontaneously by the people, and true progress can only be said to take place where this altruistic and intelligent principle prevails.

Whether the world admits it or not, this principle has been at the bottom of all progress already made.

Garrison was the first to proclaim this principle in social life, and for this he deserves undying praise. If he did not effect the peaceable emancipation of the salves in America, he at least showed to the world how it may get rid of tyranny of brutal force, and only by following the lines laid down by him will the United States of to-day be able to solve the great Negro question.—Times Herald, August 7, 1901. Dallas, Texas.

MY SECOND POEM.

(Recited by Veralee Hall when five years old at Mexia, Texas.)

No doubt I have surprised you
By coming on the stage.
I know you did not expect
A girl of my age.

But while I am speaking,
Please don't nod,
If you don't hear all I say,
For I can't speak very loud.

I am one of God's little children,
Put in this world below;
I'm not afraid to stay here,
He's with me wherever I go.

When I'm with children playing,
An angel is over my head;
When I lie down to sleep,
It hovers over my bed.

I wish everybody
Would love the Lord like me,
Because he gave his only Son
To die on Calvary.

If you will only believe on him,
He will grasp you by the hand,
And lead you through this
Unfriendly land.

EDUCATION WILL SOLVE THE RACE PROBLEM.

A REPLY BY PROF. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, A. M., PH. D., AS APPEARED IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

"Will Education Solve the Race Problem?" is the title of an interesting article in the June number of the North American Review, by Professor John Roach Straton, of Macon, Georgia. My own belief is that education will finally solves the race problem. In giving some reasons for this faith, I wish to express my appreciation of the sincere and kindly spirit in which Professor Straton's article is written. I grant that much that he emphasizes as to present conditions is true. When we recall the past, these conditions could not be expected to be otherwise; but I see no reason for discouragement or loss of faith. When I speak of education as a solution for the race problem, I do not mean education in the narrow sense, but education which begins in the home and includes training in industry and in habits of thrift, as well as mental, moral and religious discipline, and the mroader education which comes from contact with the public sentiment of the community in which one lives. Nor do I confine myself to the education of the Negro. Many persons in discussing the effect that education will have in working out the Negro question, overlook the helpful influence that will ultimately come through the broader and more generous education of all the race elements of the South. As all classes of whites in the South become more generally educated in the broader sense, race prejudice will be tempered and they will assist in lifting up the black man.

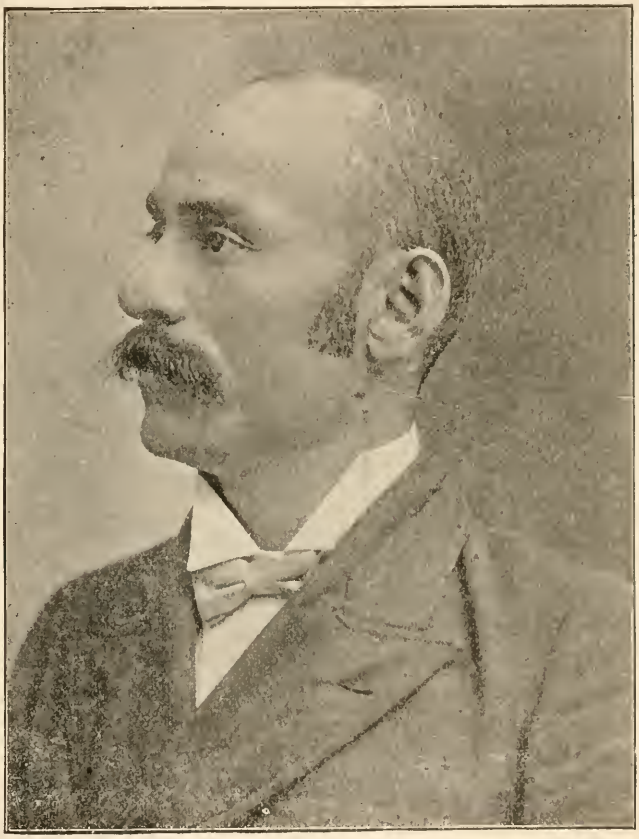
In our desire to see a better condition of affairs, we are too often inclined to grow impatient because a whole race is not elevated in a short time, very much as a house is built. In all the history of mankind there have been few such radical, social and economic changes in the policy of a nation as have been effected within thirty-five years in this country, with respect to the change of four million and a half of slaves into four million and a half of freemen (now nearly ten million). When all the conditions of the past are considered, and compared with the present, I think the White South, the North and the Negro are to be congratulated on the fact that conditions are no worse, but are as encouraging as they are. The sudden change from slavery to freedom, from restrain to liberty, was a tremendous one; and the wonder is, not that the Negro has not done better, but that he has done

as well as he has. Every thoughtful student of the subject expected that the first two or three generations of freedom would lead to excesses and mistakes on the part of the Negro, which would in many cases cause moral and physical degeneration, such as would seem to the superficial observer to indicate conditions that could not be overcome. It was to be anticipated that, in the first generation at least, the tendency would be, among a large number, to seek the shadow instead of the substance; to grasp after the mere signs of the highest civilization instead of the reality; to be led into the temptations of believing that they could secure, in a few years, that which it has taken other races thousands of years to obtain. Any one who has the daily opportunity of studying the Negro at first hand cannot but gain the impression that there are indisputable evidences that the Negro throughout the country is settling down to hard, common sent views of life; that he is fast learning that a race, like an individual, must pay for everything it gets—the price of beginning at the bottom of the social scale and gradually working up by natural processes to the highest civilization. The exaggerated impressions that the first years of freedom naturally brought are giving way to an earnest, practical view of life and its responsibilities.

Let us take a broad, generous survey of the Negro race as it came into the country, represented by twenty savages, in 1619, and trace its progress through slavery, through the Civil War period, and through freedom to the present moment. Who will be brave enough to say that the colored race, as a whole, has not increased in numbers and grew stronger mentally, morally, religiously, industrially, and in the accumulation of property? In a word, has not the Negro, at every stage, shown a tendency to grow into harmony with the best type of American civilization?

Professor Straton lays special stress upon the moral weakness of the race. Perhaps the worst feature of slavery was that it prevented the development of a family life, with all of its far-reaching significance. Except in rare cases, the uncertainties of domicile made family life, during two hundred and fifty years of slavery, an impossibility. There is no institution so conducive to right and high habits of physical and moral life as the home. No race starting in absolute poverty could be expected, in the brief period of thirty-five years, to purchase homes and build up a family life and influence that would have a very marked impression upon the life of the masses. The Negro has not had

time enough to collect the broken and scattered members of his family. For the sake of illustration, and to employ a personal reference, I do not know who my own father was; I have no idea who my grandmother was; I have or had uncles, aunts and cousins, but I have no knowledge as to where most of them now are. My case will illustrate that of hundreds of thousands of black people in every part of our



PROF. E. L. BLACKSHEAR, A. M.,
Principal of Prairie View State Normal for Preparing Teachers, Prairie View Texas.

country. Perhaps those who direct attention to the Negro's moral weakness, and compare his moral progress with that of the whites, do not consider the influence of the memories which cling about the old family homestead upon the character and aspirations of individuals.

The very fact that the white boy is conscious that, if he fails in life, he will disgrace the whole family record, extending back through many generations, is of tremendous value in helping him to resist temptations. On the other hand, the fact that the individual has behind him and surrounding him proud family history and connections serves as a stimulus to make him overcome obstacles, when striving for success. All this should be taken into consideration, to say nothing of the physical, mental and moral training which individuals of the white race receive in their homes. We must not pass judgment on the Negro too soon. It requires centuries for the influence of home, school, church and public contact to permeate the mass of millions of people, so that the upward tendency may be apparent to the casual observer. It is too soon to decide what effect general education will have upon the rank and file of the Negro race, because the masses have not been educated.

Throughout the South, especially in the Gulf States, the great bulk of the black population lives in the country districts. In these districts the schools are rarely in session more than three months of the year. When this is considered, in connection with poor teachers, poor schoolhouses, and an almost entire lack of apparatus, it is obvious that we must wait longer before we can judge, even approximately, of the effect that general education will have upon the whole population. Most writers and speakers upon the subject of the Negro's non-progressiveness base their arguments upon alleged facts and statistics of the life of Negroes in the large cities. This is hardly fair. Before the Civil War the Negro was not, to any considerable extent, a denizen of the large cities. Most of them lived on the plantations. The Negro living in the cities has undergone two marked changes: (1) the change from slavery to freedom; (2) the change from country life to city life. At first the tendency of both these changes was, naturally, to unsettle, to intoxicate and to lead the Negro to wrong ideas of life. The change from country life to city life, in the case of the white man, is about as marked as in the case of the Negro. The average Negro in the city, with all of its excitements and temptations, has not lived there more than half a generation. It is, therefore, too soon to reach a definite conclusion as to what the permanent effect of this life upon him will be. This, I think, explains the difference between the moral condition of the Negro, to which Professor Straton refers, in the States where there has been little change in the old plantation life, as com-

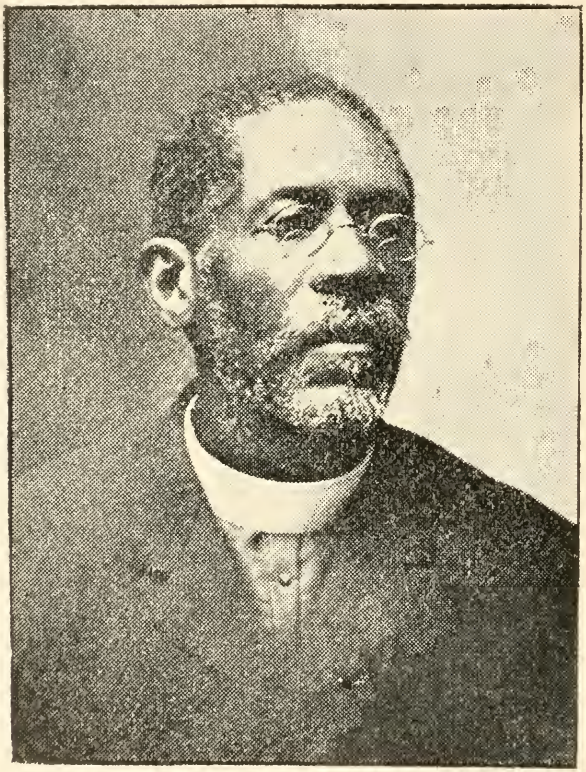
pared with that in the more northern of the Atlantic States, where the change from country to city life is more marked.

Judging from close observation, my belief is that, after the Negro has overcome the false idea which city life emphasizes, two or three generations will bring about an earnestness and steadiness of purpose which do not now generally obtain. As the Negro secures a home in the city, learns the lessons of industry and thrift and becomes a taxpayer, his moral life improves. The influence of home surroundings, of the school, the church and public sentiment will be more marked and have a more potent effect in causing him to withstand temptations. But, notwithstanding the shortness of the time which the Negro has had in which to get schooled to his new life, any one who has visited the large cities of Europe will readily testify that the visible signs of immorality in those cities are far greater than among the colored people of America. Prostitution for gain is far more prevalent in the cities of Europe than among the colored people of our cities.

Professor Straton says that the Negro has degenerated in morals since he became free; in other words, that his condition in this respect is not as hopeful as it was during the early period of slavery. I do not think it wise to place too much reliance upon such a view of the matter, because there are too few facts upon which to base a comparison. The bold statement that the Negro was not given to crime during slavery proves little. Slavery represented an unnatural condition of life, in which certain physical checks were kept constantly upon the individual. To say that the Negro was at his best, morally, during the period of slavery is about the same as to say that the two thousand prisoners in the State prison and the city penal institutions in the city of Boston are the most righteous two thousand people in Boston. I question whether one can find two thousand persons in Boston who will equal these two thousand imprisoned criminals in the mere negative virtues. During the days of slavery the Negro was rarely brought into the court to be tried for crime; hence, there was almost no public record of crimes committed by him. Each master, in most cases, punished his slave as he thought best, and as little as possible was said about it outside of his little plantation world. The improper relations between the sexes, with which the black race is now frequently charged in most sections of the South, were encouraged or winked at, under the slavery system, because of the financial value of the slaves. A cus-

tom that was fostered for three centuries cannot be blotted out in one generation.

In estimating the progress of a race, we should not consider alone the degree of success which has been actually attained, but also the



REV. W. J. LAWS, D. D.
The Scholar, Bibical Logician, President of Paul Quinn College, Waco, Tex.

obstacles which have been overcome in reaching that success. Judged by the obstacles overcome, few races, if any, in history have made progress commensurate with that of the colored people of the United

States, in the same length of time. It may be conceded that the present generation of colored people does not compare favorably with the present generation of the white race, because of the reasons I have already given, and the further reason that on account of the black man's poverty of means to employ lawyers to have his case properly appealed to the higher courts, and his inability to furnish bonds, his criminal record is much worse than that of the white race, both in the Northern and Southern States. The Southern States, as a whole, have not yet reached a point where they are able to provide reformatories for juvenile offenders, and consequently most of these are sent to the State prison, where the records show that the same individuals are often committed over and over again, because in the first instance, the child prisoner, instead of being reformed, becomes simply hardened to prison life. In the North, it is true, the Negro has the benefit of the reformatories; but the unreasonable prejudice which prevents him from securing employment in the shops and the factories more than offsets this advantage. Hundreds of Negroes in the North become criminals who would become strong and useful men if they were not discriminated against as bread winners.

In the matter of assault upon white women, the Negro is placed in a peculiar attitude. While this vile crime is always to be condemned in the strongest language, and it should be followed by the severest legal punishment, yet the custom of lynching a Negro when he is accused of committing such a crime calls the attention of the whole country to it, in such a way as is not always true in the case of a white man, North or South. Any one who reads the daily papers carefully knows that such assaults are constantly charged against white men in the North and in the South; but, because the white man, in most cases, is punished by the regular machinery of the courts, attention is seldom attracted to his crime outside of the immediate neighborhood where the offense is committed. This, to say nothing of the cases where the victim of lynch law could prove his innocence, if he were given a hearing before a cool, level-headed set of jurors in open court, makes the apparent contrast unfavorable to the black man. It is hardly proper, in summing up the value of any race, to dwell almost continually upon its weaker element. As other men are judged, so should the Negro be judged, by the best that the race can produce, rather than by the worse. Keep the searchlight constantly focused upon the criminal and worthless element of any people, and few among all the races

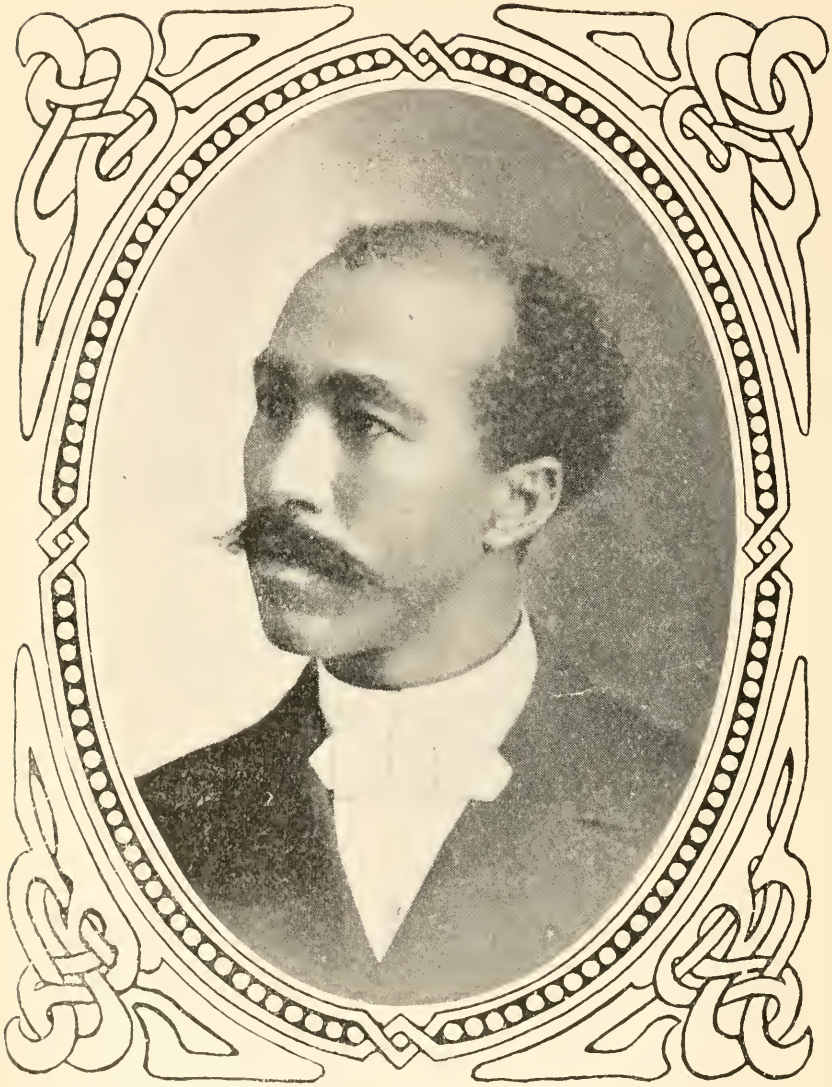
and nations of the world can be accounted successful. More attention should be directed to individuals who have succeeded, and less to those who have failed. And Negroes who have succeeded grandly can be found in every corner of the South.

I doubt that much reliance can safely be placed upon mere ability to read and write a little as a means of saving any race. Education should go further. One of the weaknesses in the Negro's present condition grows out of failure, in the early years of his freedom, to teach him, in connection with thorough academic and religious branches, the dignity and beauty of labor, and to give him a working knowledge of the industries by which he must earn a subsistence. But the main question is: What is the present tendency of the race, where it has been given a fair opportunity, and where there has been thorough education of hand, head and heart? This question I answer from my own experience of nineteen years in the heart of the South, and from my daily contact with whites and blacks. In the first place, the social barrier prevents most white people from coming into real contact with the higher and better side of the Negro's social life. The Negro loafer, Drunkard and gambler can be seen without social contact. The higher life cannot be seen without social contact. As I write these lines I am in the home of a Negro friend, where in the matter of cleanliness, sweetness, attractiveness, modern conveniences and other evidences of intelligence, morality and culture the home would compare favorably with that of any white family in the neighborhood; and yet this Negro home is unknown outside of the little town where it exists. To really know the life of this family, one would have to become a part of it for days, as I have been. One of the most encouraging changes that have taken place in the life of the Negro race in the past thirty years is the creation of a growing public sentiment which draws a line between the good and bad, the clean and unclean. This change is fast taking place in every part of the country. It is one that cannot be accurately measured by any table of statistics. To be able to appreciate it fully, one must himself be a part of the social life of the race.

As to the effect of industrial education in the solution of the race problem, we should not expect too much from it in a short time. To the late General S. C. Armstrong, of Hampton Institute, in Virginia, should be given the credit, mainly, for inaugurating this system of education. When the Hampton Institute began the systematic, industrial training of the Negro, such training was unpopular among a large

class of colored people. Later, when the same system was started by me at the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, in Alabama, it was still unpopular, especially in that part of the South. But the feeling against it has now almost disappeared in all parts of the country; so much so that I do not consider the opposition of a few people here and there as of material consequence. Where there is one who opposes it there are thousand who indorse it. So far as the colored people are concerned, I consider that the battle for this principle has been fought and won. What the colored people are anxious about is that, with industrial education, they shall have thorough mental and religious training; and in this they are right. For bringing about this change in the attitude of the colored people, much credit should be given to the John F. Slater Fund, under the wise guidance of such men as Mr. Morris K. Jesup and Dr. J. L. M. Curry, as well as to Dr. H. B. Frissell, of the Hampton Institute. That such institutions for industrial training as Hampton Institute and the Tuskegee Institute are always crowded with the best class of Negro students from nearly every State in the Union, and that every year they are compelled to refuse admission to hundreds of others, for lack of room and means, are sufficient evidence that the black race has come to appreciate the value of industrial education. The almost pathetic demand of the colored people for industrial education in every corner of the South is added evidence of the growing intelligence of the race. In saying what I do in regard to industrial education, I do not wish to be understood as meaning that the education of the Negro should be confined to that kind alone, because we need men and women well educated in other directions; but for the masses industrial education is the supreme need. I repeat that we must not expect too much from this training, in the redemption of a race, in the space of a few years.

There are few institutions in the South where industrial training is given upon a large and systematic scale, and the graduates from these institutions have not had time to make themselves felt to any very large extent upon the life of the rank and file of the people. But what are the indications? As I write, I have before me a record of graduates, which is carefully compiled each year. Of the hundreds who have been trained at the Tuskegee Institute, less than five per cent. have failed because of any moral weakness. These graduats, as well as hundreds of other students who could not remain to finish the course, are now at work in the schoolroom, in the field, in the shop,



REV. W. B. WEST, D. D.,
Orator, Writer, President of Texas College, C. M. E. Church, Tyler, Texas.

in the home, or as teachers of industry, or in some way they are making their education felt in the lifting up of the colored people. Wherever these graduates go, they not only help their own race, but, in nearly

every case, they win the respect and confidence of the white people.

Not long ago I sent a number of letters to white men, in all the Southern States, asking, among others, this question: "Judged by actual observation in your community, what is the effect of education upon the Negro?" In asking this question, I was careful to explain that by education I did not mean a mere smattering, but a thorough education of the head, heart and hand. I received about three hundred replies, and there was only one who said that education did not help the Negro. Most of the others were emphatic in stating that education made the Negro a better citizen. In all the record of crime in the South, there are very few instances where a black man who has been thoroughly educated in the respects I have mentioned, has been ever charged with the crime of assaulting a woman. In fact, I do not know of a single instance of this kind, whether the man was educated in an industrial school or in a college.

The following extracts from a letter written by a Southern white man to the Daily Advertiser, of Montgomery, Alabama, contains most valuable testimony. The letter refers to convicts in Alabama, most of whom are colored:

"I was conversing not long ago with the warden of one of our mining prisons, containing about 500 convicts. The warden is a practical man, who has been in charge of prisons for more than fifteen years, and has no theorie of any kind to support. I remarked to him that I wanted some information as to the effect of manual training in preventing criminality, and asked him to state what per cent. of the prisoners under his charge had received any manual training, besides the acquaintance with the crudest agricultural labor. He replied: 'Perhaps about one per cent.' He added: 'No; much less than that. We have here at present only one mechanic; that is, there is one man who claims to be a house painter.'

"'Have you any shoemakers?'

"'Never have had a shoemaker.'

"'Have you any tailors?'

"'Never have had a tailor.'

"'Any printers?'

"'Never have had a printer.'

"'Any carpenters?'

"'Never have had a carpenter. There is not a man in this prison that could saw to a straight line..'"

Now, these facts seem to show that manual training is almost as good a preventive for criminality as vaccination is for smallpox.

We can best judge further of the value of industrial and academic education by using a few statistics bearing upon the State of Virginia, where graduates from the Hampton Institute and other schools have gone in large numbers and have had an opportunity, in point of time, to make their influence apparent upon the Negro population. These statistics, based on census reports, were compiled mainly by persons connected with the Hampton Negro Conference:

"Taking taxation as a basis, the colored people of the State of Virginia contributed, in 1898, directly to the expenses of the State Government, the sum of $9,576.76, and for schools $3,239.41 from their personal property, a total of $12,816.17; while, from their real estate, for the purpose of the commonwealth, there was paid by them $34,303.53, and for schools $11,457.22, or a total of $45,760.75—a grand total of $58,576.92.

"The report for the same year shows them to own 987,118 acres of land, valued at $3,800,459, improved by buildings valued at $2,056,490, a total of $5,856,949. In the towns and cities, they own lots assessed at $2,154,331, improved by buildings valued at $3,400,636, a total of $5,554,976 for town property, and a grand total of $11,411,916 of their property of all kinds in the commonwealth. A comparative statement of different years would doubtless show a general upward tendency.

"The counties of Accomac, Essex, King and Queen, Middlesex, Mathews, Northampton, Northumberland, Richmond, Westmoreland, Gloucester, Princess Anne and Lancaster, all agricultural, show an aggregate of 114,197 acres held by Negroes in 1897, the last year accounted for in official reports, against 108,824 held the previous year, an increase of 5,373, or nearly five per cent. The total valuation of land owned by Negroes in the same counties for 1897, is $547,800, against $496,385 for the year next preceding, a gain of $51,150, or more than ten per cent. The personal property, as assessed in 1897, was $517,560, in 1896, $527,688, a loss of $10,128. Combining the real and personal property for 1897, we have $1,109,059, against $1,320,504 for 1896, a net gain of $88,555, an increase of six and one-half per cent.

"The records of Gloucester, Lancaster, Middlesex, Princess Anne, Northumberland, Northampton, King and Queen, Essex, and Westmoreland, where the colored population exceeds the white, show that

the criminal expense for 1896 was $14,313.29, but for 1897 it was only $8,538.12, a saving of $5,774.17 to the State, or a falling off of forty per cent. This does not tell the whole story. In the first named year twenty-six persons were convicted of felonies, with sentences in the penitentiary, while in the year succeeding only nine, or one-third as many, were convicted of the graver offences of the law."

According to these returns, in 1892, when the colored people formed 41 per cent. of the population, they owned 2.75 per cent. of the total number of acres assessed for taxation, and 3.40 per cent. of the buildings; in 1898, although not constituting more than 37 per cent. of the population (by reason of white immigration), they owned 3.23 per cent. of the acreage assessed, and 4.64 per cent. of the buildings—a gain of nearly one-third in six years.

According to statistics gathered by a graduate of the Hampton Institute, in twelve counties in Virginia, there has been in the part of the State covered by the investigation an increase of 5,379 acres in the holdings of colored people, and an increase of $51,150 in the value of their land. In nine counties there has been a decrease in the number of persons charged with felonies and sent to the penitntiary from twenty-six in 1896 to nine in 1897.

I do not believe that the Negro will grow weaker in morals and less strong in numbers because of his immediate contact with the white race. The first class life insurance companies are considered excellent authorities as to the longevity of individuals and races; and the fact that most of them now seek to insure the educated class of blacks, is a good test of what these companies think of the effects of education upon the mortality of the race.

The case of Jamaica, in the West Indies, presents a good example by which to judge the future of the Negro of the United States, so far as mortality is concerned. The argument drawn from Jamaica is valuable, chiefly because the race there has been free for sixty-two years, instead of thirty-five, as in our own country. During the years of freedom, the blacks of Jamaica have been in constant contact with the white man. Slavery was abolished in Jamaica in 1838. The census of 1844 showed that there were 364,000 Negroes on the Island. In 1871 there were 493,000, and in 1891 there were 610,597. In a history of Jamaica written by Mr. W. P. Livingston, who spent ten years studying the conditions of the Island, we find that, immediately after emancipation on the Island, there was something of the reaction that

has taken place in some parts of our country; but that recently there has been a settling down to real, earnest life on the part of a large proportion of the race. After calling attention to certain weak and unsatisfactory phases in the life of the Jamaica Negro, Mr. Livingston says:

"This, then, is the race as it exists to-day, a product of sixty years of freedom; on the whole, a plain, honest, Anglicized people, with no peculiarity except a harmless ignorance and superstition. Looking at it in contrast with what it was at the beginning of the period, one cannot but be impressed with the wonderful progress it has made; and where there has been steady progress in the past, there is infinite hope for the future. * * * The impact of Roman power and culture on the northern barbarians of the United Kingdom did not make itself felt for three hundred years. * * * Instead of dying off before civilization, he (the Negro) grows stronger as he comes within its best influences."

In comparing the black race of Jamaica with that of the United States, it should be borne in mind that the Negro in America enjoys advantages and encouragements which the race in Jamaica does not possess.

What I have said, I repeat, is based largely upon my own experience and observation, rather than upon statistics. I do not wish to convey the impression that the problem before our country is not a large and serious one; but I do believe that in a judicious system of industrial, mental and religious training we have found the method of solving it. What we most need is the money necessary to make the system effective. The indications are hopeful, not discouraging; and not the least encouraging is the fact that in addition to the munificence of Northern philanthropists and the appropriations of the Southern State Governments from common taxation, with the efforts of the Negro himself, we have now reached a point at which the solution of this problem is drawing to its aid some of the most thoughtful and cultured white men and women of the South, as is indicated by the article to which I have already referred, from the pen of Professor John Roach Straton.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

HOME ATMOSPHERE.

It is the fostering atmosphere that gives form and life to a young and tender plant; and it's the fostering atmosphere of home that lays the foundation for good or evil in the child.

Therefore, back of the characteristics of outward conduct lie the causes to be found in environments and heredity.

If this statement be true, every family should be surrounded with atmosphere so pure that the good influences passing out from one



THE HALL RESIDENCE.
Where this Book Was Composed and the Contracts Issued and Signed for Publishing.

family could penetrate the center of all the others.

They should be careful during the growth period of their children, concerning health, strength, habits, form and character. For it is evidently true that many of the mistakes of parents have their beginnings in childhood. The atmosphere that most children breathe is not as pure and sweet as it ought to be.

However, most people are aware of the fact, whether they've studied physiology or not, that impure air affects their bodies, makes impure blood, and lays the foundation for diseases.

Just so it is with the minds of children; if they breathe impure air, their hearts will be corrupted, and their habits will lead to dissipation; but if they breathe pure air, their hearts will be clean, and their habits will lead to preservation. Parents must value their own health, bodies and souls, before they can value their children's.

It is a fearful thing to put stumbling-blocks in the way of the little ones; for when you do, immorality, sin, disease and death are the results. For, usually, when children grow up with an appetite for dissipation, no amount of reasoning will hold them back from destruction.

Take the experience of civilized people for ages back. It tells you that their progress was largely due to their environments, surroundings and home atmosphere.

Take the facts of the world's history, and what do they tell you? They tell you that nations that have neglected their children and have indulged in ignorance and folly, have always been the footstool for superior races; but races that have been intelligent, religious and industrious, have always handed down to their posterity a moral force which enabled them to fight the battles of life successfully, and wear the laurels of victory.

Take the Word of God; what does it teach? It tells you to train up a child in the way it should go.

Are you leading your children to grand and noble acts by teaching them to follow your footsteps?

Knowing it to be a fact that one of the integral parts of child's nature is to imitate, you can be buoyed up with the thought of raising the standard of the races, by doing your duty at home. For childhood is the time when lasting impressions are made, and when habits are formed.

Now, if you want to give the proper direction in a child's life, you must be worthy of imitation.

The greater percent of our people are surrounded with atmosphere that is very distasteful to sensitive minds; and the families that are keeping it in this impure state, are encouraging the crimes of the race, and sending their children to the jails, poor-farms and penitentiaries.

Look into the different homes! Are they what they ought to be? I shall not endeavor to answer this question, but you can step in and make some inquiries of the occupants, and I am sure that you will return, shocked by the information received. How can the minds of children be lofty under the present system of family relations?



PROF. R. S. LOVINGOOD, A. M.,
President of the Sam Houston M. E. College, Austin, Texas.

The most of them enter this land of sin and sorrow distressed from the cradle. They often live and die, without even knowing their father's name, or the affections of a father; hence, they are taught deception from infancy.

Can we expect much power to spring from such an embryo life?

Of course, the present generation is not wholly responsible for the moral status of the race; but a just mind will remember that slavery held a great sceptre in the destruction of family instincts during slavery; and poverty is holding a great sceptre in its destruction to-day However, you should not allow these excuses to keep you from doing your duty, for opportunity is knocking at your door.



MISS HALLIE Q. BROWN,
One of the queens in elocution, having traversed the world, recited before the honorable and the royalty of the Commonwealth.

But the most earnest efforts of your lives should be pledged to the elevation of the young, the forming and moulding of their destinies, so that when they grow up to manhood and womanhood, they can leave off the tenacious garb of dissipation, and put on the robe of integrity.

Let me impress upon you the duty of keeping your children from dangerous companionship, and do all you can to foster into them a taste for high emotions.

The parents who learn the lessons inclosed in this chapter, and carry them into effect, will rise up as pillars of strength to the race.

But those who fail to learn these all-important lessons will continue to undermine its foundation.

Read the histories of the leading nations of the world, and they tell you that noble men and women carved out paths to success for them, and left traces of their footsteps as a beneficent endowment.

Can we not leave to our posterity the same kind of endowment? The chief obstacle in the way of home training comes through parents not realizing its value and their disinclination to undertake the training of their children in the proper direction.

Some do not want to take the time to teach them, but leave the different kinds of training for them to learn at school; others say, "Let them come up like we did."

Isn't this the first thought that should arise in every parent's mind as they survey the group of children that are exposed to temptations, by environments, surroundings and home atmosphere.

I must show them lives of purity?

Children should be trained to exemplify truth; then you could expect truthful men and women. They should be trained to exemplify honesty; then you could expect honest men and women. They should be trained to exemplify character; then you could expect moral men and women. And they should be trained to exemplify frugality; then you could expect industrious men and women. You have the opportunity, for there are forces within your reach for the construction of each.

Now I hope you will survey
The children of to-day,
Until you become interested,
And much sympathy is manifested
In their future destiny,
In their happiness and prosperity.

You can help direct their destiny by being a fit example for them to imitate. For the Negro's nature can be curbed and tamed, just as other races.

We have too many young mothers, who are not old enough, neither strong enough, to battle with the struggles that necessity forces upon them; neither have their minds developed enough to properly rear a family; hence it is very unfortunate for their children.

If the statistics of marriage and births were taken in connection, you would readily see that the per cent of births exceed that of marriages too far. This error has naturally brought on the degeneration of the race. This error alone is enough to make the tears trickle down the cheeks, and warp the floor of every Negro that possesses race pride. The babes of to-day seldom have the opportunity of looking into the faces of ideal mothers, and true fathers.

It is the duty of every mother and father to make human life stronger and more beautiful, by being a fit example for their children to pattern after. But there are parents whose lives are so low and coarse they haven't the courage to teach their children to aspire for high things. By their ways, they influence their children to travel the road that leads to destruction.

Can it be possible that parents are throwing their awful weight of influence and sanction in favor of a curse that is undermining the foundation of character, that is sucking the very essence of virtue from their own blood, and blighting the future progress of their own posterity?

Yes, it is true: for year after year the youths become more and more trifling.

All children are brought into life in the midst of a struggle, and are forced to enter the conflict whether they will or not, for different responsibilities are perpetually impinging upon them.

But the children of other races haven't as much to fight against as the Negro, for everything seems to be against him; they have even raised their hands against each other.

Oh, the pleasure, the happiness and the freedom of an infantile mind!

However, these are only of a short duration with the Negro child; for it goes but a very short distance in life before it learns that it belongs to a weak race, and is oppressed by the strong. And, taking everything into consideration, they have but a very few incentives to spur their minds to grasp after noble ideals.

In this cruel period which is trying our race, let us think much upon these subjects, education and religion, wealth, honor, truth, virtue, honesty and industry. If these things are entrenched into the lives of the present generation, the next will be raised to a higher plane of living.

Childhood is the time when lasting impressions are made, when

habits are formed, and the time when they should breathe pure, sweet atmosphere.

Some people seem surprised at the gait of the young people downward, as if they do not know the cause; however, they should remember that the youths are only following in their footsteps.

To the parents who have hitherto been mere inhalers of impure air, let me persuade you to observe and remove the causes. God has given you little plants to prepare for His kingdom; He has given you these little edifices to adorn with wisdom and prepare for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit; He has given you these little prattling voices to increase the pleasures and music of home; and He has given you these little beings for the home circle. Then these children should be carefully trained; they are yours!

Even the babe in the cradle soon learns to imitate. Then remember that pure, noble and high emotions will be dwarfed, or grow largely, according to the kind of atmosphere breathed; and if it is not pure, they can not develop properly.

The care of a child is a serious responsibility, for evil and good are contending forces, struggling for mastery, and trying to shape thought in the brain. Nevertheless, every tendency of its mind, and every emotion of its life is influenced by home training. In view of such facts as these, you should select the right kind of forces for the construction of its character, but should not allow tendencies to creep in, that will destroy the vital elements of the body and mind.

Desirable or undesirable qualities will surely characterize the child, according to the environments with which it is surrounded, for these will shape its character, or mar its future progress in life.

Life is hard enough, even when Nature gives it a good start; then why should you lay the foundation for disease? If parents could realize the influence their precepts and examples exert, either for good or evil, upon the destiny of their children, I think they would be more careful. For it is very necessary to stamp upon their hearts and minds truths not easily effaced.

God has committed these little beings to our care, that we may interfuse culture, grace and refinement into their natures. To do this we must give them early, consistent and intelligent care. By inspiring enthusiasm during childhood, we can lighten the labor of life's work, and give power and vigor to adult life. Mothers, give your children earnest and persistent attention, for you owe them a cer-

tain portion of your time, and if you do not spend this time in training them, you must spend it in weeping over their misfortunes. We know that some children have habits that were inherited, and sometimes they go astray, regardles of fireside training. However, we must do our duty and leave their destinies to God.

I have failed to see the desired advancement morally, not only in towns where I have lived, but in all the towns that now join hands to form the United States. Why? It is because the majority of our people were reared in impure homes, and surrounded with other impurities that should not have been exposed to them. Hence past mistakes have affected our homes, corrupted our society and injured the race.

Though now and then we see a Negro
With a heart as white as snow,
And the home atmosphere is pure and sweet,
And his family looks clean and neat,
As he's doing all he can to raise the race higher,
I think all nations should admire
His noble efforts, though he be black,
And should not upon him, for this curse, stack
Mistrust, envy, scorn and hate.
However, they should use their own prerogatives about their associates.

Now may every family try to keep
The home atmosphere pure and sweet.
But to do this, the elements must be
High mental, moral and physical ideals, don't you see?
And the men should live pure lives,
By marrying and supporting their wives;
And the wives should be good and true,
Matters not how many trials they have to go through.
Then we can raise noble men and women for the future race,
And with other people we can keep pace.
Now the truths inclosed in this volume
Can help to solve the Negro Problem.

HEAVEN'S BANK.

Heaven has a bank, I'm told,
But all of its treasures are not in gold;
Secure a check, and then you'll know
What the contents will be before you go.

The cashier never leaves the vault;
To ask the time you need not halt.
But present your check, and receive the pay
For the work done during the day.

If in him your treasures you trust,
They can not be destroyed by moth or rust,
For the master watches over the wealth of his flock;
No rogue can enter, so you don't need a lock.

You'll notice, if you read the mail,
That earthly banks very often fail;
The loser has an incurable pain,
Because his works have been in vain.

Sometimes he commits suicide,
Because his troubles he can not hide;
Then he goes to a place of pain,
Because he spent his time in seeking gain.

Now glorify the God of love,
And set your affections on things above.
Where the treasure is, there the heart is also,
And it will end in happiness, or eternal woe.

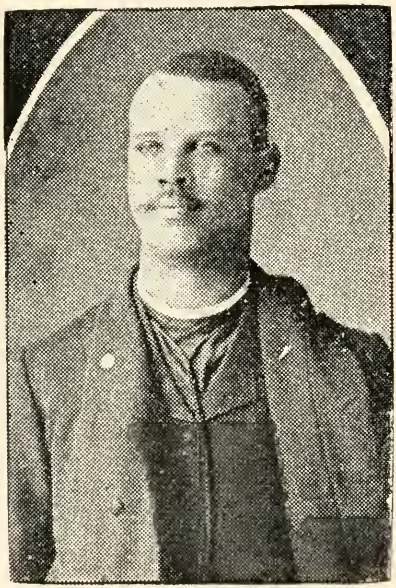
Though poor, you can be rich in grace,
And find in Christ a resting place.
He will be with you when you die:;
He'll carry you to that home on high.

If you'd like to be rich indeed.
To earthly banks take little heed.

But place your treasures in the bank on high;
'Twill do you good when you come to die.

When we reach the streets of gold,
We'll be so overjoyed when we behold
The long white robe and glittering crown,
We'll not inquire to know the town

From whence each came;
Or whether he was black, white, cripple or lame;
Then we'll sit down by Christ, and thank
Him for our interest in Heaven's Bank.



REV. JOSHUA V. GOINS, JR.
A model young minister of the West Texas A. M. E. Conference.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

These three sisters of grace
Will lead every one of the race
To noble works of love,
And to a beautiful home above.
That is, if they'll let them dwell
In their hearts and love propel.
are in sympathy with every nation,
And are willing to claim them as their relation.

No one ever gets so low,
That these sisters will not go
To her, with consolation and love,
To glory in the Christ that lives above.
'Tis not their desire to leave
Any one; but 'tis their wish to lead
Every one to an exalted place,
Even the people of the Negro race.

Faith is a firm belief, or promise given
To an eternal home in heaven,
On a belief or evidence of any kind,
That you permit to control the mind.
Now may her words enchant your heart
From evil ways to depart,
And all things that are degrading shun,
And to believe in Christ, God's only Son.

Hope is a desire of something by expectation,
Through promise or imagination.
It's anticipation, belief or trust
Of obtaining something for which you lust.
Without hope, the world would be in despair,
And would not for another home prepare.
Hope thou in Christ, and praise His name,
And all his wondrous work proclaim.

Charity is full of love, and is good.
Oh, how I wish you would
Open the door,
For she's very kind to the poor.
She is full of affection and liberality,
And never was known to show partiality,
Unless it was to the needy and distressed,
Or the sick, afflicted and oppressed.

Invite them in; they will not harm;
However, I hope that their faces will charm
All who look upon them
To open their hearts and let them in.
Do not invite one in, and leave out two;
For they will go to the rescue.
Do not invite two in and leave out the other,
For these three sisters should go together.

All three of them are sisters of mercy,
But the greatest of these is charity.
Hence it is very clear
That you will possess something that's costly and dear.
Now may every one of the race
Possess this noble sister of grace,
For she will go to the rescue
Of all who have troubles and trials to endure.

The race certainly needs more hope,
Or else it will never cope
With other nations in power and privilege;
Then it is its duty to pledge
Itself to hope in God,
And continue to plod
In the paths of righteousness,
Industry, virtue, truth and usefulness.

Hope without faith does not bring consolation;
Then 'tis the duty of this nation
To have faith, believing that it can ascend

To high things, and can rend
Itself from things that keep it from receiving a blessing,
And from things that keep it from progressing;
Then sisters, Faith must be involved
Before the problem can be solved.
May you look into their faces
Until you are charmed by their graces;
Then gratify them by doing right,
And living pleasing in God's sight.
They will not only bring comfort and cheer
To their friends whilst here,
But they will gently lead them on,
And give them a seat around God's throne.



MRS. E. E. PETERSON,

State President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. A Tireless Worker and a Forcible Lecturist.

A WOMAN OF PROBITY.

Though I am a woman, I feel that this is the most difficult subject to do justice to within the scope of this volume, though I might write until physical strength would fail me, yet I would leave out many important things that could be said of her.



THE GROOM AND BRIDE.
First Start in Life Happy.

However, feeling that it was intended that woman's mission should be noble and grand, I am satisfied that I can press many truths into this capsule that will help her to perform the mission well.

Now, I will begin with her while under the parental roof, and follow her to the tomb.

But as there is a difference in women I shall endeavor to picture



RT. REV. EVANS TYREE, M. D., D. D.,
Twenty-Sixth Bishop of the A. M. E. Church.

four classes of them. And after you have read the chapters that represent each I know you will call to mind many family circles that resemble them.

In this chapter you see a girl standing at the altar, against the wishes of her parents and friends.

Why? They know the habits of this young man you see standing by her side; and as they look through the telescope of time they discern misery and sorrow in store for them.

However, she has fallen in love with this young man and marries, thinking that she can reform him. But wouldn't it be better for this girl to remain single and die an old maid than to mate herself with this man who is demoralized?

It is evidently true that her life will be an unhappy one, for the girl that enters the voyage of a married life with a lazy, intemperate, offensive, repugnant and cross husband is likely to drift on and on through troubles and disappointments until she becomes embittered, miserable, hysterical and wholly dissatisfied.

This girl has been carefully reared and has a fair education. However, she has made an unwise selection. Nevertheless, feeling that she has the object of her affections, she is perfectly happy. But you will finally see that this happiness is only of a short duration.

Now, before going into the details of her married life, permit me to digress a few moments for the purpose of relating a story that was told to me by a woman that made a mistake in marriage.

About eleven years ago, during the time I taught in Mississippi, a lady told me that she belonged to a wealthy family, and had been carefully reared, but married against the wishes of her parents. They being dissatisfied with her marriage, treated her very cold and indifferent. And she, becoming wounded over their treatment, decided to move to Tennessee with her husband and make the best of life she could. She said that he was very kind to her at first, but finally grew indifferent by degrees. He would go off and stay days at the time, and leave her and the baby at home sick, without food or fire. During the seven years of mistreatment she only had one child to live, for the Lord took the other little unfortunate beings out of their misery.

Finally she lost her health, but toiled on in the midst of aches.

He grew worse and worse. Neighbors told her that he gambled. She told him, but he denied the accusation. However, one night she followed him to an old gin where several of his associates had congregated. The next morning she told him where he went, but he denied it. However, when she spoke of following him, he not only acknowledged

that he gambled, but abused her. She wept bitterly all the morning, and that evening when she started to the well for water her heart was so full of trouble and remorse she let her bucket drop in the pathway, held up her hands and said, "O Lord, take ——— and do Thy will with him."

However, when her prayer was answered, she was enwrapped in more trouble, for in three days' time an officer came and arrested him for stealing. He was tried, and sent to the penitentiary in Mississippi.

I have, for brevity's sake, ommitted much more than is here set down. However I have related this much of the conversation to warn girls of the mistake of being too hasty and disobedient.

Of course some parents were not wise enough to choose a companion for themselves, hence it may be presumed that they are unable to rightly advise their children upon this subject. However I encourage obedience, for the girl who hastily rushes headlong into this serious affair will find plenty of time to repent.

Six years have elapsed since I left the woman pictured, and she is the mother of three children. Now her life is exercised in supporting hardship; hers it is to minister to the wants of her master, provide for the children, care for the household, and rock the cradle. To her lot falls the duties which require continuous labor and patient endurance. So now she is not the happy girl you saw at the altar a few years ago, but she is an unhealthy and a disappointed woman. Though she has made a mistake, she is willing to bear her crosses, for when she becomes vexed at his ways, this declarative sentence, that she made at the sacred altar, enters her mind: "I will take him for better or for worse."

On discovering that it is for the worse she takes a firm stand, and decides to abide by it. However she often becomes discouraged, for she is compelled to suffer degredation or starvation, and the different ills of life, in trying to please her lazy and dissipated husband, who is always without a job. But the sense of duty spurs her on, and the influence of a hope in Christ strengthens her.

Who will dare to enumerate the hundreds of Negro women whose lives have been crushed, health destroyed, and have lived lives of sorrow; who, by proper care and treatment from husbands, would have made worthy mothers and noble wives?

When one realizes the unhappy condition of homes caused by unworthy husbands, how much their wives have suffered, and oft'times being compelled to perform the severest drudgery, when she is hardly able to go, we will not wonder why some women grow desperate and

fail to make worthy mothers and live chaste lives.

This poor woman is compelled to go early and stay late, thus leaving her three little ones at home alone while she is trying to make a support.



MRS. ISABELLA MILLER.
President of the State Home Missionary Society of the Baptist Church.

Look at her! She can scarcely wash for wiping away the tears from her eyes. Her heart is tormented with the thought that her children will get hurt or burned.

As she rubs you can go to her home and see the older child administering to the wants of the younger; then step a few blocks down the

same street and you will see her husband with a bucket in his hand going on an errand for another woman.

When she finishes her washing she is almost too tired to walk home. As she walks along, these words surges within her breast: "There is rest for the weary; there is rest for the weary; there is rest for the weary, and there is rest for me."

After she gets home her first duty is to nurse the baby, after which she begins to fret about the appearance of the house. She is a good woman, but misery and burdens have almost robbed her of her senses. Being worried, cross and tired, she scolds the older child that deserves praise.

Shortly after she sweeps and arranges the things, in steps her husband. He does not meet his wife with a smile, neither a kiss, but utters these words:

"Haven't you cooked supper yet? I haven't had a bit of dinner. It took you a long time to wash."

She is hardly able to suppress her anger, however she speaks kindly, for she is afraid to speak in any other manner.

Now she takes some of her hard-earned money and sends her little girl to town to get something to cook. But being unable to support the agonies of her unfortunate situation any longer, as soon as supper is over she kneels, but cannot pray. Hence she pours out her inward thoughts in sobs and tears; however, the Lord understands the meaning of her groans.

Without any pleasure in the home circle, except that of her children, and without the comforts of life, thus does her time pass heavily away. Her state is deplorable and the gloom around her dark, for she seldom discerns a ray of sunshine.

Imagine the situation of the family circle: The wife dissatisfied and the husband reckless. Do you think there can be much hope for the production of this marriage? Their children are distressed from the cradle, and the inherited tendencies are against their future progress. The mother and children are to be pitied.

There are too many avenues open for men to fritter away their time and depend on the weaker sex. Some women's power is exercised in supporting hardship from the time the honeymoon is over till the Death Angel summons them to go.

This woman's husband is a charitable man, and he feels it his duty

to help that woman you saw in the picture, care for her fatherless children.

Perhaps you don't understand me; but to understand the situation thoroughly, take a glance into the different homes of unmarried mothers. Some of them feed and clothe their children at the expense of broken-hearted married women. Of course, there are exceptions, but every reader can call to mind instances which answer the description, to say nothing of the practices of polygamy which daily occur. The affections for a wife cannot amount to much when distributed among so many.

The sting of a wasp is not more painful or keen than the fact that a husband is untrue. When such a pang as this is gnawing at her heart strings, and when she piles up all the responsibilities and obligations of a married life, the effect upon her spirit is overwhelming.

This husband turns a deaf ear to the cries of his children for bread and the moans of his wife for comfort. No words can describe how bitter the draught is that this woman is drinking.

However, many a wife, as she reads these pages, will depict the despair of this woman, and call to mind the unhappiness experienced

The little girl that you saw in the picture administering to the wants of the infant is now sixteen years old. Instead of her father giving her the proper care and assistance, he sits in public places and makes brags as to his shrewdness in capturing innocent girls and foolish women. However, he doesn't know that one of his hearers will follow his habits, take his methods, and rob his daughter of her character.

It is a very hard matter for Negro mothers to raise virtuous girls, for the mother must go and leave the girl at home, or else she must send the girl out into service where she has the opportunity of being constantly allured by the charms of vice, for children born in destitute homes are easily caught in the snare hidden by the things for which they inherently crave.

This girl inherited impure emotions from her father, so now she has left home and entered the slums. Yet he seems astonished as if he does not know the cause.

How many young girls have been led astray, and their future usefulness destroyed by following the footsteps of parents, or by parental neglect! It is a certain fact, that if you neglect to lead them right, there are different avenues open to lead them wrong. They must be cared for, nourished and trained until they become strong enough to resist evil.

Worn out in body and mind, and finding herself powerless to change her companion; seeing her children go astray; seeing that her good work and pure life is not appreciated; falling short of other expectations, and seeing nothing but destruction in the pathway chosen, her hopes crumble and she becomes embittered. Then discouragement steps in and underminds her resolutions, weakens her will and leaves her in a depraved and hysterical condition to pine away and fill a premature grave.

Thus you see that the girl that went to the altar healthy, happy and strong, is now an unhealthy and miserable woman.

Now you see her in a room
That's desolate, cold and bare.
But if you look closely
You'll see that disease is there
Robbing her of the strength
That household victories won,
But none but her family knew
How well her work was done.

Friends notify her children
Of her illness and her pain;
Thus she lies there in agony
And listens for the train.
The girl comes home from wickedness,
The boys come home from dives;
But she kisses, hugs and loves them
As if they'd been obedient all their lives.

She tells them how she suffered,
And how her heart has bled
For fear that the news would come
That one of them was dead.
She tells them that she's going to die,
And is willing and ready to go
From a land of misery and sin—
From a land of woe.

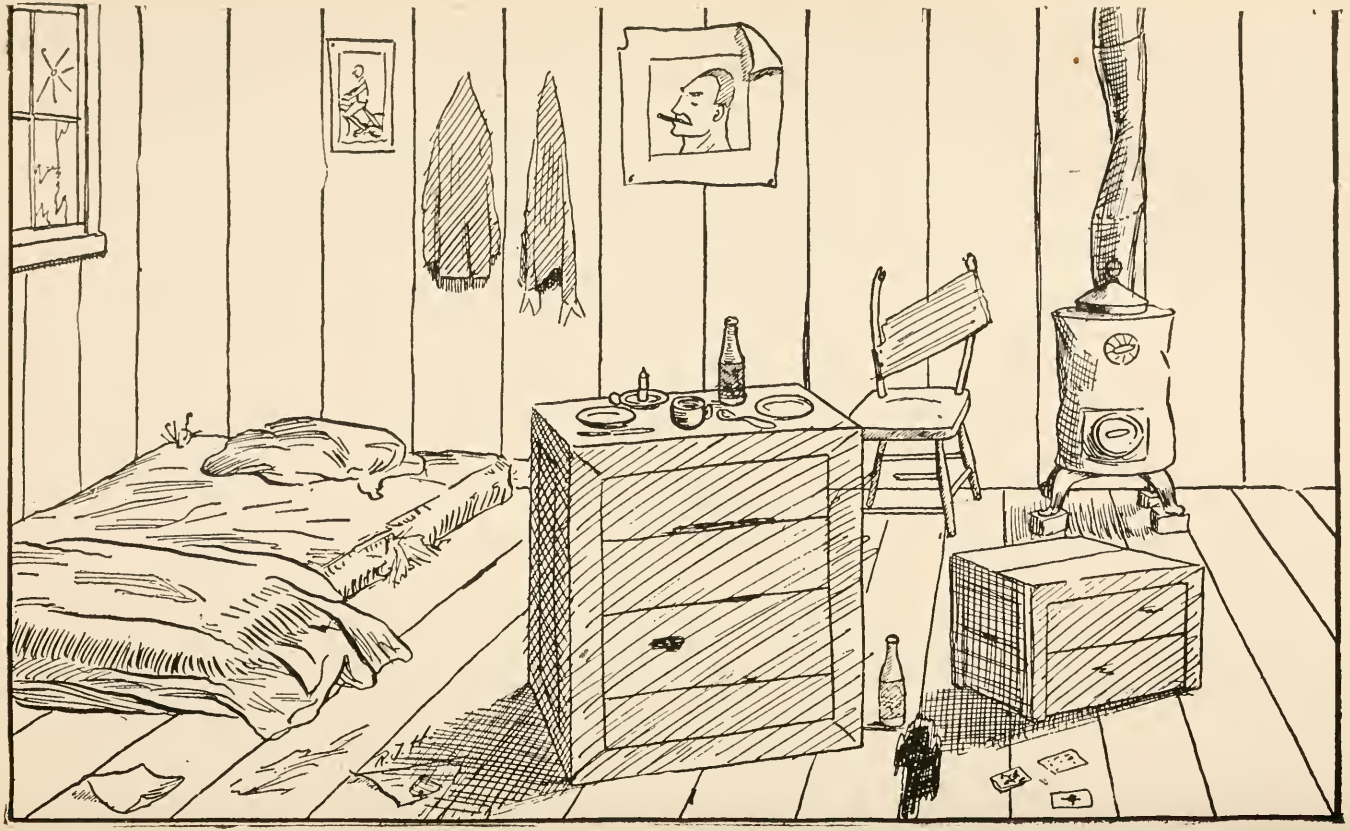
She says their evil ways have crushed
Her life beneath their tread.
She says her eyes with grief grows dim,
And that she'll soon be dead.

They stand around her bed and cry;
 They regret their evil ways,
For this thought surges in their breasts:
 You've shortened your mother's days.

Husband and children are very sad
 Whilst she lies there in pain,
For they know that her place
 Can not be filled again.
Look! She is dead!
 What a noble record left;
One that is pure and good
 To those she left bereft.

The husband weeps and moans
 Over his sweet, dead wife,
And proves that he loves her now
 Better than in her life.
Of course he's in a state of remorse,
 For he thinks of his evil ways,
And this thought surges in his breast:
 You've shortened your poor wife's days.

So her form goes into the grave,
 Bent with burdens, trouble and pain,
And her eyes that were dim with weeping
 Will never shed tears again.
For her spirit has flown to heaven,
 That beautiful place of rest;
The home that Christ prepared
 For the pure and the blest.



A WRECKED HOME AND CAUSES PRESENTED

A WRECKED HOME.

I will picture another woman who made a mistake in marriage, but she is not so strong in character as the first pictured. However she tried to please her husband, and was willing to perform the different duties of a married life. But she has been driven to recklessness not from choice, but rather from neglect and hardship. Her husband was tolerable shrewd, and handled a fair amount of money, but he did not spend much of it on his family. She would see other women wtih comforts that she ought to have, and knowing that her husband was not doing his duty by the family, she became maddened. Finally she became weakened under the load of disappointments and began to invite immorality into her home.

Now her heart is not her husbands any more; it was once his, but he did not endeavor to retain it. If he had treated her right all would have been well, but as he neglected her, the family circle is wrecked.

Once this woman was honored and respected, but she followed her husband down, down, down, until she took on his habits.

He deceived her for months, and then grew bold in his sin. But she not only deceives, for the allurements of the immorality that she invited into her home has led her astray. Hence her life is hardened, polluted and impure, and she is not fit to fill the holy place of a mother, for she is willing to leave home, live a life of disgrace and drag her children into the abyss of ruin with her, rather than obey an offensive husband.

In the preceding chapter you saw a woman's brow marred with care, her eyes dim with sorrow and her form bowed with troubles, suffering and burdens, simply because she had made a mistake in selecting a companion for life. It is not surprising that some women, who realize their unfortunate situation, become worried over fruitless expectations, and plan ways for escape. However all that escape from the miseries of unhappy homes do not enter the slums. But some have too much fortitude to be imposed upon, or even sink under the load of disappointments. They feel their strength, are conscious of their powers, and canont conceive that they were meant for so narrow a sphere as that of a slave for one who should be a companion. Hence they feel an irresistable impulse to launch out and work in order to live easier and happier. Therefore there are grass widows whose character is unquestionable.

But on the other hand there are others whose lives have become obdurate, and they fail to delight in virtue because it has been deadened by the continuance of misfortunte, poverty and misery. The head of the family should protect and provide for it, for a large portion of the wife's time is necessarily taken up by peculiar cares. A woman is but a feeble creature, hence her constitution will not permit her to go through the snow and rain and perform her duties at home.

Any race, where the wife is looked upon more as a slave than a companion, the females fail to possess the proper amount of dignity and modesty. That is why some of our women act rough and offensive instead of acting with pudicity.

How few of our men contemplate marriage obligations with any degree of seriousness. They coquet with first one and another, thus paving the way for the continuance of immoral practices.

The woman that I have pictured was once respected, and could have made a good wife by right treatment. However, through birth or environment, the rays of virtue never was deeply entrenched into her nature, there, by being weak, she was easily drawn into snares.

The destruction of this family is inevitable, and the future actions of this woman is not difficult to surmise, for the plain and serious truth is this: She has lost the affections she once cherished for her husband; she has lost the respect she once had for herself; she is willing to live a life of disgrace and drag her two little girls into the abyss of ruin with her.

When one realizes the unhappy condition of homes caused by unworthy husbands, how much their wives have suffered, and oftimes being compelled to perform the severest drudgery in the midst of aches and pains, he will not wonder why some grow desperate, and fill the alleys of cities to live lives of disgrace.

The man pictured is partly responsible for the misfortunes of this family, but what does he care? He can go with some of the best women, and is just as highly respected as other men.

Suppose the same dishonor was attached to male debauchers, which stigmatizes women of the same profession; would there not be a better state of affairs in society? It would be a moral code which is sorely needed; it would partly check the careless habit which is practiced by so many men; and it would make worthier fathers and husbands.

It is no part of the aim of this chapter to put all of the fault

on the man; but it does aim to show you that the larger percentage of miserable homes are caused by the careless habit of husbands.

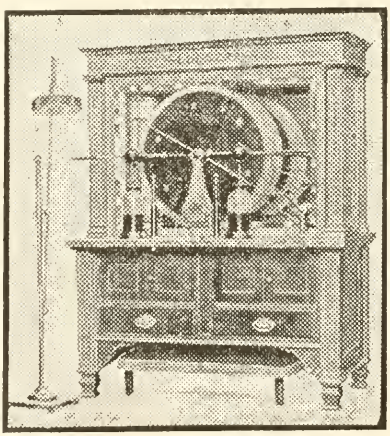
Nevertheless I do not think that the unhappy circumstances of a woman's life justifies her in going astray. For it would have been better for this woman to have toiled from morning until night, and made an honest living, thus entrenching pure principles into the hearts of her little girls, and gone into the grave with an honest soul and a clear conscience, than to have enjoyed the pleasures of life that are paltry, and go into the grave with an unhealthy body which has been a vile encasement of matter, filled with sin and vice.

The parents who are living as the family pictured, can not be criticised austerely enough.

Now, I sincerely hope that these words will reach their hearts, and stir their consciences in such a way as to make them look at their responsibilities as parents, and pledge themselves to live pure lives, and prepare their children for adult life, so that they can take a true place in the family, society, church and state.

May the young men choose worthy girls for wives, and give them the honor, love and respect due.

And may the young girls look well before they decide who they will enter the voyage of a married life with. Then, after entering it, make true, obedient and loving wives.



DR. B. R. BLUITT'S
X-Ray and Static Machine, one of the Largest and Best Equipped in the South.

THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE.

'Tis quite sad to see a hard working man
With no companion to help him plan,
But with one who is always ready to go
Into places that's immoral and low.

This man works very hard,
And often comes home hungry and tired.
His wife looks very clean and neat,
But has not cooked anything to eat.

Sometimes she has something cold,
But if he complains, she's ready to scold
Him; and says he's never pleased.
However, he's easily appeased.

If she hasn't cooked supper, she prepares it in haste,
Nor does she care how it tastes,
For this vile woman of sin
Does not even respect him.

But when a man fails to support
The wife has a right to retort,
And fail to cook his meals to eat,
When he knows not her how to treat.

They point at her, they look at him,
Living with a wife of shame and sin,
And say, "Oh, what a pity!"
He could have married the best girl in the city.

Now he sees his mistake,
But alas, alas, it is too late,
For he loves this immoral quean
And cannot himself from her wean.

And cannot himself from her wean.

This woman has two children
To behold her in sin.
She is not training them in the right way,
But is leading them astray.

She sends her dear
Little boy to town for beer;
And the little girl, poor child!
'Twill not be long before she'll be beguiled

And lead from home,
Out in the cold world to roam,
And live an unchaste life,
Or marry, and make an untrue wife.

When a man supports his wife
She should live an honest life,
Keep a nice, clean home,
And have something cooked when he comes.

This woman pictured hasn't anything to do
But attend to her two
Children, and keep her home,
But she doesn't do this right, for wanting to roam.

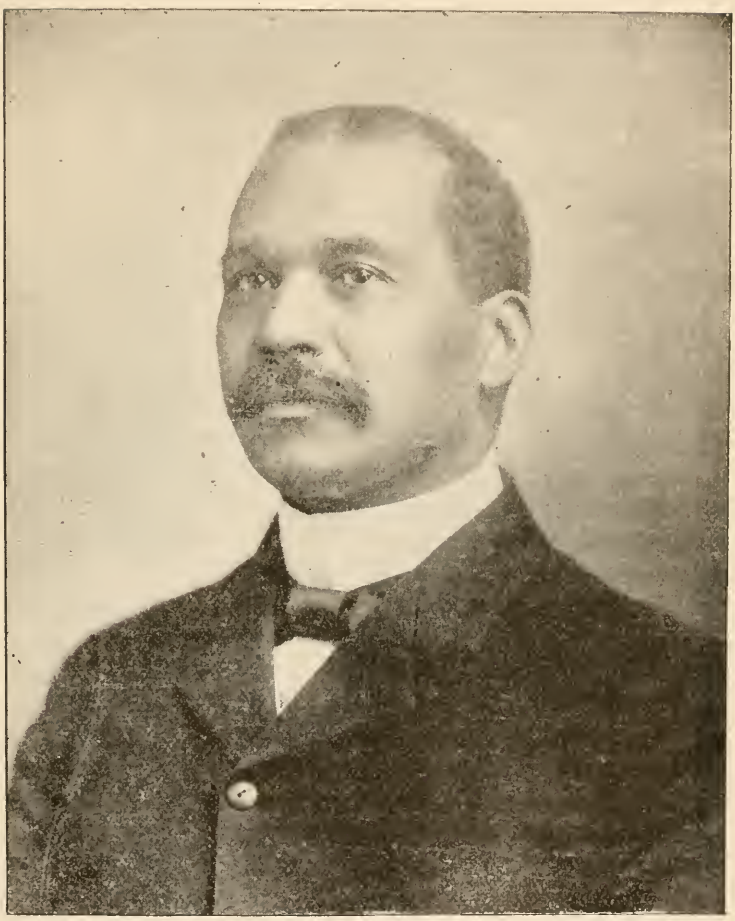
I long to see the day
When the women, widows and young girls will say,
"Though we be Negroes, we will be good,
And raise the standard of womanhood."

When they say it sincerely
You will know that the time is nearly
At hand for the end of their pollution,
And also the time for the solution

Of one of the strangest problems presented to man,
And one of the hardest to understand.

For hundreds of years he's been working at it,
But hasn't been able to solve it yet.

'Tis bad to see a good woman with a man that's mean.



DR. R. F. BOYD, NASHVILLE, TENN.,
Successful Practitioner, Owner and Manager of a Magnificent Hospital.

But worse to see a good man with a quean.
However, 'twill look more pleasing in God's sight
For both to be pure and upright.

I know you cannot fail
To understand this tale.
Now, all who decide to wed,
Make up your minds to let it be said

That you entered the voyage of a married life
To make an industrious and honest wife.
Yes, let this be an omen,
That you'll make a virtuous woman.

Young men, when you select women
Who are to become mothers of your children,
Don't select one that's not worthy of imitation,
If you do, you may expect privation.

You may expect to be deceived,
And you may expect to be grieved
Over the example of her
Who should have made a good mother.

Young men, be careful who you wed,
And let it of you be said,
That you acted prudent and wise
And selected a valuable prize.

Young men, let me adjure
You to honor women that's pure;
Treat them with honor and respect,
But don't encourage them to be abject.

Encourage your sister or wife
To elevate herself above the life
Of the woman that's untrue;
I mean the woman in the picture.

A MODEL FAMILY IN A MODEL HOME.

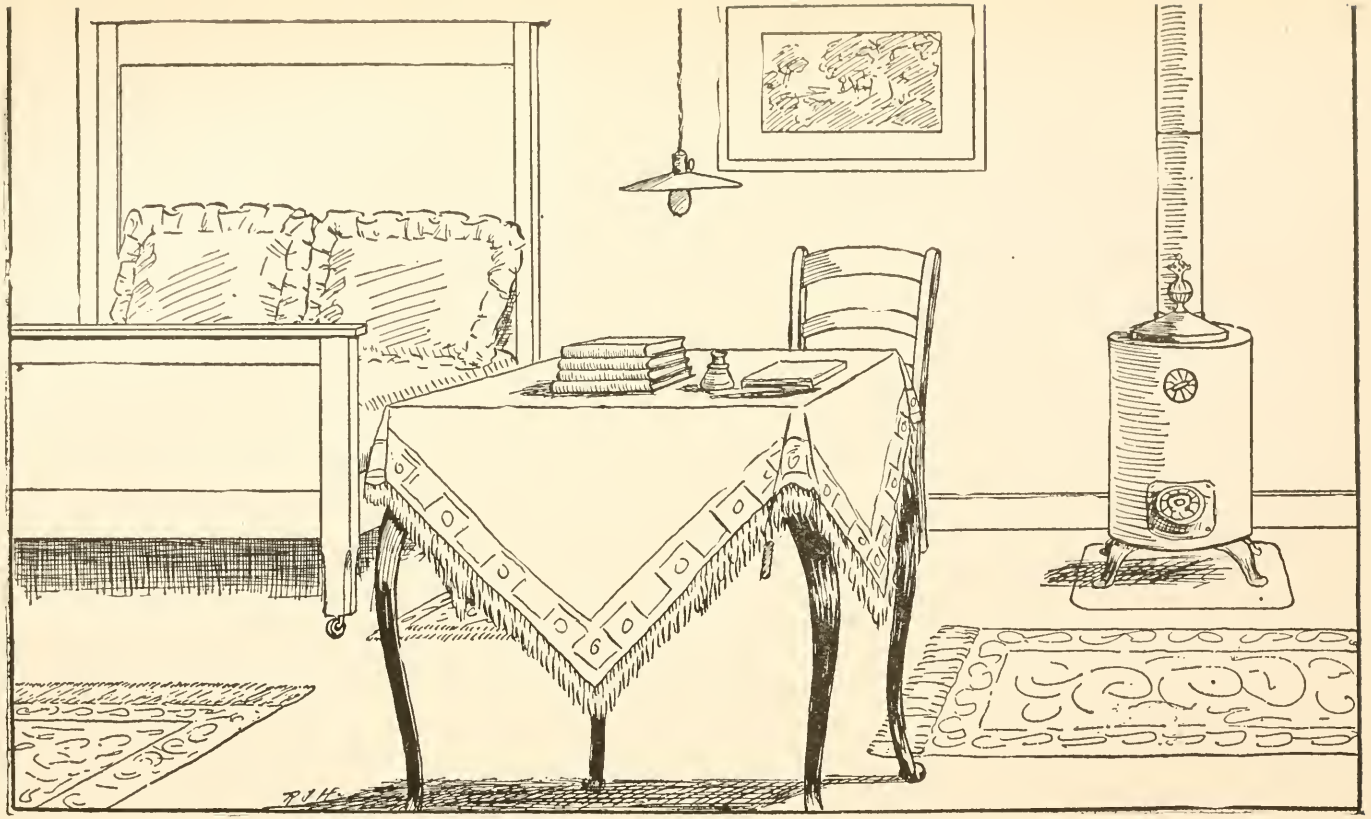
Look at this picture and you will see
A man and woman that's wary.
There is not another
That they love, like they do each other.
Cupid sent his darts
Through their hearts
Before they went to the altar to proclaim
To be called by the same name.

This woman weighed the responsibility of a married life
Before she decided to become his wife,
And as he stood by his bride
He felt that there was not another in this wide
World, as dear to him as the wife
That he had chosen for life.
Hence you see
That this is a model family.

By foresight they did hoard
Useful things in this abode.
Throughout the city it is known
That this is a model family, in a model home.
Why is this a model family?
It is because they agree,
And they haven't any desire to roam
Because this is a model home.

Step in and tell me if you've ever seen
A home more neat and clean.
I know that you've seen finer things,
But have you ever seen things arranged
In a nicer or better way?
If you answer correctly, you will say nay.
Then after you notice their habits you can see clear
That a model family lives here.

Step in the parlor and you will see
Furniture of no mean degree.
Everything's arranged in order;
The walls are covered with paper that has a lovely border;



A MODEL HOME WHEREIN ECONOMY AND LOVE REIGN.

There are nice curtains over each window;
And a beautiful carpet upon the floor.
The pictures are hung in a stylish way
And there's an instrument on which you can play.

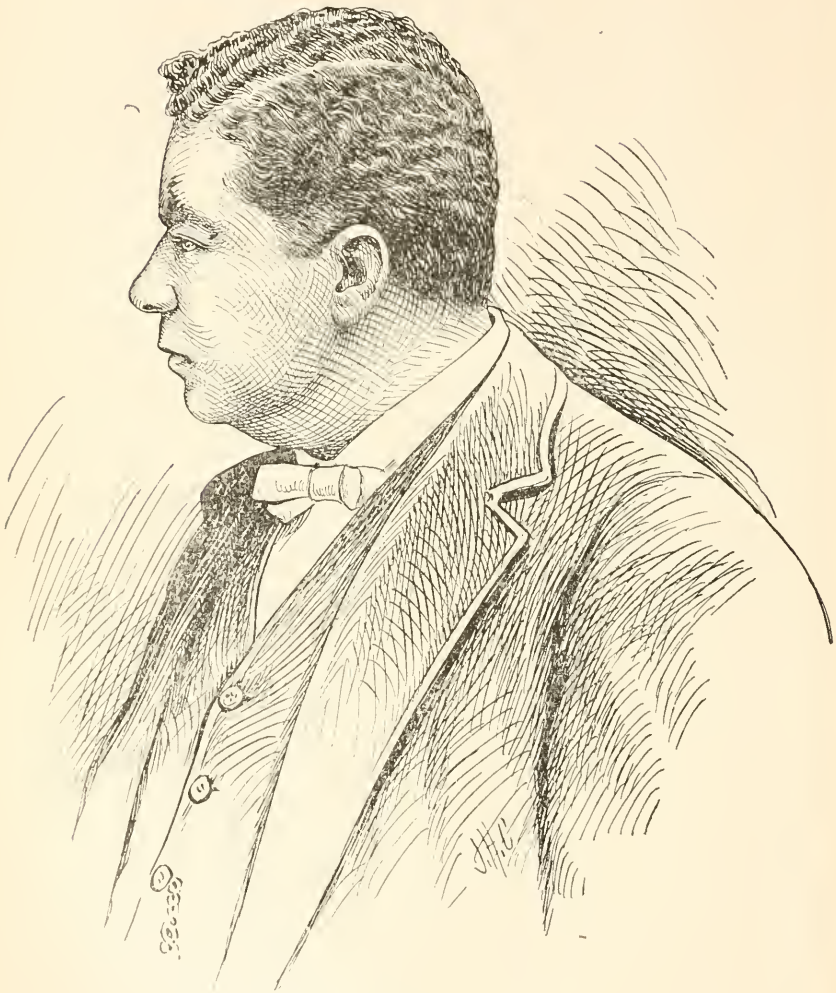
Go in the bed room and look
In every corner and nook,
And you will say, I must
Return without finding any dust.
The furniture is well adjusted,
And it has been carefully dusted,
All of it is clean—even the bed, quilts,
Towels, sheets and pillowslips.

One of the most charming departments of this home
Is the comfortable and serviceable dining room
Which contains chairs, a table, tablecloth, doilies,
Pictures, a refrigerator, sideboard and dishes.
If you go in there, you will say,
"Everything is arranged in a stylish way.
You will also discern that she knows how to cook,
And had too much foresight to stop at the book.

When you go in the pantry and behold
The place where the provisions are stored,
You will readily see
That this man provides for his family.
However, this woman of taste
Is economical, and does not waste
clothing, food or anything
That her husband sees fit to bring.

Now go in the kitchen and look
At the place where she cooks.
You will not see any greese on the door,
But you will see a nice, clean floor.
And when you look at the buckets, pans, knives,
Closet, towels and table, you'll say that all wives
Should keep this department clean and neat,
So that their food would be fit to eat.

If you look into the country or cities
Casually, you'll see Negro families
That not only possess domes,
But possess model homes.



REV. E. W. LAMPTON, D. D.,

Financier, prominent fraternalist, General Secretary and Treasurer of the A. M. E. Church General Financial Connectional Department, Headquarters at Washington, D. C. Promotion to the A. M. E. Bishopric is the cherished desire of a million followers in the A. M. E. Church.

The wives are living in a way to lift up others,
And making good and pious mothers,
By living pure and virtuous lives
And making industrious and useful wives.

The men are making good husbands and fathers, too,
And showing others the way to do
By being emulous, living industrious lives;
Loving their children, and supporting their wives.
It takes economy to make a model home,
But love must sit upon the throne
To keep peace there,
And another thing needed is family prayer.

The picture of this home
Is quite different to the preceding ones.
However you will agree
That all Negroes are not of the same degree.
One picture would not reach the masses,
Hence I've pictured four different classes.
I hope you'll be benefitted by the information given,
And decide to be united; but not riven.

I am glad that the race can boast of a few
Who are intelligent, industrious, honest and true,
And are doing all they can to help the race
Rise and take its place.
The habits of this family should incite
Every Negro family to do right,
And let it be known
That they possess a model home.

I hope each man will look at the first picture
Until he decides to not let sin allure
Him from performing his duties at home,
And until he decides not to roam
To places of immorality,
But show to the world validity,
And show the world that you can
Be a worthy father and good husband.

May each woman look at the third and become disgusted
And prove to the world that she can be trusted;
Matters not where her husband goes, or how long he stays,
No one can justly critize her ways.
Do not be unchaste and silly,
But be pure like the lily.
May your husband have confidence in you
And may you be worthy of it by being true.

Look at the first picture and see
The woman who lived and died in misery,
Then look at her husband with contempt,
And decide to reform and not attempt
To hurry your wives to the grave
When it's in your power to save
Them from many a sorrow, pain or ache,
Nor should you extra trouble make.

Then look at this picture and decide
In a model home to abide;
'Twould be better and wiser, don't you see,
If every family
Would live like this representation,
Then throughout every Nation
'Twould be known
About the model Negro families in model homes.

You may not have a home like this one,
However, you can keep yours clean; it can be done
With a little energy and skill,
And if you will
You can be a model family, tho' you live in a hut.
You may own a palace but
You'll never be happy, unless you agree
To be a model family.

Throughout the world it is known
That all Nations came from homes.
But the model Nations, don't you see,
Came from a model ancestry.

A model is an example or representation
Worthy of remodeling or imitation.
Now, if you want to be imitated by your posterity,
Be a model family.

Though your home be a hut, cottage or palace,
You must keep everything in its place,
To make it look nice
And to entice
Your children to be clean and industrious,
So that their lives will be lustrious.
When you do this, 'twill be known
That you're model families in model homes.

A PLEA FOR HIGHER LIVING.

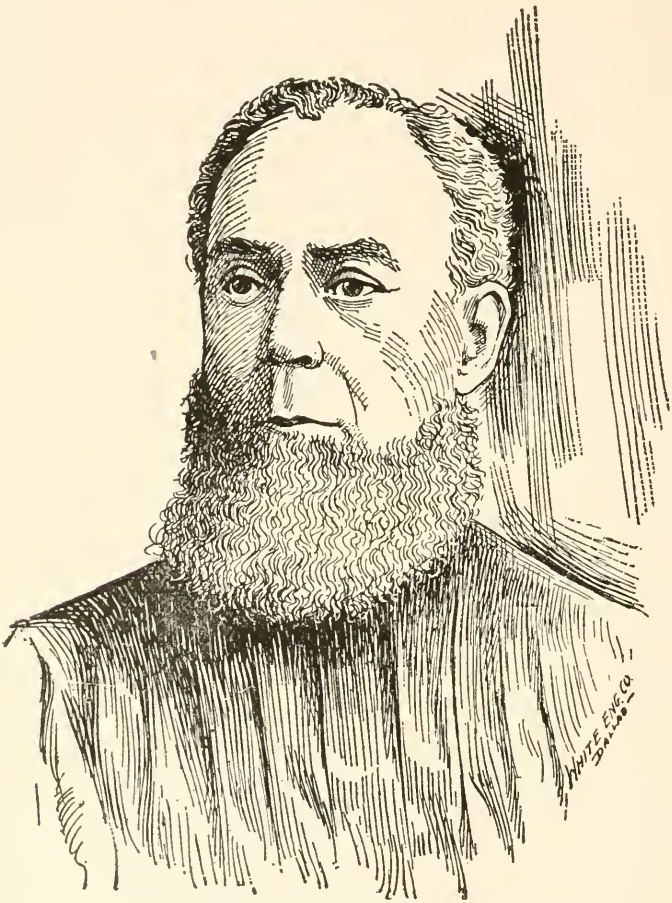
By Mrs. C. Minnie Allen.

We hear so much nowadays about the Negro and the race question that many of us are getting tired of the whole subject. This may be natural, but it is hardly wise. Just as surely as we wish to live as men and women, and not forever exist as underlings, "hewers of wood and drawers of water to the rest of the congregation," we must give this question earnest thought and careful consideration. The white man is never tired of discussing those things that will tend to keep the white race ahead. He spends his nights in planning; he spends his days in performing. While other races are sleeping, his mind is at work, trying to discover some new way to keep the Caucasian far ahead of them all. Of him is certainly true the words of the poet:

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

This race question is a question that most intimately concerns us all. Like Banquo's ghost, it will not "down at our bidding." Negro blood is so very powerful; it has such tremendous force that just one drop of it in a man or a woman's veins, if known, is sufficient to outweigh a million drops of Caucasian blood, and to stamp him or her as one of the maligned, contemned race in every corner of this broad land.

We want our ace to rise. We are tired of always occupying the place at the foot of the ladder. We are tired of being looked upon as unclean creatures simply because God saw fit to make our skins dark. We want to convince the world that:



RT. REV. MOSES B. SALTER, D. D., LL. D.,
Twenty-First Bishop of the A. M. E. Church.

"Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim:"

That:

"Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."

Our race has certainly risen a long way since Abraham Lincoln, commissioned of God, srtuck the shackles from three millions of ignorant, down-trodden slaves. But 'tis a long distance to the top of the mountain. What will it profit us to go one thousand miles up the mountain's brow and rest there, when its summit, where wealth and happiness lie, is twenty-five thousand miles beyond? The colored race has indeed made wonderful progress. When we consider the depths from which we came and the plane to which, in spite of the immoral, debasing influences of slavery, we have ascended, we are constrained to exclaim, "Truly God has done marvelous things for us, whereof we are glad." But God expects us to do our part. "He helps those who help themselves." If we creep along as children, looking to God for everything and making no effort ourselves, we shall always bring up the rear. "With God, all things are possible." If we would reach the goal of true happiness, prosperity and enlightenment, we must put our shoulders to the wheel and strive earnestly to do our part. Of our race is especially true the words of Longfellow:

"All are architects of Fate working in these halls of Time."

God grant that every man, every woman, every child belonging to the Negro race may awaken to a sense of the responsibility resting upon them to do their part toward the uplifting of our people from their present unhaapy condition to a position that shall command the respect of the civilized world!

I request your earnest attention while I endeavor to speak of some things which, in my judgment, are necessary to our salvation. In the time allotted me, it is impossible even to refer to all the important matters, but, with your kind permission, I'll speak of a few of them.

All over this Southland are schools, both public and private, from the primary school to that bearing the high-sounding title of university, devoted to the upbuilding of the colored race. Our boys and our girls, our yong men and our maidens, are flocking to them. This is a matter for the greatest rejoicing, for an educated mind is a most valuable possession. It is valuable, not alone for the dollars and cents to be made out of it; it is far more valuable, in my opinion, because of the opportunities for elevating humanity it affords—for the happiness it confers on its possessor. Few really educated people would exchange their education for the wealth of a Rockefeller, if coupled with that wealth were the condition that they should remain in ignorance. A cultivated mind —a mind able to revel in all the beauties of literature—one able to think



MRS. OLLIE L. BRYAN, D. D. S.,

The only colored lady practicing dentistry in the South. First and only lady graduate of Meharry Dental College. Practicing at 115 Boll Street, Dallas, Texas.

for itself and to think aright—one able to take in and enjoy the master thoughts of the world's master minds—one that can rise far above the dross, the mire of common, soul-debasing thoughts and acts and soar to serene heights sacred to lofty spirits—this, indeed, is a most blessed gift. But alas! education does not always have this result, and consequently education is not the greatest thing in life. It can not take the place of morality. Many an uneducated man, many an uneducated woman (I speak of education in its sense of book knowledge) is as true a gentleman as ever lived, as perfect a lady as ever walked stainless through this sinful earth. And, by the same token, many a bad man—many a woman who is a disgrace to her sex, has a fair education. All of the world's heroes and heroines are not educated; all of the world's scoundrels and courtesans are not ignorant. But, all things considered, an education is a most desirable acquisition. How many fathers among us are toiling day in and day out, with tired body and harassed mind! How many mothers are bending over the cook stove or wash tub until they almost drop with fatigue, in order to give their sons and daughters a good education! God bless such fathers and mothers! God forbid that these children should ever prove unworthy of the great sacrifices made for them!

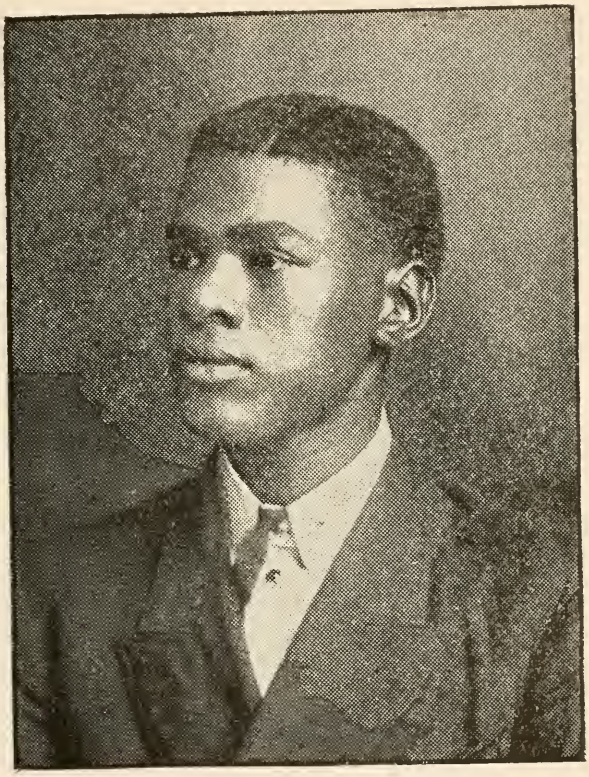
No race can rise if it be ignorant. Booker T. Washington long ago discovered one grand truth—a truth which the white educators are "proclaiming from every house top" and which they are beginning to use in the development of their own race, viz: that to make a well-rounded, symmetrical man or woman, we must educate the head, the hand, and the heart.

Education is a grand thing; wealth is a grand thing; but, after all, "what constitutes a State?" What makes a nation great? It is its men, its women. We know that the white race prides itself on its high, chivalrous manhood, on its virtuous, incorruptible womanhood. All of us know that there are many low, depraved men, many vile, abandoned women among them. We know that some of them have committed crimes diabolical enough to cause Satan himself to shudder. But we know also that the world does not judge the white race by its worst element. Every one of us here tonight knows that it does judge the colored race by its worst element. A crime committed by a white man or a white woman is marked only against that man or that woman; no other member of the race is held responsible. But all of us are fully aware of the fact that a crime committed by a colored man or a colored

woman is marked against the whole race. This is grossly unfair, but, much as we deplore the fact, we cannot change it. Unfortunately the evil-doers among us are frequently so loud-mouthed, so indifferent to public opinion, so lost to self-respect, so lacking in the shame that even a dumb animal might have, that the enemies of the race can wag their heads and exclaim, "Aha! what did I tell you about the Negro's morals? Don't you see the proof right before your eyes?" while our friends are disappointed and grieved at this new evidence (?) of the depravity of the Negro race, for so alas! it is regarded.

We have a terrible tide to contend against. And here let me quote the words of Scripture: "Come out from among them, be ye separate, said the Lord God Almighty." If our good associate with our bad, what wonder is it that we are charged with uncleanness? "What fellowship hath good with evil? what communion hath light with darkness?" asks the Apostle Paul. "Birds of a feather will flock together" is an axiom in which all the respectable part of the world believes. Swine will associate with swine. However much we may pity a rascally man, we lower our character and injure our reputation by becoming his companion, for "We cannot touch pitch without becoming defiled." However much we may pity a swinish woman, we commit a crime against our race when we put her on a level with the good and pure by associating with her. Why should we put those who have wallowed in the gutter with those whose characters are spotless? Why should we put vultures on the same plane with doves? What incentive have our girls to do right when they see those who have lived (and sometimes are living) in defiance of the laws of God and man, as much sought after, and, as far as treatment is concerned, as much respected as chaste widows and virtuous daughters and loyal wives? What will your daughters think about resisting temptation when they see you upholding the daughters of other men and women who have, with their eyes wide open, done what they knew was wrong? Oh, dear brothers, dear sisters, the race or community that cloaks evil or winks at wrong-doing will awake some day alas! to find that evil has gained a terrible ascendency over them. The weeds and brambles we help to cultivate in our neighbor's garden may some day spread and take root in our own. If we would have our own boys noble, let us not laugh at "the wild oats" sown by our neighbor's boys; if we would have our girls pure, let us honor purity, let us frown on impurity. We can love the sinner, but we should hate the sin; how can we show that we hate the sin, when we clasp the sinner to our

hearts, and, as far as outward appearances are concerned, honor them as much as we honor the high-souled men, the noble women, and the pure, sweet girls among us? Let us learn to honor virtue; let us learn to frown on vice. Let us be careful of the company we keep. "No company at all is better than bad company." But none of us need be condemned to solitude; there are many men and women and girls in

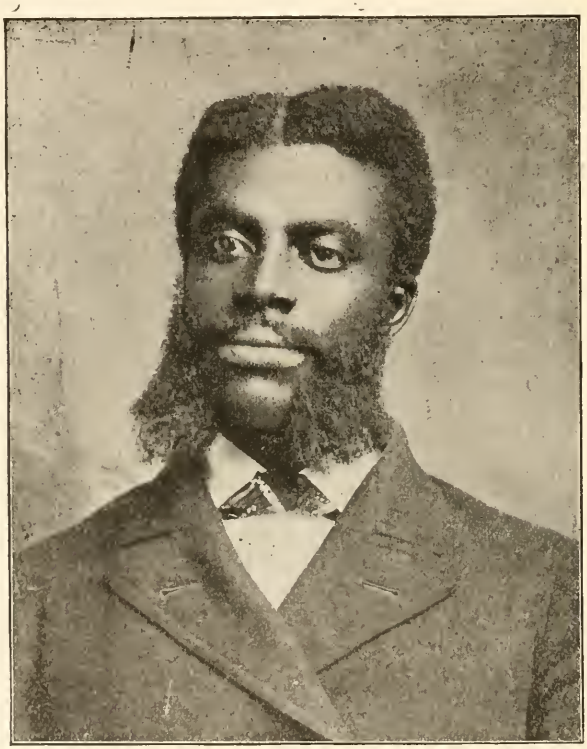


REV. W. H. DURDEN,
Pastor of the A. M. E. Church, Paris, Texas.

Fort Worth as high-souled, as noble, and as pure as there are in any town on the face of God's green earth.

Is the task before us too great? I answer most emphatically, no! No worthy task is too hard for a high-souled man; no good work is too difficult for a pure, noble-minded woman. We need manhood and womanhood more than anything else. We need men who will rise above

all that is low and debasing. We need men who will look down on evil. We need men who will suffer death rather than stoop to anything dishonorable. We need men whose integrity is incorruptible. We need men who will do right though the devil with all his cohorts should tempt them to do wrong. We need men whose minds will not feast on vileness. We need men who will not seek to pull down our women. We



D. W. SHIELDS, A. M., M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Dallas, Texas.
Of Alcorn University and Flint Medical College.

need men who will not try to be like animals in giving the rein to their evil passions, but men who will live on a high plane—a plane that lies in sunlight, not in darkness, where creeping things abound. We need men who prefer purity to debauchery. Unless God is mistaken—and who among us can be so blasphemous as to believe that?—and the Bible a lie, honor is as possible to men as to women. No matter what Satan

says, no matter what evil-minded men and women say, God made man in His own image, and God gave man the strength of character, if he will use it, to do right, if he wants to. The Ten Commandments are as binding on men as on women. If man be the stronger creature—"the lord of creation" as he delights to call himself—he should be even stronger to resist temptation than woman. It is needless to say that the white man breaks the Ten Commandments; God will not hold us responsible for the white man's sins, but for our own. It is almost heart-rending to those of us who really love our race—and seek to prove it by "deeds, not words"—to those of us who love our race too well to disgrace it—it is almost heart-rending, I repeat, to see so many of our people patterning after the white man's vices. If we canont copy his virtues, let us not copy anything. It is well for us to think over these things, my brothers. Let us prove the lie of the awful charge trumpeted by our enemies from ocean to ocean, that the Negroes are an immoral race, that virtue is no more regarded among us than among brutes, and that the good and the bad all associate together and draw no dividing line between the pure and the profligate. You have all read this charge; it is useless to get angry about it; the best way to prove that it is a lie is to live lives above reproach. Think over this when you are alone at night with your God, and solemnly promise Him that, with His help, you will not prostitute your talents, but will rise above all the weakness that Satan seeks to instill in you, into the grandeur of a pure, an incorruptible manhood. What, after all, is the good of spending your life in the pursuit of unholy pleasures which drag a man down? What enjoyment is there in doing those things which you know are degrading? What does it profit a man to break the hearts of those who love him by wallowing in sin? What comfort does he obtain from the knowledge that he is grieving the heart of his Christian mother by his dissipations? What real happiness does he find in bringing sorrow on the wife whom he solemnly swore, before God and man, "to love and to cherish until death them do part?" Do her bitter tears make him feel manlier? What does he gain by such baseness? Ah, dear brothers, turn your back on Sodom; strive for "things that are higher, things that are nobler." Even though you should fall and get into the mire again, rise from it without delay, and make another effort, determined by God's grace and the manhood He has implanted in you, to stand for the right, to do the right, to help your erring brethren see the right—and never, never cease your efforts until life itself ceases, and the God of purity calls you from labor to reward.

If our race needs good men, what, oh, what! must be its need of good women? As the woman is, the race is. We all know how the white race glories in its women. We all know that they will shoot one another down in cold blood for a wrong done a wife, a daughter, a sister, or any of their female connection. We all know alas; that our enemies are always taunting us about our women. Many a colored man has felt his blood boil when he heard some white man speak contemptuously of Negro women. I believe that there are as high-souled men, as pure, noble hearted women among our race as among any race God ever created. I believe that we have them right here in our midst—right here in Fort Worth. But alas! how often have we had to hang our heads with shame because of the actions of some our evil-minded women! Oh, it is a grand thing to be a woman—to be a pure, noble woman! Everything created in the form of a woman is not a woman, if womanhood be necessary to make a real woman. Some have only the form of woman; their minds, their conduct, put them on a level with the most unclean animals. We want our colored womanhood to be the equal of any. In refinemnt, in culture, in polish, in propriety, in godness, in amiability, in that which is the crown of true womanhood, viz: virtue, we want our women to be without a superior. We want all our women to cultivate their minds and not keep them on the level of a child's. Bread-and-butter misses, filled with vanity and giddiness, are attractive ony to a man lacking in real wisdom. No sensible, well-balance man seeks the companionship of a butterfly. We want our women to be interested in all that concerns the elevation of our race. We want our women to be everywhere, at home, at church, on the streets, models of propriety—ladies in every movement. We want them to have high ideals, and to strive to reach those ideals. We want them to be pure "in thought, in word, and in deed." It must indeed be a low woman that does not feel like blushing for shame when she realizes that some man in the world knows that she has proved herself to be unworthy of the respect and honor due true womanhood. We want our women ever to bear in mind the fact that every man (except one who is of very low blood, no matter what his position may be) way, way down in his heart respects a pure woman. We want them always to remember that neither good looks, nor glowing youth, nor fine dress, nor winning ways can compensate for the loss of honor. We want them to guard that no eye but God's could see them, declare—and live up to their their honor as their life. Oh, that they would, even though they knew

declaration—I think too much of myself to lower myself by doing what I know to be wrong!

Dear brothers, dear sisters, let us hold the standard high. Allow me to repeat a few things: Let us not associate with impurity. Let us help one another to a high plane. Let us give the hand to lift up—not do all we can, by giving way to our sinful passions, to pull our race into the gutter. God made no law too hard for men with real manhood and women with real womanhood to keep. If we love our race, let us show it by lives that will reflect credit upon it, not by doing things that will cover it with dishonor. If you will think over the matter with a sober, unprejudiced mind, you will see that one vicious man, one
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immoral woman can do more to drag our race down, in the estimation of the world, than bad white men can do by a dozen lynchings. If we love our race, how can we do things to degrade it? Cut off our right hand, if need be, if with that hand we would pull our race down. Resist temptation. Do not let the devil delude you with the idea that it is necessary for a man to be untrue to the ideas of right and purity he learned at his mother's knee. God never said, "Let women keep the Ten Commandments; they were not intended for men to keep." As I have already said, unless the Bible be a book of lies, He will hold every man just as accountable for them as He holds every woman. Let us show our manhood and our womanhood in every word, in every act. Let us think too much of ourselves to do anything that would degrade us. If we degrade ourselves, we degrade our race. Ah, if we really love our race, we will not deliberately do one single thing to bring reproach upon it, just as a man who really loves his mother will never deliberately do one thing to wring her heart or dishonor her memory or disgrace the name she gave him. I feel, I believe, that each one here will do everything in his or her power to show our enemies, as well as our friends, that colored men and colored women are as capable of a grand, lofty manhood and a pure, virtuous, stainless womanhood, as any race that ever occupied this earth. Oh, let this sink not only into your minds, but into your hearts.

May our men be men of honor,
Men whose worth foul slander shames;
May they be as true as Truth is,
Men of high and noble aims.

May they fit themselves for living,
Educate head, heart, and hand,
Make themselves in civic virtues
Peers of any in this land.

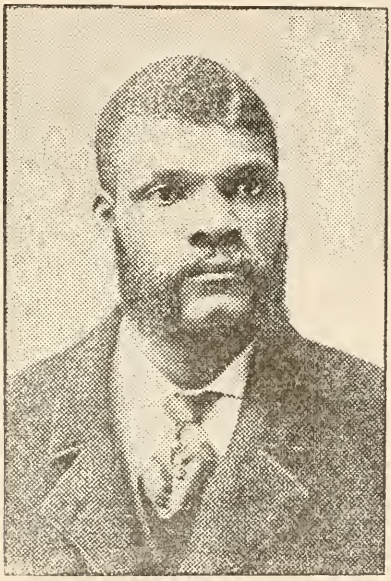
Let no race respect their women
More than we respect our own;
Let us learn to honor Virtue,
Place our women on a throne.
Let us treat the sisters, daughters,
And the wives of other men,
As we'd have our own be treated;
Naught would clog our progress then.

Oh, my brothers, is it manly
To lead colored girls astray?
Is it well to keep our ace down
By thus blocking Virtue's way?
God in His own image made you,
You have heard time and again:
Scorn to stoop to vice and folly;
Be not human swine, but men.

May our women e'er endeavor
To attain the highest good:
Strive to be, in real merit,
Models of true womanhood.
Dress, accomplishments, wealth, beauty,
Virtue's place can not supply:
As the woman is, the race is:
If she fail us, Hope must die.

May each one of us here tonight declare, I will do my very best to elevate my race by cultivating every noble quality the Almighty has implanted in me, and thus making the very best possible of myself, for I think too much of my race—I respect my father too highly—I love my mother too dearly—I prize my good name too truly, to live in the mire of sin and shame and what I know is degradation, with dissolute men and unchaste women. I am capable of higher, nobler things, and I will show it by living a clean, unselfish life, above reproach and above

suspicion—except from those who, low as curs themselves, endeavor by falsehoods, by the blackest lies, by the grossest perjury, to bring good men and women down to their own base level. We can not prevent vile
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men and women from slandering us, and we can not prevent weak-minded people from believing them. The purer we are, the more anxious are the human hyenas to destroy us. Jesus Christ was most atrociously slandered, and put to an ignominious death as the wickedest of men, and is the servant above his Master? But we can live such lives that the envenomed arrows of the serpent-tongued slanderers will fall from us



MR. L. W. WALKER (Lamented).

without harming us, in the estimation of all who have upright character and good judgment.

Let us go on, undiscouraged, doing our very best, as individuals and as a Christian Endeavor Society to lift humanity to a higher plane, remembering that:

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies:
And we mount to its summit round by round."

GOD A FRIEND TO THE NEGRO.

Inasmuch as Christ is a friend to the race it is its duty to follow Him, commit itself to the ordering of His providence, and say, "Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done."

Though vague fears haunt and disturb our homes; though we are continually burdened with misfortunes; though our enemies plot



OUR SAVIOR PRESENTING AN INVITATION OF LOVE.

against us, and though we are surrounded with misery and want; yet we can say Christ is our friend.

He came from heaven, suffered, toiled, sacrificed and died, to save souls and help the distressed.

And now He stands with outstretched arms and offers peace, rest

and pardon to a race that is stigmatized, oppressed, crushed and enslaved.

Every jesture of His hand invites it to come, and every sound of His voice is accented with love.

Listen! through every chapter in the Bible He warns it of danger in the downward road, and encourages it to come to Him.

But many are refusing the offer and are hearing His warnings in vain; notwithstanding they know what the consequences will be.

Being aware of His power, all should listen to His commanding voice with fear and trembling. For to disobey God is the most dangenerous error that can ever curse a race. Even the thought of being in the hands of the Great King girded with power should make us more obedient.

Though great, He is also good, for He is willing to forgive those who have set in open defiance his laws; though rich, nevertheless He stands willing and ready to help all classes and conditions of the race; though poor, yet His Holy Spirit is knocking on the hearts of the vilest transgressors in order to enter their lives and make them better; though holy, He pities and sympathizes with sinners.

And the great aim of Him is the saving of souls; it was this aim that lead Him from heaven to earth.

He died for us, and now He is willing to lift up the whole race, if it will put away its abominations and follow him.

He persuades, He expostulates, He invites, and He offers different encouragements throughout the Bible to accept His offer, and strongly warns it of His wrath if it refuses.

However, the majority of our people are traveling the broad road that leads to destruction, where they have no promises of the future but pain and misery; still they are going through enough misery here to make them loathe sin and Satan and seek refuge in Christ.

Look! Satan stands and laughs because so many have been fooled by his strategy and are coming to him for eternal damnation. And his shrewdness is nowhere more exercised than in the institution among people involving immorality and crime. We see men and women alike plunging into the mad scene of dissipation.

From the day of mother Eve in the garden until now he has been sending out serpents to beguile and lead her astray, and she has also been leading men astray.

Satan is using his influence and force in a way to lead the race

from its only true friend. But as long as his allurement draw the majority of our people downward; as long as polygamy is the prevailing sentiment; as long as the environments are friendly towards vice; as long as reason fails, warnings are heard in vain, blessings spurned and chastisements despised, it will be vain to look for better conditions.

We cannot fool God by playing ignorant; we cannot convince other nations that we do not know any better; nor can we console our consciences by imagining immoral practice to be a necessity.

However, there are abundant passages in the Holy Book that teach God's displeasure at disobedience. But is there one passage that sanctions disregard for even the smallest requirement?

Read the Bible from Genesis to Revelations and answer this question: What caused the Israelites to be oppressed? It was their sins, follies and disobedience. Therefore God permitted the Egyptians to enslave and inflict numerous kinds of punishment on them.

But when the Israelites became sorry for their follies and sins God bade Pharaoh let them go, for He had selected a place where this heart-broken race might live in peace and serve Him.

But I imagine that when their backs were smarting under the heavy burdens put upon them by masters, they would ask themselves these questions: Does God see us; does He know of our suffering; will He answer prayers?

Yes, He knew of their sorrows and afflictions, and when He had suffered them to be punished enough He looked upon them with an eye of pity, planned a way for their escape, and sent out a leader to guide them on the journey.

Pharaoh tried to prevent them from going, and some of the Israelites thought it impossible to escape Pharaoh's wrath by way of the Red Sea.

But with God all things are possible. He devised ways for their escape through the Red Sea; He devised ways for our foreparents' escape from slavery through war, and if we obey His voice He will devise ways for the solution of the vexed problem.

He selected Moses to lead the children of Israel, and bade them follow. However, the way seemed both toilsome and dangerous; it was not across a plain, with no obstacles in the way.

Suppose the Israelites had disobeyed God's command and had attempted to climb the mountain on one side, or had they attempted to escape through the desert on the other, or had they attempted to drive

back Pharaoh's army at their back, they would have been destroyed.

To-day God bids us go forward to the promised land; hence 'tis our duty to obey; 'twill be useless for us to try to scale the mountain on our right, or cross the desert on our left, neither can we drive back



HON. N. W. CUNEY, A. M. (LATE),

The firmness of soul, honesty of purpose, true to his friends, keen and quick in conception of every emergency, and in execution of his many well laid plans and victorious political battles startled the political world, now immortal.

Satan and his hosts at our back; but we can and must keep the commandments, do our duty, and we will cross the river dry shod.

Let me adjure the rebellious of the race to adopt a different course

and follow the few on their way to the promised land, for unspeakable danger lies in the downward path.

We can see His guiding hand leading the children of Israel from the strong hands of Pharaoh; we can see His guiding hand leading our foreparents from the strong hands of bondage, and we can see the work of His strong hands to-day among all nations.

When our parents and grandparents had suffered enough; when their prayers had moved Him to compassion and touched His heart with the woes of the distressed, and when they promised to obey and follow Him, He selected Abraham Lincoln, that great and good man who stood undaunted and issued the Proclamation of Freedom, to deliver them.

Christ has led this overtasked and broken-hearted race from bondage, but Israel-like, some are wandering around in the wilderness murmuring and complaining instead of going on and doing their duty regardless of consequences, and remembering that His commanding voice can be heard in all the reformation of nations.

We can see his opposition to injustice in the ruins of Babylon, in the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, in the plagues of Pharaoh, and in the unjust ruler on the prairie. Then we can sit down in our little cottages, view the light of history, and see kingdoms giving way, and empires falling before Him.

Then should we swerve from duty? No. But we should fear God and keep His commandments.

If he bids us go forward to greater attainments of integrity, to nobler works of love, and to a higher plane of living, it's our duty to go.

Though the way leads through poverty, misery, suffering, oppression and deep water; and though liberty and justice may be crushed in such a way, until we can scarcely see light enough amid the gloom of persecution and the thick metaphysical fog of prejudice to see how to travel; yet in still it's our duty to go.

His way may appear strange, but it's safe, for His guiding hand has always removed obstacles out of the way for His people, and will remove them out of ours if we trust Him.

The same God that solved the problem for the children of Israel will solve ours if we trust Him.

We know what He wants us to do, for His lessons are so plainly taught in the Bible, and manifested in the world around us, that only

the wilfully ignorant can fail to understand them. And I believe that we will continue to be an unprosperous people until the prevalence of a right sentiment permeates the race.

No prosperity and no grandeur can save a nation that sanctions immorality. We must ever keep our homes pure if we expect to be a noble race. 'Tis true that we were turned loose without the government making any provision for our food and shelter, but the Lord opened the way, though we were surrounded with enemies, but the Lord calmed their passions.

And I imagine that if it had not been for a providential interference, when the defeated soldiers came home from war, their reasoning powers would have been twisted in such a way as to chill their consciences, rob their understandings and incite their passions to turn upon the helpless slaves.

But the Lord brought into their minds the fact that the Negroes had protected their property and families during their absence. Though somewhat disappointed, their passions for spilt blood were not stirred up.

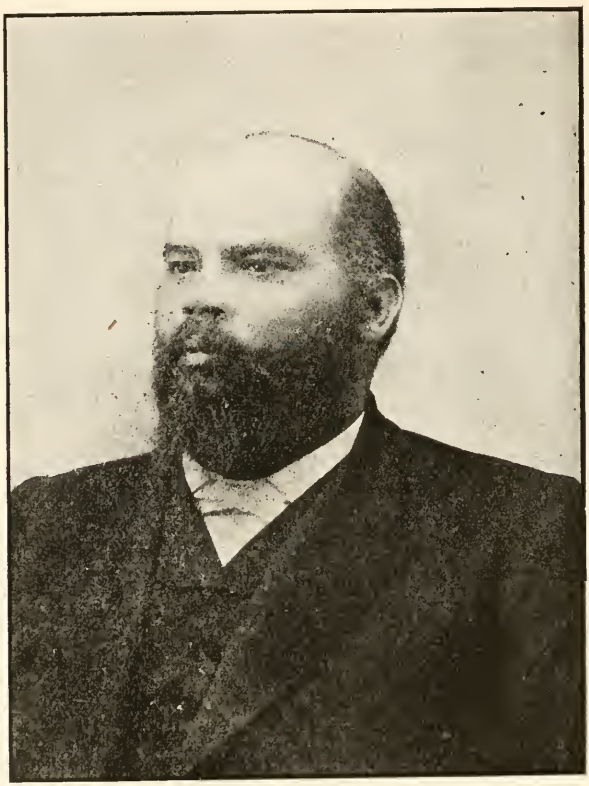
We are poor, 'tis true, but poverty is not as bad as immorality and ignorance.

Other nations often speak of the Negro as being ignorant, treacherous, low, unchaste and untrusty, and these sayings are true to a certain extent. However, we have some as pure-hearted men and women in the race as ever lived. The world has fixed upon the race a scrutinizing eye full of distrust, hence it is thwarted in many instances where it should be aided.

However, it should be pitied, for it does not think the few years of freedom sufficient time for it to recover from the effects of a system which made it a victim of degrading habits which are imbedded in its nature. Nevertheless, the command of God and existing circumstances should spur it to make a bold effort for improvement. And if we trust God, do our duty and increase morally, physically and intellectually we can stand before the world undaunted. For the God that sits above this unjust and cruel world will not forsake nor leave us, but will make even our enemies be at peace with us.

Our good people have a hard time even among the race, for if they tell the disobedient that they are wrong they do great violence to the notions and feelings that have been made strong by practice, custom and indulgence, therefore the few who are doing their duty and laboring to uplift the masses are often criticised and maligned.

The good have to suffer with the bad, for we are mixed up in such a way until it is almost a matter of impossibility for us to separate ourselves, as occupations and relationship constantly throw the better class in contact with the worse; hence the prejudiced mind can't see the few good ones on their way to prosperity, but have a clear sight when it comes to errors.



BISHOP ABRAHAM GRANT, D. D.,
The Renowned Revivalist in the A. M. E. Church,
a Refuser of Honorary Degrees.

But I am profoundly glad of this fact, that the good are rewarded in the other world, if not in this, and in the great resurrection morning, when we come before the pure and holy of heaven, the good will not have to suffer with the bad. However, every one will be held

accountable for his own sins, must repent for himself, believe for himself, and die for himself.

If you should quiz the downward travelers as to why they have choosen that course, I think their answer would be pleasure. But what kind of pleasure is it? I would call it paltry pleasure; and the way is not only dangerous, but inevitably deleterious, and if they do not change their course, punishment will be their reward.

To the few who are traveling onward and upward, you need not become discouraged, for Christ has always had words of approval for the fatihful. Though weak and small in number, rely on God for strength and power, remembering that he was with the three in the fiery furnace, the one in the lion's den, the one faithful family when the face of the earth was covered with water, and the many who have trusted Him.

We cannot hope to cope with the Caucasian race in power and wealth because they have the vantage ground. However, we can hope to cope with it in serving God, because the Holy Spirit visits the Negro as often as it does other races.

A fair-minded person is compelled to look at the race with an eye of pity, when he looks at the fatal heritage of slavery, the peculiar temptations to which our girls are subjected, the way that some are degraded, the unjustness of the law, the whiz of mob violence, and the many other barriers to our welfare.

But in spite of the fact that we were turned loose penniless, ignorant, and without shelter, there are families who not only have beautiful homes, but who are trying to raise up intelligent and industrious children. And in spite of injustice we casually see one surmounting difficulties, and surrounding himself with opulence that would do credit to one who has always been free and backed up by friends.

The white man and Negro should not be indifferent to each other, but should work together in harmony and peace for the common interests of both, and as they are constantly thrown together by occupations they should justly adjust differences.

The Negro does not expect social equality; however, he should be treated right regardless of his color, or previous conditions of servitude.

May all who read these pages inwardly resolve, God helping them to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded, to not let them pass by unimproved, and to do the bidding of their only true friend.

We are not drifting about in this cold world without a friend,

without a destiny, without a hope, or without help, but we can glory in the Friend who is guiding al things.

Now, may all who are on their way to the promised land, influence as many as they can to go with them, for in that place that has been prepared for the righteous there will be no oppression of the poor by the rich, nor envy of the rich by the poor; no strife or rivalry between nations; no debauchers to rob women of their character; no lewd women to lead men astray; no dishonesty, unchastity, disgrace, murder, malice or hatred, but all will be peace, love and happiness.

Then let us labor, suffer, pray and sacrifice to go to that place of eternal joy.

And to you, who are on your way to destruction, may you look at the Babe in the manger, Christ on the cross, the open sepulcher, and then look at Him inviting you to come and receive eternal life. When you rebel, you are rebelling against your only true Friend, but may you repent and believe before it's too late.

Now, may the race take a decided stand for right, and follow its only true Friend—

Remembering the works of His mighty hand,
For He led Israel from the bondage land.
He did the Red Sea's waters divide
And guided Israel to the other side.

He smote the Egyptians' pride
When in His wrath many died,
And he buried Pharaoh's army in a watery grave,
But led Israel through the wave.

He led them with a cloud by day,
So that they might know the way.
He led them with a fire by night,
Because they couldn't see without light.

And what do you think?
He gave them water from a rock to drink,
And rained down manna from on high
So that from hunger they would not die.

But some grew dissatisfied,
And complained until they died;

Others murmured and complained
And said they wished they had at home remained.



REV. H. T. JOHNSON, D. D., Ph. D.,

Now serving his fourth term of four years as Editor of the Christian Recorder, of the A. M. E. Church,. the oldest paper in the world published by Negroes. Dr. Johnson is a popular prospectus candidate for the Bishopric in the A. M. E. Church.

Some never did reach the promised land
Because they broke God's command;
And in the wilderness they did toil
Amidst affliction and turmoil.

They were brought very low,
But our Father did them mercies show
When they grew sorry for their ways,
And began to give Him praise.

Nations cannot afford
To lift themselves up against the Lord.
But the whole duty of man
Is to fear God, and keep His command.

Behold the works of his mighty hand,
He led the race from the bondage land,
And did to it mercy show,
And told it the way to go.

He leads it with the sun of righteousness by day,
Because He is the only true way.
He leads it with the star of hope by night,
Because it can't see how to travel without a light.

Now, what do you think?
He gives it living water to drink,
And He gives it the bread of life to eat,
Oh, it's so good and sweet.

And Christ came down for us, and died,
But the race is not satisfied,
And some are in the wilderness wandering,
Complaining, sinning and murmuring.

And some will never reach the promised land
Because they have broken God's command.
But if we turn like Israel did,
His face from us will not be hid.

Now in the wilderness we are distressed,
Driven, afflicted and oppressed;
But if we obey God and be true,
He will come to our rescue.

He'll protect and not let others slay
When His anger is turned away,
And if to His voice we take heed,
He will us on to Caanan lead.

He's willing to protect and defend,
For he's the Negroe's truest Friend,
Then let us live pleasing in His sight,
For He will our battles fight.

Now let us follow Israel's God
Onward, onward, with a steady trod;
Through seas, and the wilderness, if it's His command,
Until we reach the promised land.

Let us not murmur and complain,
Because it is vain
To rebel against His works and ways;
But let's go on and give Him praise.

PARENTS MUST LEAVE A LEGACY.

What legacy are you preparing to leave
To your children as a gift?
Will it be houses, money and land,
And an inheritance that will lift
Them, to aspire for things that's high?
Or can it be possible
That when you die,
Your record, the only legacy left,
Will be one of disgrace and shame
To those you leave bereft?

Not only your likeness will be reproduced
In your children's forms and faces,

But your habits will be reproduced also,
For they will take your places
In society, the church and state,
Or on the streets, dens and saloons,
To boast in sin 'till they meet your fate.
The legacy will teach them to look low or high.
Then be careful as to the kind
Of inheritance you leave when you die.

The greatest legacy that can be
Left by parents
Is good, pure, honest, intelligent
And industrious footprints.
For if ancestors' lives are unclean
The children will surely inherit
Habits that will make them low and mean.
But if ancestors' lives are pure and grand
They can make their children's blood rich,
Though they have not houses or land.

You must leave a legacy,
Whether you wish to or not,
To your posterity,
For something to them you must allot.
Then select pure emotions to bequeath
To the next generation.
Now bestir yourselves and rise from underneath
The feet of other races.
But leave an inheritance that will empower
Them to take higher places.

INTEMPERANCE.

Look at the blasted homes and ruined lives,
Hungry children and weeping wives,
Caused by whiskey, rum and beer.
Then, you can see clear
That, that awful vice, intemperance,
Is a curse and pestilence.

Look into the drunkard's homes,
At the scanty tables and rooms,
And you will see,
An unhappy family,
Who likes to quarrel and disagree,
Because they dwell in sin and poverty.

Some men drink to such an excess
They delight in sin and wickedness.
They not only abuse their children, but beat their wives,
And crush the ambition out of their lives.
They grumble at this, they grumble at that,
And are always ready for an unpleasant chat.

The drunkard's wife is afraid of him,
Because he boasts in sin.
He very often comes home mad;
But when he leaves, she is glad.
She doesn't enjoy his company,
Because he's always ready to disagree.

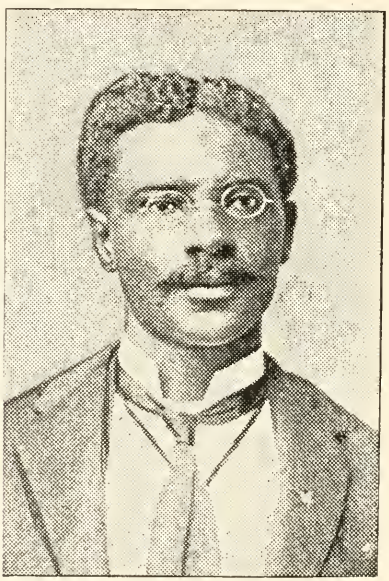
The children are glad when he is gone,
Because he's so unpleasant at home.
And they wonder why their mother selected
One that should have been rejected.
However, they should love and honor him,
For not to do this is a sin.

The race is suffering from a curse to-day
Because Ham did not the proper respect pay
To Noah, his intoxicated father.
However, Ham's children should not bother
The old man liquor, but should cover him up,
So that their children will not be corrupt.

Every Negro should abhor
That strong drink they call liquor,
For every generation is cursed and corrupt
Because the old man liquor, it will not cover up.

Oh, cover him up, and walk away.
Do it now, do not delay.

Oh cover up this awful sin
Before your children look upon him.
Then turn your face and walk away,
Don't look upon him; do not delay;
For thousands are cursing their children
Because they laugh and look upon him.



REV. M. W. AUSTIN,
Secretary of the Indian Mission A. M. E. Conference.

Enough money is spent for alcohol
To educate the children all.
Now, control your appetite,
And in intemperance do not delight.
Cover up the old man liquor, I pray.
Then turn your face, and walk away.

Now, if you don't hear me you will
Continue to meet with evil,
And if this disgrace is not covered up,
The race will continue to be corrupt.
But if you'll turn and reform your lives,
There'll not be so many heart-broken wives.

Old man alcohol and disgrace
Has brought much evil to the race,
And it seems that the race doesn't see
The cause of so much misery.
Now, may each of you leave liquor alone,
And put your money in a home.

Stay sober and help to solve
That vexed problem that involves
So many millions of lives,
Including your children and wives.
Now help the race that much, won't you?
And be industrious, honest and true.

Then you will not walk around
With ragged clothes, and shoes run down;
But you can handle money, stand erect,
And not only this, you can demand respect.
Then other nations will agree
That you're a man of integrity.

Stop working all the year,
And spending your money for whiskey and beer,
But spend your money for things that you need.
Buy your children books, clothes, and feed,
Oh do send them to school!
Then remember the golden rule.

And do unto your neighbor as you'd have him do to you,
And to the God of all people be true.
When you will have done this
You can live in happiness and bliss

In any of the States,
For all will be pleased with your fate.

Look at the number that have lost their lives
By going into saloons and dives.
However, it's not only men
That enter these reservoirs of sin,
But I am very sorry to say
That in them women are going astray.

Oh what a pity to see,
Women in dens of immorality
When they should be at home or some other good place
Trying to help save the race
By doing their duty, acting aright,
And living pleasing in God's sight.

It is my wish to impress
The race to take more interest
In things that are noble and grand
In homes, money and land,
And to look upon low things with disgust,
And not after them to lust.

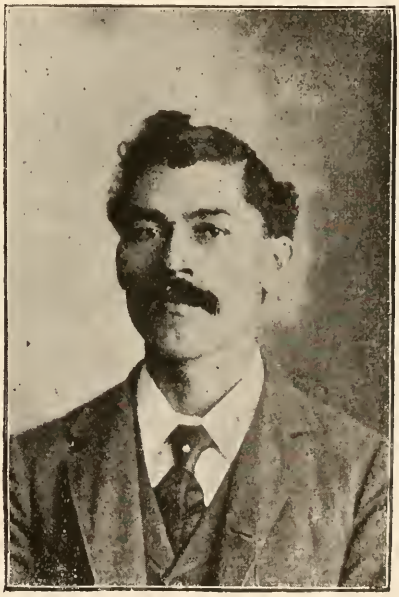
Shun things that will keep the race down,
Labor for fame and renown
By keeping in the path to success
And shunning the path of wickedness;
By education, industry, virtue and wealth,
And shunning all things that are gained by stealth;

By treating all nations right,
And trusting in God for might.
Now, I hope that all
Will shun old man alcohol.
If you do as I say, all will agree
That you're on your way to prosperity.

You can look upon the Heavenly Father and live,
For he will to you blessings give.

But do not look upon old man Disgrace;
If you do, he'll curse the race.
But the more you look at Christ, the whiter you'll be,
And He'll bless you in eternity.

And if you do what's right,
Though your face be black, your heart'll be white.
You can look upon Christ on Calvary,
Who died for you and me.
Now, cover up old man Alcohol's face,
And do not behold him in disgrace.



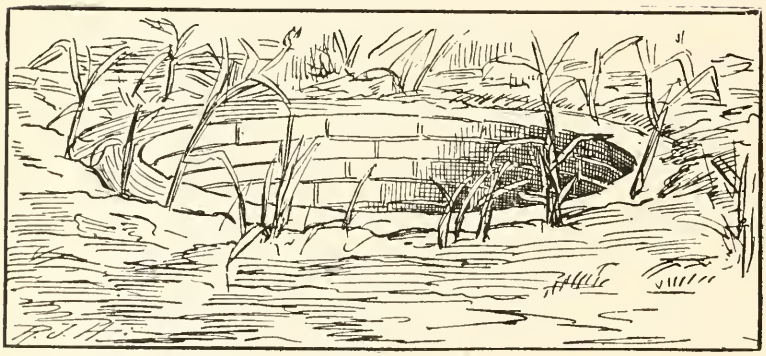
PROF. H. D. WINN,
Principal of County School, "Sauny Stand," Teacher and a Tireless Worker in the Church, Charitable Societies, Chappell Hill, Texas.

A WELL WITHOUT A CURBING.

Many years ago, one day
Some little girls were out at play,
And they were shouting around a well,
And suddenly one of them in it fell.

The mother was sick and alone,
And the father was away from home.
The children screamed and said,
"G. has fallen in the Well."

The mother jumped out of the bed,
For she thought her child was dead.
However she let down a rope
Because she had a mother's hope.



THE WELL OF SIN.

By this time people were there
From everywhere
In the neighborhood.
Some because of excitement, and some to do good.

The mother thought they had acted unwise, when
They could have had their well curbed in.
She said if they had not neglected this well,
In it their child would not have fell.

Some one pushed the mother away
And I heard another one say,
"Go in the house. Now, G., hold on tight
And I'll pull you out right."

Though bruised, they got her out.
Oh, how the mother did shout
To see her child safe again,
And said, "That well must be curbed in."

Today there's a well in your yard
From which your children are not debared
By a curbing from falling in.
I mean that awful well of sin.

Some parents do not tell
Their children the danger of this well,
But permit them to play around
Until they fall in and are drowned.

Or else they go around maimed for life
By falling in the well of vice.
If they don't fall in a well at home
You often permit them to roam

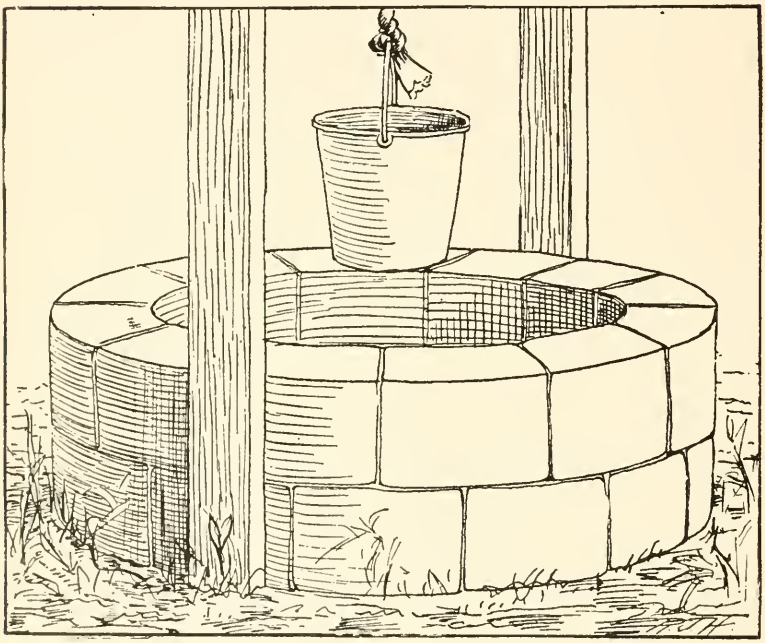
To another place
And fall in the well of disgrace.
O, how sad to see
So many children falling in the well of misery!

If you don't go to the expense to have your well curbed
You may expect to be disturbed;
And the time on training them, that should have been spent
Must be used in weeping and lament.

Let not your children go astray
By allowing them to play
In the alleys and streets, with friend or stranger,
If you do, they'll surely meet with danger.

If you allow them to play around the well of a saloon
They will soon
Get thirsty and want to drink,
And fall in the well before you think.

Do not let your girl make a bosom friend
Of another girl, when
The well in her mother's yard is not curbed up,
For very likely she will your daughter's morals corrupt.



THE WELL OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Every well with a curb should be restrained,
For it matters not how well a child's trained,
It's liable to make a misstep and fall
Into the well that's exposed to all.

We can see open wells in every city
Of vice and immorality,
And the youths are entering them
To participate in sin.

If you let your children in the well of vice fall,
It will be too late to bawl;
And when you see the sheriff carrying them to jail,
It will be too late to wail.

And don't let them in the pond of vice go swimming.
If you do, you'll encourage their taste for sinning,
And will be held accountable on judgment day
For allowing your children to go astray.

But if they will not obey your voice,
And if the downward way they make their choice,
The Lord will shorten their days.
But you go on and give God praise.

Don't look back like Lot's wife did,
Because her children in the flames were hid;
But obey God's voice and travel on
And he will find for you a home.

Now, do not wait too late
And let them fall in the well of ill-fate.
However, 'tis your duty to tell
Them to always, elude an open well.

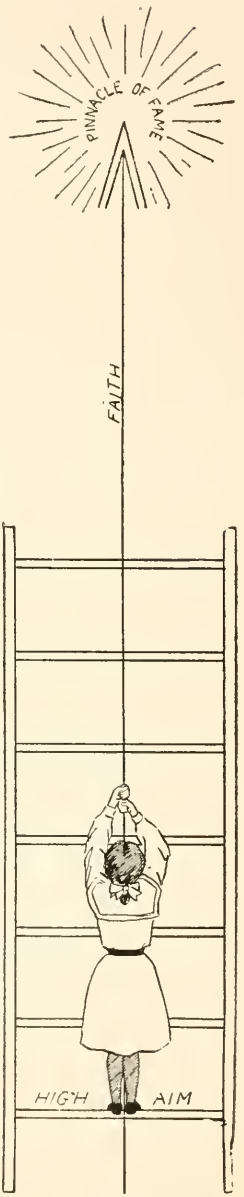
For you will be dolorous indeed,
If to my edict you take no heed,
After your children have fallen in
The wells of vice, crime and sin.

You can save many tears, and money, too,
If this advice you will pursue.
Oh put up high curbings around
The well before so many children drown.

THE PINNACLE OF FAME.

Reach the Pinnacle or Die in the Ascendency.

There is no way in which the life of a Negro girl, who is trying to live a broad, helpful and powerful life, can be understood so readily as by describing that of one of them.



And this code of morals that I have drawn constitutes a system of the highest conceivable elevation that can be reached by her. The following named morals are the seven rounds in their order that constitute the ladder pictured:

First—A high aim.
Second—A fixed will.
Third—A firm hope.
Fourth—A strong resolution.
Fifth—Charity.
Sixth—Culture.
Seventh—Amelioration, or the pinnacle.

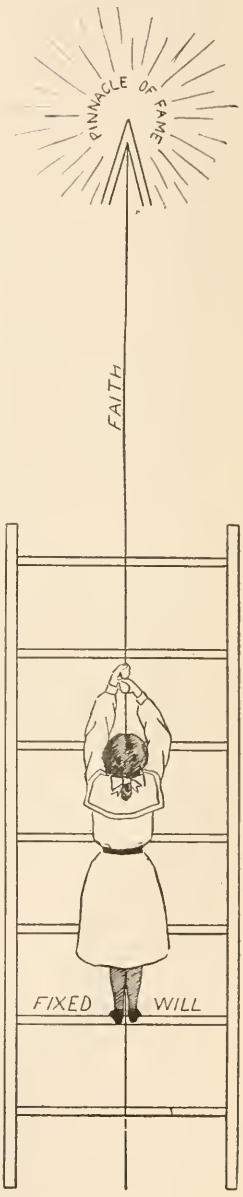
In order to reach the pinnacle, a girl must fit and prepare herself for life, by knowing and performing its duties. And after she has cultivated her mental, moral and physical powers, she can exalt herself to the noblest womanhood.

Now, I shall endeavor to picture a girl, who is trying to live a broad, helpful and powerful life, by possessing all of the morals in the above code. The girl who is trying to reach the pinnacle, by climbing the ladder of fame, by the strand of faith, is placed in a peculiar sphere; for the upward way involves struggles from the beginning to the end.

However, she can reach the first round without coming in contact with many obstacles, but as soon as some of the wicked class discover what she is trying to do, they become uneasy and envious. Thus, being actuated by their own wicked impulses, they begin to devise plans to prevent her from going any farther.

They go to her as a friend and try to show her the mistake she is making; they tell her that they started, but discovering nothing at the end, they stopped: they try to deceive her by saying: "Those at the

top are not any better than we are." They point out to her different girls that started and fell; they tell her the higher one goes the more injurious a fall proves to be, and as she can never reach the top, it would be better for her to stay down amid the pleasures of life.



However persuasive their reasoning may appear, and however she may for a time fancy herself convinced by them, she has in her breast a certain instinct which never fails to tell her right from wrong. But several who have reached the pinnacle, for fear that her will powers will weaken under persuasion, hold out their banners with these words inscribed thereon, "Higher and higher, and the end will crown the work." She listens to those below with fear; she reads the words above with trembling; she looks at the downward way with dread.

Look! A moment she stands irresolute, fighting her own cowardly impulses; now she makes a decision, and reaches the round of a fixed will

In the meantime, those below haven't lost hope, but are discussing plans, and formulating methods to impede her progress. They oil their tongues, and talk like angels. They argue that it's unwise to struggle for things unseen, when one can have a good time and enjoy the comforts of life.

They shrill out sweet words of information by telling her that the upward way is even rugged and thorny.

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the schemes and activity of people, when they envy you.

V.

Those who have reached the pinnacle become vexed; and so with their eyes clinging to her, some of them grow maddened between hope and

fear, and continue to notice her with anxiety, for fear that she will will lose hope, relax because of weakness and fall below.

They tell her that it's true, that the upward way involves struggles to the end; and that hundreds have started and fell; but if she'll only continue, the higher she goes, the stronger she'll get.

They also tell her of the many pleasures in the high circle, the many positions she can fill, and the advantages of obtaining good wages.

The argument of both sides has perplexed her, hence bitterness and confusion center about her mind at once; many thoughts tell her how hard it is to climb by the slender strand of faith; on the other hand, many thoughts tell her how grand it is to have an honest soul and an unguilty conscience.

Look at the picture! She has been on this round for some time, desiring to go forward, but not making many efforts.

She hasn't decided yet, but stands there twisting one hand in the other; she looks first up, then down, and then compares the two directions.

However, whatever way she decides to go, the outcome will be awaited with interest from both directions. While she is making a decision, I will invite your attention to those above and below.

Notice the pictures of the few who have succeeded in reaching the pinnacle.

All of them are successful in their business; they are leading helpful lives; they are workers for Christ; they are receiving high salaries for their work, and they are throwing the weight of their influence in favor of a force that will draw people upward.

Now I will invite your attention to the pictures of those in the abyss below. Look at the mothers and fathers! Look at the young girls, that have started and have fallen! Look at the young men who are idling away their time, and living lives of crime and debauchery!

Suppose you interrogate that crowd: "Girls, why are you there?"

"We were too weak to climb; we yielded to temptations, and the older ones that you see around us prevented us from rising, by persuasion, and example."

"Boys, why are you there?"

"Because we didn"t have many incentives to spur us to grasp for high things; because we are imitating our fathers, and because we like this side best."

"Parents, why are you there?"

"Inherited tendencies, and circumstances have kept up here."

"Grandparents, why are you there, and why did you hand down to those parents tendencies to prevent their progress?"

"Reason as we may, it is impossible not to notice in our nature, and in the fate of your parents, much that we know not how to interpret; slavery destroyed some of the instincts that we could have handed down; but many of the traits and indulgencies were not given them by us; however, we are down because we were born here, and circumstances have prevented us from rising; that is all that I can tell you, for some of the causes that have placed us here would be fearful, even to whisper, as they were done under compulsion, hence we do not think that we should be reproached for them."

During the time you were asking questions, the girl on the round of a fixed will, made a decision, and reached the round of a Firm Hope. The reader will notice carefully how the rounds of this ladder are arranged.

The first is called a High Aim, because she had to have an end in view, or she never would have started.

The second is called a fixed will, hence on this round she had a strong desire to go forward.

The third is called a Firm Hope, which is the product of expectation and desire. You see, when she reached this round she had an expectation of reaching the pinnacle.

As she goes higher, she comes in contact with many obstacles, but knowing that Christ is an actual and live power, she trusts him and continues to climb, by the strand of Faith.

The reader well knows that there are not many girls strong enough to climb, when there are so many things to weaken their will power.

However, one must be imbued with the love of God, to stand the turmoils and temptations of this life and come out successful. Now and then, you see a girl in our race, like the one I have pictured, who is not easily won by persuasive words. Look at her! What an eloquent story such a picture as this conveys! Behold that modest face; no matter for its color, and no matter for the length of her hair. It is true, she's not pretty, but the soul is there, illuminating every feature. It tells of honesty, sincerity and worth, for she's living a life of meekness and virtue.

Though her body is not enveloped in a fair skin, it matters not, for the heart is there; therefore she should be loved, honored and encouraged. God allows those below to try her for the development of her

faith. But, seeing that her will is so strong, they have become uneasy; yet they haven't lost hope, for they have succeeded in pulling many down that were on a higher elevation than this.

I see relatives in the crowd scheming to undermine her foundation. Can it be possible that relatives would try to hinder her progress? Yes, it is true.

Her relatives try to restrain her will, because they are jealous and envious. Though they have some of the same blood coursing through their veins, they have no similarity of ways, for their hearts and minds are altogether different.

However, the ties of relationship force her to be kind to them, because she has learned to step higher, by taking every disagreeable thing, every sorrow, and every disappointment, as a hard lesson which she must master.

It is impossible for them to comprehend the different virtues that have ennobled her nature. For, as her eyes glance up and behold the sun-gilt pinnacle she is trying to reach, the round of hope becomes more firm.

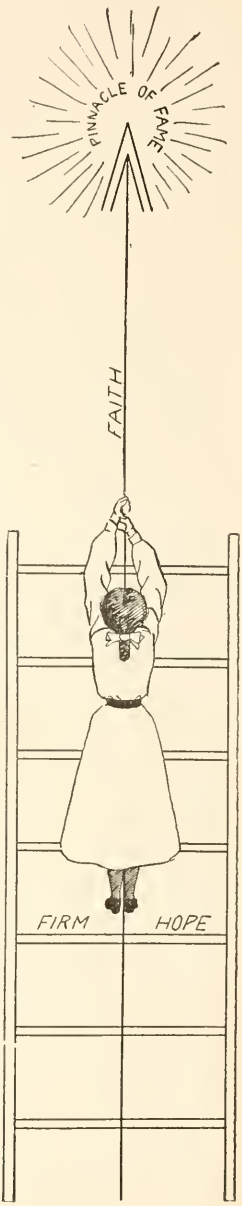
The rounds are too far apart to ascend as if on another ladder; therefore she is compelled to climb by the strand of Faith, as she can not reach the pinnacle in any other way.

It would be very easy for her to slip down the strand and lose her foothold, but it is impossible for her to slip up it, for no one can make progress upward without meeting and overcoming obstacles.

Look at the pictures as she holds to the strand of Faith, endeavoring to reach the round of a strong resolution. As she looks up, these words begin surging in her breast:

"Choose thou my path, O Lord;
Move back dark clouds from me,
But keep me in this path,
That I may follow thee."

As she hangs there, suspended between two



rounds, the clouds gather thick and fast, and at times she can scarcely discern the true way. But she knows that if Christ will supply strength and keep her in the true path, that she will finally reach the pinnacle.

As she sings the above verse, there is a great weight in her breast; for she is meeting with unexpected disappointments.

Her brother, who has been wallowing in the slums, fails to respect her. He wants her to associate with his class.

He is going with a woman of questionable character; in fact, he has decided to make her a member of his family, by the marriage bonds of ceremony. Hence, he wanted his sister to associate with his intended wife. But when it became evident that she would not, unpleasant words poured forth from him.

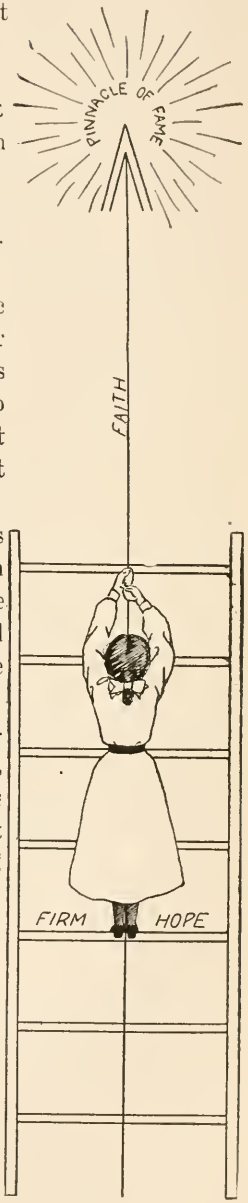
This was enough to untie her heart strings and weaken her resolution, for this young man should have been a prop for her; should have protected her from the snares and pitfalls, and should have done all in his power to encourage her chastity.

Seeing that he is lacking in the proper respect, her mixed concusion is indescribable; but, instead of hurling back angry words, she tightens her lips and walks away. However, her heart has never quailed as it does now. O, the tears! the tears! how they trickle down her cheeks.

When relatives gnash their teeth, it is then hardest for a girl to do her duty.

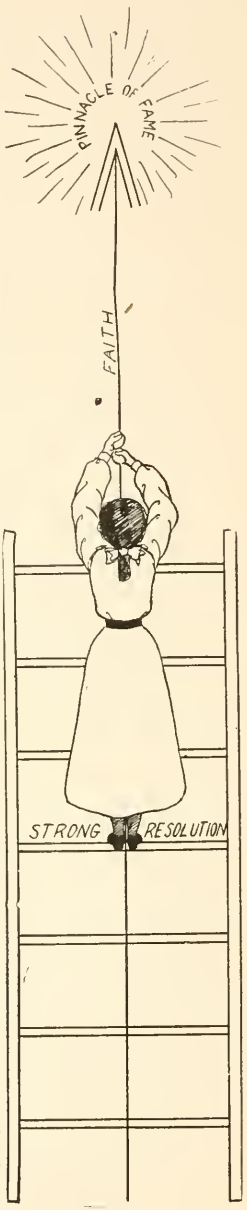
But a little hope is fluttering at her heart, and her resolution grows stronger as she sings this verse:

"Guide thou my feet, O Lord;
Don't let them go astray;
And when my soul's overwhelmed in grief,
Be thou my friend, I pray."



She knows that Christ will move back the dark clouds, and light up her pathway. Hence the many unpleasant words of her brother are only stepping-stones to success.

However, her struggles would have disheartened many a girl of lesser spirit and courage. Many boys have led their sisters to destruction, by having them associate with people whom they knew were impure. All of those who have taken a decided stand against right are throwing the weight of their influence in favor of a power to wards the road that leads to the pinnacle; hence she is willing to perservere, because her whole soul goes up to God in agony of earnestness for a higher, deeper and broader life; hence she is not easily shaken in her purpose. To make her strong, God assigns her to the closet for prayer, to the Sabbath school for skill in working for Him, and to the Church services for an united intercession with Him.



This girl is above the average girl; she doesn't make herself conspicuous by always giggling and wearing gaudy apparel; but she is neat, gentle, firm, calm and reserved.

Nevertheless, those who are traveling the broad road say, "She's biggity and stuck-up."

Still, her able soul enable her to bear all of these reproaches and insults. Nevertheless her spirit is wounded. She has arrived at the age where it's hardest for her to keep the foothold already gained.

As there is more matter resting on her brain, the more intolerable becomes the burden, for the climax of her woes comes when the gossips and critics try to rob her of her character.

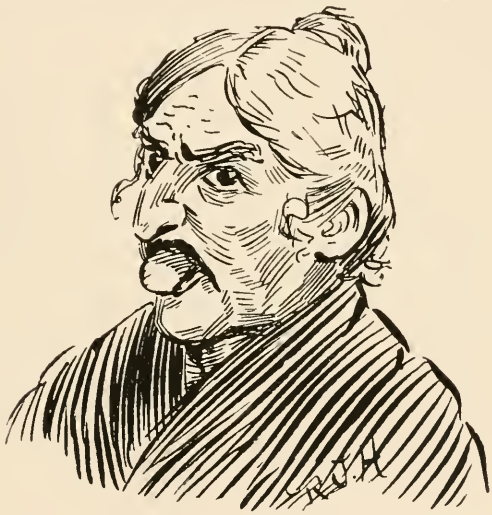
The old long-tongued woman who couldn't carry out her plans pierces this innocent girl's heart with the arrows of slander, so at times it seems that the very walls of the auricles and

ventricles will give way and pass with the filtering blood into the aorta

Look at the old woman's tongue! She has poured the oil of sin on it from the vial of an evil heart; that's why it looks so slimy. It is so long and sneaky she can slip it around the guilty and pierce the innocent. There is a living picture like this in every city or village, who is always ready to scandalize some one better than herself. They act as telephone wires, and you can transmit news free of charge. The chief differencee between them and other telephone wires are these: They act as their own operators, and seldom carry straight news.

Their principal characteristic is industry; they don't like to be idle.

To-day there are thousands of girls in the slums, and thousands of



MADAME ALL-EAR GADABOUT,

broken-hearted mothers on the account of these wires being in operation.

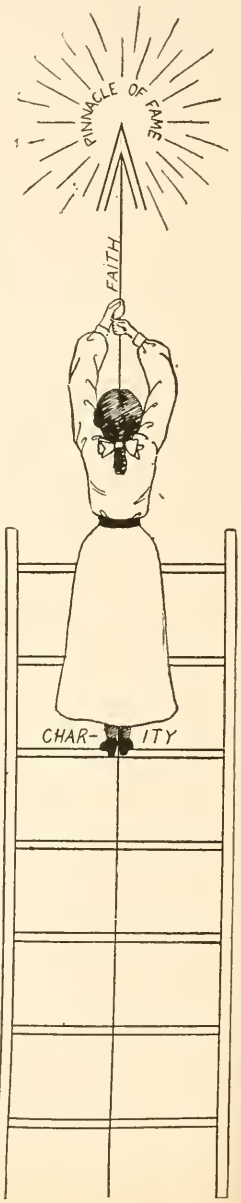
One reason some women delight in seeing girls fall is because they have fallen themselves, or have fallen daughters. However, if they had the right conception of things, they would encourage our girls to lives of chastity, even if they are impure.

Whilst the girl pictured is on the round of a resolution, she has more to contend with than at any other time, and more girls have fallen from this round than from any other on the ladder of Fame.

Her mind begins to waver, and these waverings refuse to be altogether ousted from her brain, especially when she sees some of those

below, trying to reach the top of the ladder by other methods; and some of those at the top endeavoring to assist them. And sometimes, when she went out in society and saw some of them taking an active part, she came near weakening under her resolve.

But as her conscience continued to say, "Do right, because it is



have weaved their matchless fabrics into noble, grand and courageous efforts, to become a cultured, virtuous and refined woman.

So now she has succeeded in casting the different waverings resolutely behind her.

Those who endeavored to undermine this girl's foundation only wanted the opportunity of seeing the women of our race on a level, and saying "You are not any better than I." Girls, beware! Don't give them the opportunity of saying this to you. Be strong and sincere, like the girl I've pictured.

Her character continues to improve as she ascends.

You who have reached this round and are in a wavering state of mind, remember that this girl met with many obstacles; many were against her; and it was very hard for her to climb to the grand and sublime height where she now stands; but she overcame obstacles, subdued her enemies, and succeeded in reaching this round, by persevering.

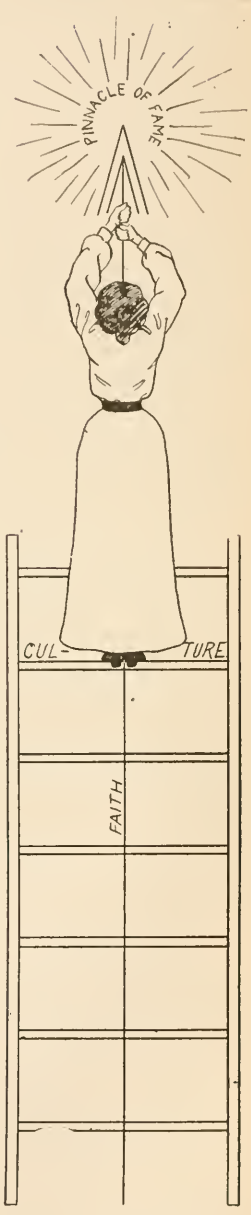
But before reaching this round, ofttimes she would be encouraged; then again, when her soul was vexed, she would fold her arms and ask herself these questions: "Is there any reward here for the pure; does it raise the standard of womanhood for only a few to be good?"

However, when she was in a state of despair, Christ would step in and bring consolation; then she would say to herself: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why are thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, for the light of his countenance."

Many are trying to prevent her from going higher in the enduring forms of life, because they haven't the ambition to rise out of the mud-swamp of their own coarse habits.

A thought has entered her mind that it's

better to aim too high than too low, and in her heart throbs a strong resolution to reach the pinnacle. Now she has reached the round of Charity. The eighth verse of First Corinthians tells us that, "Charity suffereth long, and is kind: charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. She does not fold her arms, but she is willing to do whatsoever her hands find to do, for the upbuilding of morality and Christianity. She is an active worker in Sunday-school, and her position as a teacher is filled with honor and success, for she has genius for imparting knowledge.



And the children that she has laid her hand upon love her; for she has taken the lives of her class to her heart; hence her work is a success.

"Charity suffereth long."

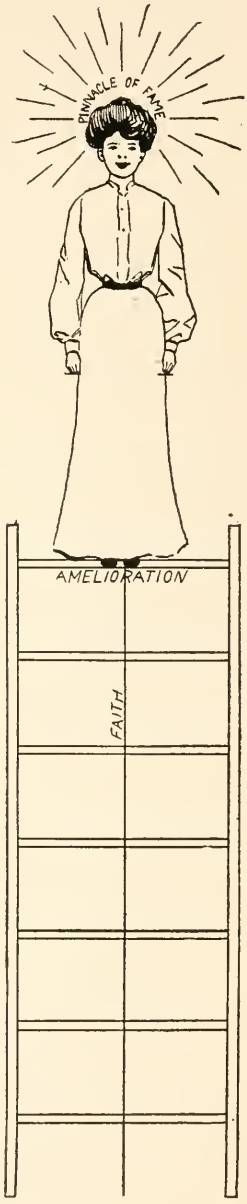
Ofttimes whilst on this round her spirit has been stifled by different opposers; and ofttimes have those she so earnestly gave her attention to failed to show the proper respect. Nevertheless she was patient.

If any girl has embarked her life in pursuit of the pinnacle, let her go on like this girl, without fearing the event, but leaving the consequences to God. For there is no joy greater than that of a girl who fights against the evils of the world, triumphs over conflicts, and gains the victory for herself. This girl has been deprived of many advantages, and has had to struggle to reach the foothold where you now see her.

But every trial patiently borne adds strength to her humble soul, and the genial rays of amelioration have added beauty to her character, for it continues to improve, enlarge and enrich in her upward progress.

As she reached the round of Culture, which is the sixth round, a strange feeling seized her brain. For she looked

down the ladder and viewed the rounds of a High Aim, a Fixed Will, a Firm Hope, a Strong Resolution, Charity; then looking at her foothold, and thought of all the scheming and effort of what she had so ardently prayed for. After this she looks up and seeing it in reach, she goes down on her knees. Now she is thanking God for leading her in such an eventful life; for giving her strength to climb; for enabling her to stand the trials; for giving her patience, and for permitting her to reach the grand and sublime height of Culture.



Doesn't she look happy? One of the prettiest ideals ever painted by the brush of an artist is that of a women on her knees, praising God.

This girl, born to such an enviable destiny, has made a triumphant progress, by slow and steady steps. While attending school she was so studious and neat in her work that even her classmates envied her.

By her widowed mother not having the means to pay all of her tuition, she was compelled to work after school hours. However, the teachers were very kind to her, and helped her in many instances. In fact, her ways were winning and made her a favorite with them. She remained in school until she finished the collegiate course, and made for herself a name.

Thus, having the necessary weapons, she is now able to go out into the busy, bustling world and fight the battles of life successfully. For her will is ready to propose its duties; her hands are ready to perform them, and her heart is ready to enjoy them.

Now she is an eminent scholar; she can do different kinds of fancy work, and is a skilled seamstress. Hence, she is an illustrious example of what a girl may accomplish by her own efforts.

She has reached the pinnacle of fame,
But stood on every round.
She wanted to reach it in Christ's name
When she started from the ground.
Now high upon the pinnacle she stands,
Where swirls the mighty breeze.
Christ is holding her in his hands;
She will not sink into the seas.

She reached the pinnacle of fame by proving herself worthy.

Girls, be like the girl pictured; triumph over difficulties by persevering. I know that the majority have said that "There are not any virtuous Negro women," so much until you think that you will not get any credit for being pure. But remember that "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

Of course, 'tis true that many of our women are unchaste. However, there are a few of them as pure as the girl I've pictured; and there are many who have struggled for an education, and are now cultured and refined women.

The world's history is full of the triumphs of those who have struggled from beginning to end to gain the victory, and reach the round of amelioration. I am perfectly satisfied that the reader will thoroughly understand this chapter, from self-experience. Every person has been envied, to some extent.

And whenever you make an effort to go up, the gravity of nature, or somebody, has a tendency to pull you back. Hence, through the imaginary powers you can—

Follow the girl with a high aim
Until she reaches the pinnacle of fame.

Let us stop a moment while she is on the seventh round, and compare her with other girls.

From whatever viewpoint those who do not live righteous lives may regard girls in general, and from whatever standpoint the reader may regard them, there can be nothing but admiration and praise for the girl who succeeds in reaching the pinnacle of Fame.

A few such girls—a very few—in each county could erase the stigma that's now attached to the name of Negro womanhood, and write probity and intelligence instead. Water can not rise higher than its level, nor can a race rise higher than its women.

What is a young lady without character? She reminds me of a ball. Whenever she falls below the standard that has been erected for

her, she is thrown out in the cold world, and baffled about like a ball. Some hit her with the bat of persuasion, just to see how far she will go. Some will catch her with the hand of deceit, in order to carry a point. Others will catch her and put her in society, because they have been knocked about the same way.

Finally, she marries, but the better part of her life has been spent in dissipation, hence she sits down in the corner to lament over the past and think over the future.

Girls, remember that whenever you lose your character, you have lost the principal element wherein your power lies.

Look at the ruined homes, crushed hearts, and unhappy lives, simply because you failed to stay on the ladder.

I will acknowledge that the tide is against you, and it's very hard for a Negro girl to rise in the world. And at times you must go with unworthy young men, if you go with any at all. But if the better class of young men fail to seek your company, rather than go with those who are wallowing in the slums, stay at home, or go with your parents.

Be pure and respectable, then you can commanad respect. Experience and observation teach us that, even under favorable conditions, the tendency is downward. But the upward march is weary, and the ramparts steep. However, be strong, like the girl pictured. How did she reach the pinnacle? Certainly not without an effort. In spite of the fact that duty is not always an easy course, her energetic perseverance became habitual, hence the struggle to climb was not so laborious, after she passed the round of a resolution. This girl had a high aim in view; hence she struggled, prayed and pressed forward, until she exalted herself at an altitude seven degrees above the plane, from where she started.

As you read these pages, remember that the same courage, ability and persistency that lifted this girl from obscurity, can lift others.

The union of different virtues that composed this code of morals reached their zenith in her character and enabled her to reach the pinnacle.

It matters not what your occupations are, you can possess these virtues. But if you are not willing to rise to the pinnacle, go part of the way and keep the foothold gained. Though you be a servant girl, don't stop until you reach the round of Charity. Then you can possess some of the most valuable of these virtues.

Young girls of every nation,
Matters not what be your station,
If a good name you would win,
Do not participate in sin;
But ever struggle to the right
And serve the Lord with all your might.
If you would be beautiful,
You should first learn to be dutiful.
Be industrious and contented in mind,
For in these true happiness you will find.

Your home may be grand; it may be humble;
But be very careful; if not, you'll stumble
Over something in your pathway,
If you don't read the Bible and learn to pray.
Listen, girls, at what I say.
If you do not take life for play;
Be industrious, virtuous, honest, straight,
Truthful and good; don't wait too late,
And you'll be a gem of purest ray,
If you'll only listen to what I say.

Attend Church and Sabbath-school,
And try to keep the Golden Rule.
House-work is very useful, too,
For you don't know what you'll have to do.
Learn to be a nice housekeeper,
And in common sense do not be weaker
Than other girls, who look ahead
Towards the future, when they change homstead,
To make good mothers, to make good wives,
And be of some use all their lives.

Live a life that's pure and sweet;
Keep yourselves clean and neat.
Choose the company with whom to mingle,
For remember that you are single,
Young, and of you much is expected;
That is, if you want to be protected

From the cold winds, pitfalls, jars and snares
That burden and fill your life with cares.
But you can be happy and make life a pleasure,
If in your hearts this advice you treasure.

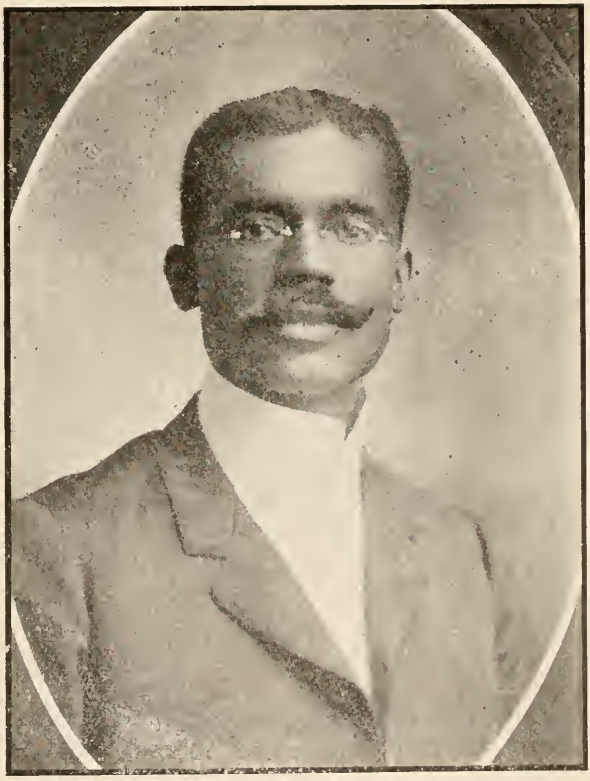
If you wish uplift and betterment,
You must make your moral sentiment
High; then it will help create
An instrumentality for being great.
Do not let the higher self die,
But nourish it, until it rises high;
Until it ascends to the highest plane
That can by you be obtained.
Don't be satisfied with a low station,
But try to reach the round of culmination.

The highest attainable point of altitude or elevation
Is called culmination.
But in order to reach it, you must
Step on the round of a high aim first,
And trust in the Lord as you ascend
From round to round, until you reach the end.
But it requires patience and time
For you to climb
From a low elevation
To the round of culmination.

You must first have an aim in view;
Then a strong wish to reach it, too;
Then you must hope that you will successful be;
Then resolve to go upward. Don't you see
That you must be charitable, too, and refined,
And then when these six virtues are combined,
You can on the round of culmination stand,
Intelligent, virtuous, honest and grand;
Now, do not think this task too hard,
For you can be successful, if you trust in the Lord.

Listen, girls! and try to be good,
By raising the standard of womanhood

You can raise the standard of manhood too,
For it will rise to follow you.
Let this code of morals be your guide,
And the rays of virtue be your pride;
Then catch hold of faith with all your might,
For it's the evidence of things out of sight.
Then place your feet on a high aim,
And don't stop until you reach the pinnacle of Fame.



DR. B. R. BLUITT,

Physician and Surgeon.

The First Colored Physician to Enter and Practice in Dallas, a Financier, Fraternalist, Has Let the Contract for the Erection of a $10,000 Private Sanitarium, to be Finished March 15, 1905.

THE POLITICAL RELATION OF THE NEGRO TO THE UNITED STATES.

He who has carefully watched the political changes and conditions of the race can give a better description than this; however I timidly present my views in a simple way.

For many years before the Civil War the heart of the government, or mother of the country, had palpitated with alarm on account of the antagonism between her Northern and Southern children, there was a difference of opinion, but the question which most widely divided the Northern and Southern brothers was slavery.

The poor old mother had a presentiment that something terrible was going to happen, so she called her children around her, and told them that she was sorely grieved over their actions. She tried to reason with them by telling them of the danger with which they were threatened under the existing circumstances and disturbances. She told them that their conflicting opinions would result in bloodshed if continued.

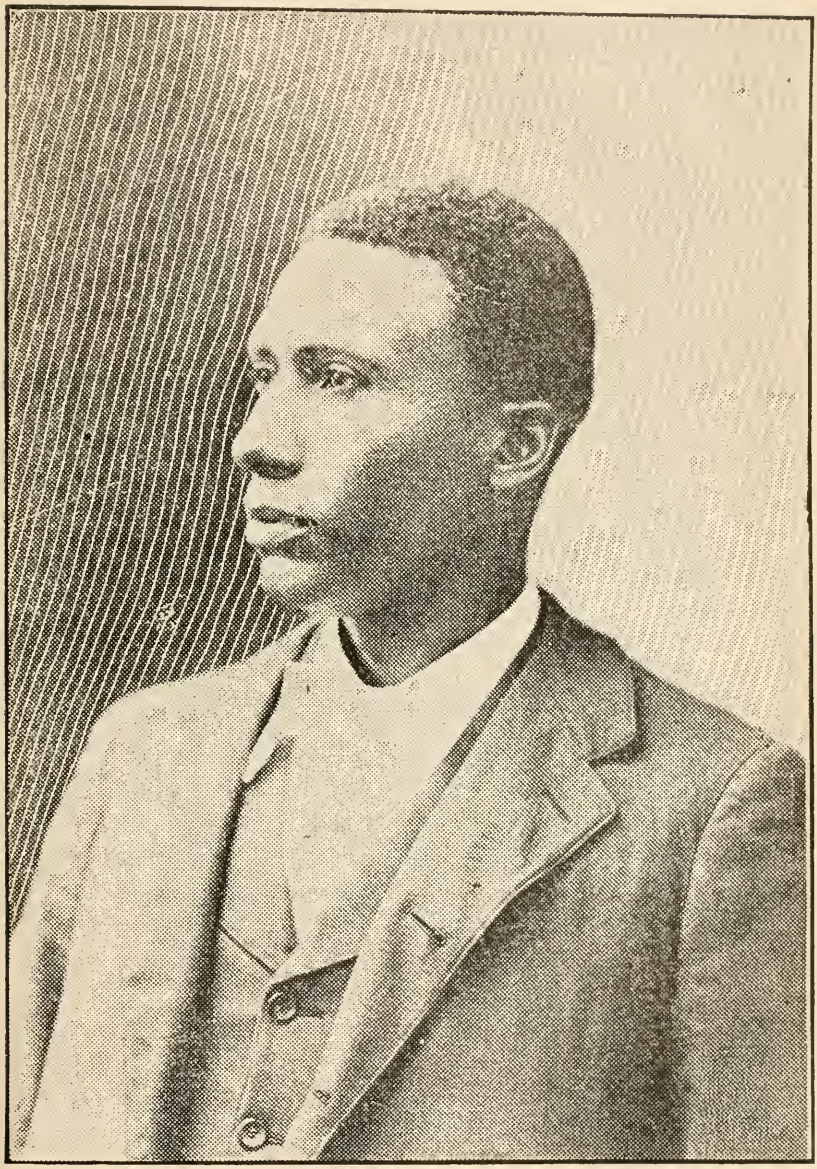
The Northern son presented strong reasons as to why he agitated freedom, and the Southern brother presented reasons for agitating slavery, and said that slavery was a constitutional right.

The poor old heart-broken mother continued to plead, but to no avail. So in January this Southern son left home, and in February he selected another mother and father. But the father of our National Government stepped out with executive power and called his refractory son home; but this son refused to obey, thinking that neither father nor mother had a right to force him into submission. The father told him that it was not his intention to free the slaves, and also told him that he could not lawfully leave home. He knew that his boys were threatening to take the very pillows from under their mother's head at the very time when she should be allowed to repose in peace. He knew that he and the government were bound together by the ligatures of these children's confidence and affections, and the destruction of these cords would result in untold agony. But the Southern son considered this a challenge. So in April, 1861, these two brothers stepped out on the battlefield and engaged in a fratricidal strife.

At the end of this strife the National debt was over $2,740,000,000, and over one million men received wounds or were killed.

Imagine the anxieties of the mother's heart. As she looked at the soil stained with the blood of her children she wept bitterly.

But was this all? No. There was confusion here, there and every-



HON. W. M. McDONALD,
Orator and Invincible Politician, Whose Patriotism of Race and Country Will Be Long Remembered in Texas and Elsewhere.

where. Though the war was over she had other grave responsibilities upon her; hence the perplexities of her mind had caused a dark shadow to settle upon her brow.

And on a dark day before the battlefield was cleared of smoke, while the winds were whistling mournfully, she gave birth to another Nation. This poor little infant was not born in a quiet hour when all was peace, but at an hour when the mother was grieved over the fratricidal strife. When the brothers looked upon this new born infant their prophecies for its future widely differed. The Northern brother had sympathy for it, and felt that all concerned would be better blessed by giving it justice.

On the other hand, the Southern brother thought that its suffrage would only bring on mistakes that would militate against the prosperity of the country.

You see the condition of the National Government, or mother; you can imagine about how far the Northern brother was willing to go to aid it; and you can see the threatening attitude in which the Southern brother stood toward it.

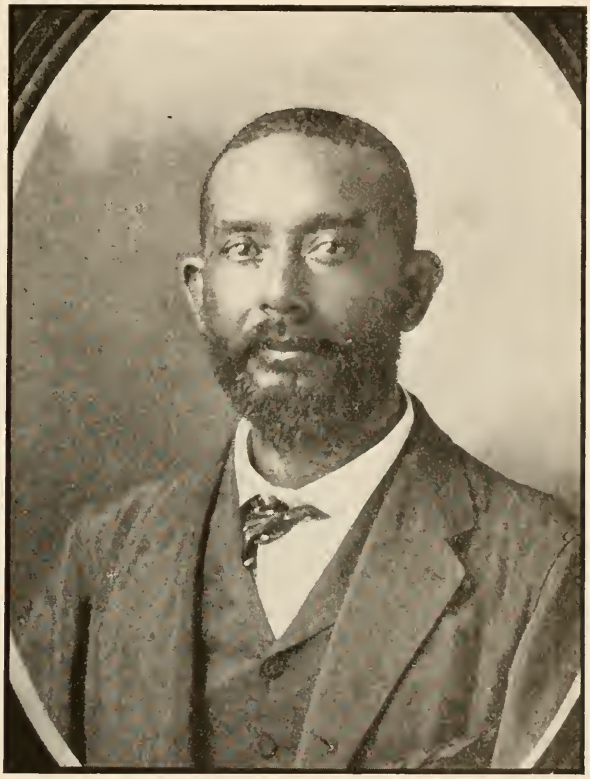
Then you can imagine the peril of its existence. This unfortunate child was totally unlike his brothers in appearance and habits. Hence it was nature for them to feel superior.

But the poor little thing could not make himself over, neither could he reconstruct his nature in order to be a welcome member of the family. The mother's responsibilities were great; she didn't take time to give it the nourishment or training to make it strong; nor did she take time to rock it in the cradle of consolation to quiet it.

While he was lying on the pallet of despondency the news came to him that he had been pronounced qualified as a citizen. He could hardly understand the meaning of this, for the little thing could not stand alone; however, it made an effort to get up.

"God's way is past finding out," hence it may be presumed that he intended for this babe to stand up and take on the responsibilities of a man. But I really believe that God was as much displeased when suffrage was granted to the Negro as he was when Israel asked for a king. He saw the misconduct of Samuel's sons, and he saw the misconduct of the National Government's sons. But it pleased him to withhold some of the political movements that the people wanted to go into effect. We all know that it displeased Him when Israel asked for a king; however He granted their wish and let them learn by the mis-

takes of their own folly. And I think that it was the same way in this last case, and the mistakes are simply working out their own results. After He lead those slaves out of Egypt and these slaves out of bondage, I think that He had another course for them to pursue. God has a time for everything, therefore sometimes we do the right thing



HON. D. ROWEN, CAPITALIST, DALLAS, TEXAS.
Prominent Business Man, Merchant, Real Estate Owner and Promoter of Business Enterprises.

at the wrong time. The Negro was commanded to get up; he obeyed; but as he was required to sustain the weight of his body too early, he became bow-legged; and in the pursuit of political office and gain he stumbled and fell many times.

One politician said, "Come to me and I will give you this dollar;" another said, "Come to me and I will give you a bottle of whiskey;" another said, "Come to me and I will give you an office," and another

said, "Come this way and I will make times better for you."

But in venturing after some of these thing he turned the sympathy



DR. F. A. BRYAN,
Physician and Surgeon, Dallas, Texas.

of some of his friends into feelings of distrust. There has been a time when there was a movement in favor of Negro politicians, but now political caucuses has caused the country to dislike his appearance; the press to denounce him, and a popular movement against him. Before



REV. DAVID ABNER, JR., D. D.
President of Guadalupe Baptist College, Seguin, Texas.

I married I had never given politics much thought, however I had read of the disorder of some of the men who had loitered around the polls.

A few months before Mr. Hall and I married he had labored very hard for the removal of the county seat from Austin to Tunica, and after we married he was a little more interested in politics than I

cared for him to be under the circumstances. I told him that he should not run any risks in helping one get a piece of pie just to see him eat it. I also told him that it was not safe for Negroes to deal too much in politics, for too many dangers threatened their homes, and the honors and responsibilities of political offices usually added anxieties and misery, instead of promoting happiness. Well, he finally agreed with me.

Shortly after this conversation one of the leading colored men of the county was apopinted postmaster at Tunica, but this appointment



MRS. M. E. JENKINS.
A faithful wife and a loving mother, having lived in each pastoral charge with her husband for twenty-four years in the itinerant service of R. S. Jenkins in the A. M. E. Church.

threw the town into a fevor of excitement; so much so that he did not serve, and moved to another place. I was over at Austin at this time, and Mr. and Mrs. Walker and myself had a conversation concerning it. Mr. Walker said, "Well, we Negroes used to have a showing in this town, but we haven't any now. I remember when nearly half of the offices here were filled by Negroes, but since they assassinated Mr. ——— We've had a hard time. He was a brave man and a true friend to us, but his enemies killed him.

At this point of the conversation Mrs. Walker said: "Sister Hall,

Mr. ——— was a good man, and a true friend to our people, but Walker makes me so mad about politics I don't know what to do. Why, don't you know that he's got little enough sense to believe that he can fill an office, and he doesn't know politics from any other kind of ticks; he never gets in a hurry unless he's going to an election. When he goes anywhere else he usually stays long enough to make three or four trips; he is actually the slowest man I ever saw. I'm sorry I married a Walker; if ever I marry again I shall marry a Runner or a Trotter." We had a big laugh over what she said, and this ended the conversation. But since that time I have given political affairs closer attention; and not only politics, but I have noticed the actions of the Nations more, and have given the Bible closer study.

In 1891 I was elected to teach at Slabbtown, Miss. At the time of the election I was winding up my work at Okt. and before going to this little town the news came to me that the white people had built a new schoolhouse right by the side of the one that I was going to teach in, in order to break up the colored school, as they had too many schools there.

Well, I didn't know but what I would have to lose the position as did the postmaster.

Friends advised me not to go there, but my husband and I talked the matter over. He said that he had heard the same statement, but felt satisfied that there would be no trouble.

I summoned up courage and went with a determination to do my duty. My husband had been teaching at Flower Lake, but he was to take charge of the school in the sticks, a few miles from my work.

The last of that week found me comfortably situated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. High. The following Monday I opened school in an old log schoolhouse a few yards from the white school. I hope that you will not consider this personal praise, but I must say that I believe that my school work in that community will live after I'm gone. I have never been treated better by white people.

Quite a number of them who visited Prof. —— school visited mine also; and I didn't hear a dispute between his and my pupils. The building where I had my closing exercise was crowded with people of both races. The trustees were so well pleased with my work they offered to pay my way from this city to that if I would return and teach the school. Pardon me for digressing, but I mentioned this on account of the conflicting circumstances.

The amendment that granted suffrage to the Negro has a mournful sound to me; that is, when I look at the covered and uncovered snares in the political pathway, and when I think of the many things that have caused the Nation's heart to quiver and bleed.

The country is agitated to-day over the crooked appearance of this Nation who bore the weight of its body too soon.

Now, after carefully scrutinizing the political position of this misguided, bow-legged Nation at the polls, in office and at its home, I wonder how it has existed. But as I look up I see that the Angel of Mercy has poised over it with outspread wings, averting the disaster as it



MRS. CHARLOTTE M. DILLINGHAM
(Lamented.)

threatens to crush it. May that angel continue to poise in the same position, and may this Nation produce a few more competent, honest, straight-legged men who will be a credit and an honor to Negro suffrage, for the time is not far distant when other Nations shall expect it to come out in an honorable, manly, patriotic way and take its place.

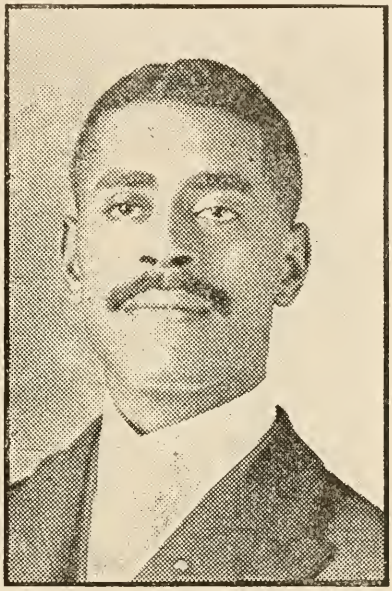
Now, I most humbly beg all of you to read from Exodus to Chronicles, and I think that you will understand thoroughly how the problem may be solved; for I think the result will be the same as that of the Israelites.

TRUE GREATNESS.

The great God of heaven and earth made man in his own image.

After making man he fashioned woman out of one of his ribs; and placed the pair in a garden. And from that time until the present now, man has had a zeal to be wise, and has been concerned about his own welfare.

At first nature gave him ease and comfort without a struggle on his part.



CHAPLAIN R. S. LAWERANCE,
Of Charleston, S. C., Noted Christian Worker Among Prisoners, Singer, Private Secretary to Bishop M. S. Salter.

But man became dissatisfied and wanted to search into God's mysteries. "But his judgments are unsearchable, and his ways are past finding out."

There was something among man's surroundings that was a mystery that puzzled him, and whilst seeking an understanding he was inclosed in a network of greater mysteries.

Since then Nature has forced him to labor.

But as God had given man a wonderful zeal for knowledge, it was not long before man began to observe the phenomena of nature, and

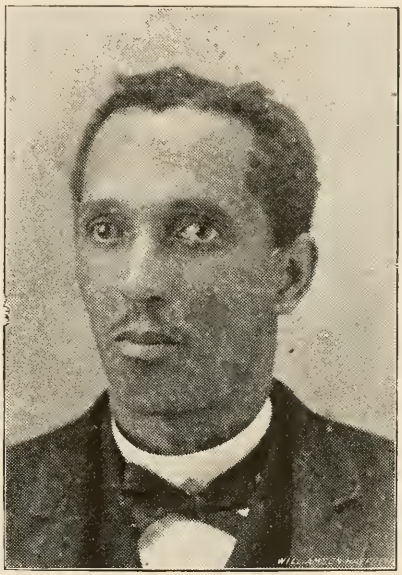
struggle for a better understanding of the earth and sky. After being driven out of the garden his condition was a sad one; naked and without



REV. J. H. COLLETT, D. D.,
Financier, Business Manager of the A. M. E. Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

food he started out in life, but necessity forced him to observe experiments and discover truths of nature. He had to labor for food, raiment,

shelter, and had to labor to obtain nature's treasures. True greatness depends upon labor; knowledge is revealed and unfolded through it, and mental and spiritual growth depends upon it. Necessity forced man to study nature, and her majestic laws; so he began to read the earth, the sky, the air and the water; hence the structure of accumulated knowledge began to grow larger; it has grown larger through each century. And to-day science and art are whispering so many laws to man, and giving him so many advantages through invention, that we can but says "God is truly great," and man is the image of Him. Every invention exemplifies God's power, beauty and truth more fully. When scientific



REV. J. M. ANDERSON,
One of the best examples of Christian piety exhibited by long years of success in the A. M. E. ministry. Pastor of Allen Chapel, Athens, Texas.

truths began to reveal to man's understanding the relationship of one substance to the other, and the use of the earth, he had no idea that relationship would lead to present discoveries and inventions. Step by step he is giving to the world new and wonderful discoveries, and is being called truly great. Sweep away the scientific knowledge that truly great men has given us, and the great wealth and strength of the world will be weakened; and mankind will revert again into the condition of the first generation.

I am truly thankful that we are held responsible only for the im-



HON. LEWIS M. MITCHELL, AUSTIN, TEXAS,

Grand Chancellor Knights of Pythias, elected 1896-1904. Supreme Vice Chancellor, Supreme Worthy Councillor in the I. O. O. C.

provement of that which God has given us.

Do the duty that lies nearest you and please God.

If duty leads you to scale the mountain walls and penetrate into the interesting country of Tibet, it is your duty to brave the dangers, and let the world know what is stored therein.

Wherever duty lies, there you will find true greatness.

Sometimes it is found in low places and sometimes in high ones. And sometimes it is found among the poor, the lame, the blind, the deaf and the dumb.

"God's ways are past finding out." He has given to different men different talents, a will and a conscience to use them; and opportunities to improve them. Then argue as you may, and believe as you choose, as to who are truly great, but if you probe deep into the core of true greatness, you will find the truly great in many places where you have not looked for them.

He who formed all things and governs them according to his own benevolent and wise design, gave each man, woman and child their own natures, gave them different talents and placed them in different spheres. Therefore, true greatness is found among those who do the duty that lies nearest within their reach, hence the man or woman who fulfills his mission with an honesty of purpose the best he can, with a clear conscience in the sight of God, is truly great.

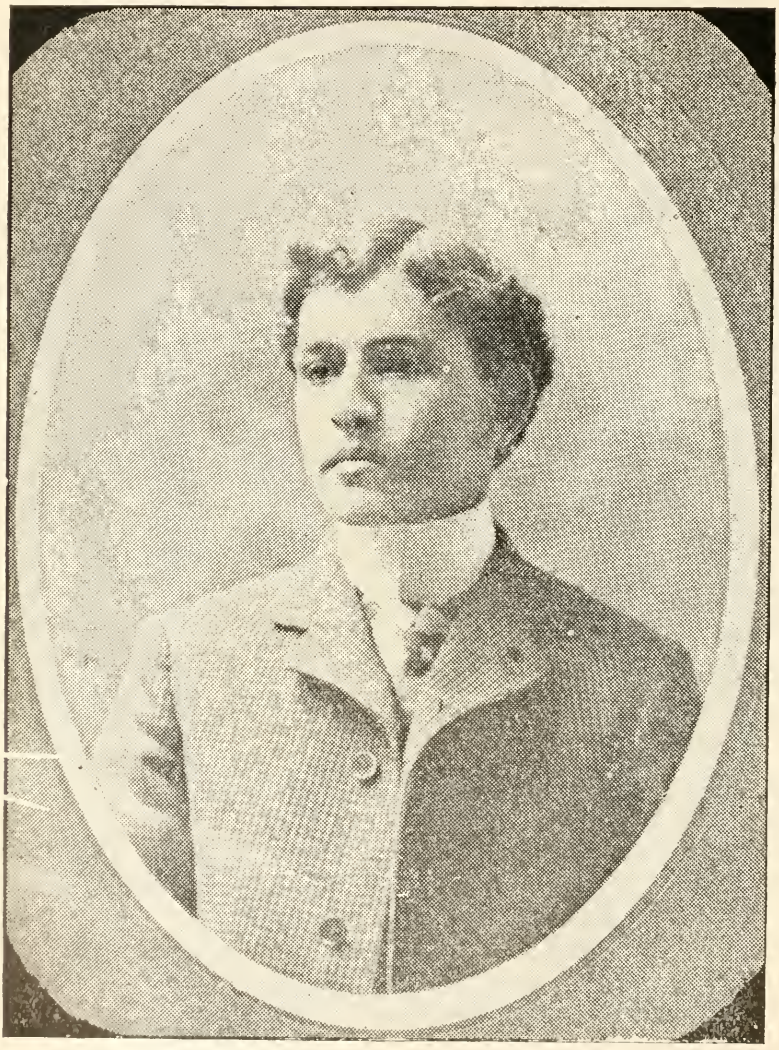
We see great people from different view points.

When we look rightly, we see true greatness in some who are living secluded and cloistered lives, and in others because they have power to apprehend and distinguish, to weigh evidence and interpret facts, to think clearly, to infer carefully, and to imagine vividly.

We look again and see true greatness in many an humble home. Many common laborers who carry their burdens and perform their duties as best they can, are honest, pious and truly great. The poor old washer woman who washes her clothes clean, performs her household duties as best she can, and is pious and virtuous, is truly great. The cook who performs her duty and lives a pure Christian life is truly great.

He who is great in the sight of God is truly great; be he rich, poor, high or low. Adaptability and perseverance is one of the prices of success. If you have a love for a common position, pay the price, and make a success of that; many have achieved fame in some of the most humble positions. If you have a love for a high position, pay the price and make a success of that. Many a painful failure stares at us and points us back to neglected opportunities; then let us improve the opportunities accorded us, and perform our duty in low places as well as in high ones. Be contented with the lot assigned, and perform the duty nearest you. Some have been sent into the ministerial field, who seemed to wane with the years, while other stars seemed to gain brilliance as their rays appeared undimmed in the theological sky. But that minister who did his best, and praised God with a pure heart, using the talents

God had given him, was honored just as much by the Father as the brilliant one. Your best may not always be satisfactory, but if God



PROF. W. E. EWING, DALLAS, TEXAS,
Embalmer, Manager People's Undertaking Co., Graduate of Meyers' Embalming School.

sent you, He is pleased; you are responsible only for using to the best advantage the talent that God has given you.

The preacher who has power to attract a large crowd to religious service may not be any more honest and in earnest than the one who does his best to instruct, interest, lift up, and help his few hearers.

Inspire others to nobler living by being an example. "Practice what you preach."

Sometimes the quiet, unassuming man is doing the greatest good.

God gave us different missions to fill; hence we are adapted for different positions. But I believe that he intended for us to toil for



REV. W. M. LEAKE. D. D.,
Pioneer Minister in the A. M. E. Church, active in service. Presiding Elder of the Terrell District.

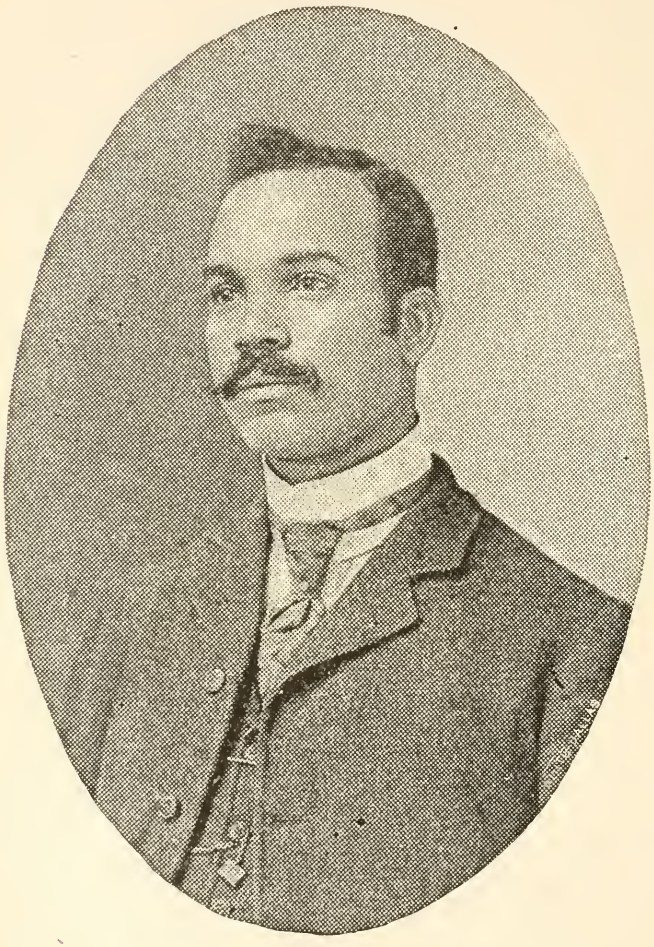
greater and higher achievements in whatever sphere we are placed. We must bravely meet the responsibilities, and pull down the barriers in our ascendency for greatness.

Sometimes the sphere is small, and the circle for doing good is limited; yet some of the greatest good has been done within narrow confines. Hence, it is not the one that has the greatest opportunity that does the greatest good. I often think of the litle maxim that says, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

PROF. L. S. SIMMONS,

Grand Keeper of Records and Seal of the Knights of Pythias, Jurisdiction of Texas, Marlin, Texas.

He first saw the light at Goliad, in Goliad County, October 1st,



1866. When quite an infant his mother carried him to Galveston, where she remained for a year or better.

After hearing of her sisters in Washington County who were separated from her on the auction block in Houston for here, she left and

went to this point, locating at Chappel Hill. This is where he received his early training in the pay and public schools under the instruction of Prof. J. P. Ball.

His parents being poor, and desiring to give him all the advantages of an education, he was sent to live with Rev. J. W. Randolph, who was then pastor of St. Paul A. M. E. Church, Waco, Texas; there he attended Rev. Randolph's High School. It was at this place where, in company with Prof. H. T. Kealing, he cleared away the rubbish and



MR. A. HONLEY,
Expert Carriage Packer and Warehouse Superintendent.

renovated the old log house where Paul Quinn College now stands, and organized the first Sabbath school in this cite.

In 1881 he turned his head homeward, and began to prepare to teach his first school. He received his first certificate to teach in Austin County in 1882; 1883, 1884 and 1885 he taught in Washington County. He was one of the election clerks at Chappell Hill when that noted raid was made on the ballot box, and four of the officers in the booth were shot down, he sticking to his oath grabbed the box in the midst of

showering balls and fled to a house and remained secluded until a posse ten miles away came to his rescue.

In 1886 he left Washington County and came to Falls County, where he made his home. He was secured in 1886 to teach the Rocky Hill Graded school, which he has taught for eighteen consecutive years, and has been employed to continue. Prof. Simmons is a lover of secret fraternities, belonging to the Odd Fellows, U. B. of F. and K. of P. He



PROF. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, A. M., LL.D.,
The Founder and Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute.

served as the Assistant Grand Secretary of the U. B. of F. for fourteen years. On May 14, 1901, he was elected to the office of Grand Keeper of Records and Seal of the K. of P. In 1902 re-elected, again in 1903 and 1904; elected both times without opposition.

He is known throughout the country as a business and a clerical man. By this he has acquired quite a handsome part of this world's goods. Strictly speaking, he is a self-made man.

REV. ALLEN R. GRIGGS, D. D.

Rev. Allen R. Griggs, D. D., Dallas, Texas, who is now Superintendent of Missions for the Baptist Missionary and Educational Convention of Texas, and General State Missionary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society of New York, is the son of Elbert and Brailla, and was born about 1850 in Hancock County, Georgia. He joined



the Baptist Church in 1869, was ordained to the ministry in September, 1874. He married in 1870 and is the father of eight children, three of whom are still living; one is a minister of the gospel, another studying law, and the youngest is teaching.

Rev. Griggs was ordained for a missionary and followed that until the third Sunday in July, 1875, when he was called to the pastorate of New Hope Church, of Dallas, Texas, which church he served about ten

years. He might well be called a pioneer minister and Christian worker.

He was the first to establish a purely Negro high school in Texas. He published the first Negro newspaper in the State. He was one of the active field agents in collecting the money for the purchase of the campus for Bishop College, of which he is now Trustee. He was on



REV. C. A. HARRIS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Grand Joshua Courts of Heroines, Grand Chaplain of the Sovereign Most Worshipful Grand Lodge F. and A. M., in Texas. A church builder, progressive and a worthy minister, worthy of all honor in the African Methodist Episcopal Church Pastor of Wayman Chapel, Ennis, Texas.

the Board of Trustees when Hearne Academy was founded.

He has been editor of the following newspapers: The Baptist Journal, The Baptist Preacher, The Centennial Dollar Reporter, The Dallas Christian Leaflet and The National Baptist Bulletin, and is now associate editor of the Western Star.

For several years he was corresponding secretary and superintendent of missions for the Texas State Sunday-school Convention, president

of the Baptist Missionary and Educational Convention of Texas, and for several years president of the National Baptist Convention. In 1893 he was made a member of the World's Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago, Ill. He is the author of a missionary and evangelical wagon, for mission work in city slums and the rural districts, at a cost of $500.

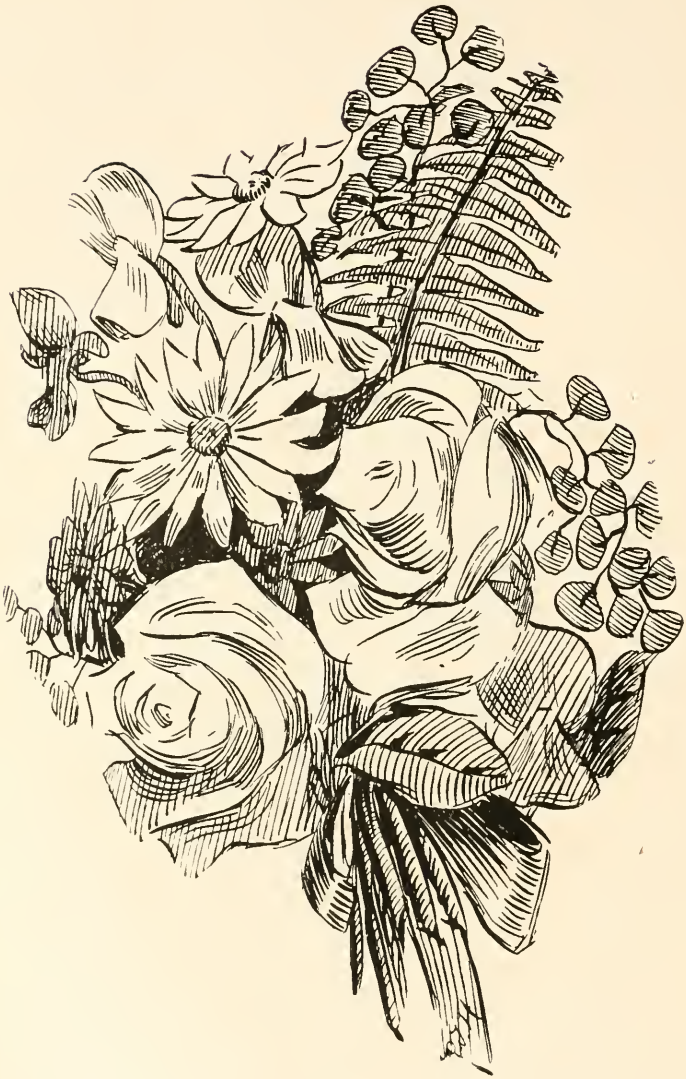
He has been recently nominated as a delegate from Texas to the



PROF. ARCHIE A. SMITH,
Musician. A progressive young man worthy of emulation.

Pan-Baptist Congress to meet in London, England, in July, 1905.

In 1891 the State University of Kentucky conferred upon him the degree of D. D. The Dallas City daily paper said of him: "He is a man of unblemished moral character, sterling honest, and more than ordinary intelligence. His word is his bond, and all who know him confide in his financial integrity."



A BOUQUET OF ADMIRATION TO THE MANY READERS OF THIS BOOK.

A RAMBLE AMONG THE FLOWERS.

On the hill, by the brook, in the garden and meadow,
I looked for flowers high and low;
And I spent many pleasant hours
In my ramble among the flowers.



DR. R. T. HAMILTON, DALLAS, TEXAS,
Physician and Surgeon.

Finally a bed I spied,
And with violets, it was occupied;
But the sweet spring violets greeted me
With faces that were full of glee.

I passed on to the Garden Pinks so sweet,
Though they didn't smile as if to greet,
But the prostrate branches with leafy upturned ends
Seemed to say I am your friend.

Next I saw the Dandelion,
Though it is very common,
I shall never forget this golden flower,
It reminds me of a childhood hour.

The Evening Primrose I'll next mention,
For this yellow flower attracts attention,
The bush so grand and tall
Tries to appear more stately than all.

Later on, I saw a wild Geranium
That was purple, pale and grum,
It stood erect, but did not bow,
Hence I passed on to another flower.

When I saw the Rose, I became enhanced
By its dignity, beauty and fragrance.
Oh, its odor was so sweet!
Without the rose, a garden is incomplete.

But a more attractive flower never was seen
Than the Popy with its verdue green.
It is so graceful, with its variety of colors,
Some prefer it above all others.

Now it wouldn't be wise to omit
The striped spotted little Tulip.
For this mixture of yellow, purple and white
Is a flower of delight.

Sudden a flower hailed me
And said, "I am a Daisy,"
Then I smiled and said, "I declare,
You are a beauty both rich and rare."

Oh! ha! ha! ha! I forgot
The blue Forget-me-Not,
But this little flower I did not slight,
Which made its request with delight.



PROF. N. W. HARLLEE, A. M.,
Principal of Dallas Colored High School, Special Reporter to the Dallas Morning News, Superintendent of the Colored Department of the State Fair.

The Lily, that flower of purity,
Is one of the favorite flowers with me;
I like to put it in my room,
I like its color and perfume.

On my way home I received a shock
From a beautiful little Four-o'Clock,
Which said you made a mistake
By staying out so late.



MISS SULA MAE PORTER.
Graduate of the Dallas High School, with a bright future as a teacher and a business young lady. Useful to the race.

For the Morning Glory, with its bluish hue,
Has bidden all adieu.
But I said, "Oh, no; it will greet me with a smile,"
Whilst I sit by the window and while

Away the morning hours,
Thinking of my ramble among the flowers,
And as I look at my pretty bouquet,
That's interspersed by a spray.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

With me on woman's rights
You all may not agree.
But I think her principal duty
Is that of housewifery;
For when she trains up a child in the right way
She has casted a vote in the right direction,
And that vote's as powerful
As if casted at an election.

A woman has the right to do her duty
And make the sorrowing ones glad;
To make all around her cheerful
And cheer the weary and sad;
To be a Christian worker,
Help the sick and lame,
Praise the Lord above her,
And wear an untarnished name.

Rejoice in working for the Lord,
Be faithful until the end;
Whilst traveling life's rugged pathway
He will be your guide and friend.
Be faithful and submissive,
Trust him for everything,
For he is the Lord of Lords,
And he is the King of Kings.

Sometimes you're tempted by Satan
To err in the pathway of sin,
His fruits are very enticing
When persuading you to enter in;
But tell him your pathway is narrow,
Tell him your pathway is straight,
And tell him you've promised the Savior
To enter the gloden gate.

She can cast a vote every day
By living in the right,

By doing her duty at home,
By helping others sight
What God intended they should do;
Then she will help the country, the State,
And she will also help
The nation to be great.

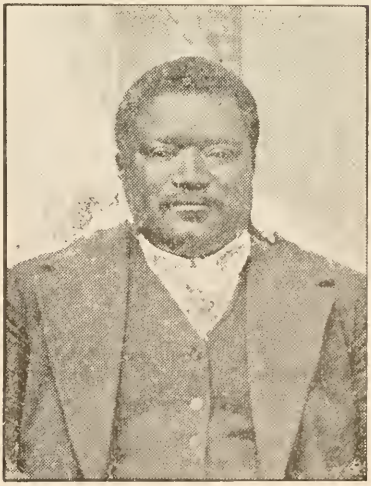


REV. M. D. MOODY, D. D.,
Pastor of Wesley Chapel A. M. E. Church, Houston, Texas.

And to instill in them duty
And the right principle.
Tell her husband how to vote,
Or the man she wants elected,
And tell her boys whose names to leave
And the ones she wants rejected.

Then she helps elect and support
One for the government
Though she did not go to the polls;
You see her vote was sent.
Most all men like to see women
In what they call their places,
And some say the virtues mentioned
Adds much to their graces.

A faithful Christian woman
Is a beauty to behold,
When work for her Master is finished,
She enters the gates of gold;
Angels are there waiting,
Ready to welcome her in
And presents to her a starry crown
For not being allured by sin.



REV. MOSES JOHNSON, DECEASED,
Brenham, Texas.
Late Pastor Twenty-two Years of Mt. Rose Baptist Church.

ETHEL BROWN'S TESTIMONY.

Mama, come kneel beside my bed,
Then place your hand upon my head,
And I'll tell you something that's sad, but true,
About the things you've failed to do.
I can't speak loud, but I'll try to speak clear,
So every word, you'll be sure to hear.

My very heart is chilled within,
Because I was reared in a house of sin.
Mamma, you've failed to teach me to pray,
And now I can not see the way.
Though I've had everything wished at any cost,
But groped in sin, so now I'm lost.

Tell my associates to not trust in riches here,
But to grasp the treasures that are more dear.
'Tis true that I've discovered my mistake,
But alas! alas! it is too late;
For I'm in so much misery, I can not pray
For the forgiveness of my sins, and learn the way.

Gold is useful here, but will not pay the way,
Therefore you should have taught me to pray;
You knew I could not stay here always;
Why didn't you teach me to give God praise?
So mamma, trust things that will stand the test,
And assure you of a place of rest.

You are to blame for my doom,
Though you didn't think I'd be called so soon;
Father was working to make us happy here,
And left us in your care to rear.
You taught us to dress fine, and be vain,
But failed to help us remove the stains

From off the garments we wore each day;
Therefore we've failed to be stylish in the right way.
Mamma, don't cry, but listen to me,



REV. A. G. SCOTT, D. D.,
The Tireless, Fearless and Successful Presiding Elder, Dallas District,

For I'm in so much misery,
I fear that I can not tell you
What I want you to do.
Now promise me that you'll learn to pray,
And that you'll help clothe Widow Gray,
For in the Lord she delighteth much,
But hasn't comfortable clothes to wear to church.

She goes through the mud without overshoes,
But often gives the last nickle to pay her dues.

If I had served the Lord like her, you know
I would not be afraid to go
Through the valley and shadow of death,
For I'd go to eternal happiness.
Oh, I feel the need of Christ to-day.
To accompany and show me the way!



MRS. ELLEN BRUCE,
Waxahachie, Texas.
A Good Christian, Devoted to Her Home.

Mamma, tell Sister Rosa to come here;
I can't talk long, for the time draws near
When we shall part, perhaps forever.
But I hope that you will never
Go to the land of despair,
But will go to one that's bright and fair.

Rosa dear, I must go;
For I've been sentenced to a land of woe;
My dear sister, death shall sever
The ties that link us so close together.
But let this be a token, don't wait too late,
Or you'll meet with the same sad fate.



DR. G. S. MOORE,
Mexia, Texas.
Physician and Surgeon.

I've lived nineteen years, three months and a day,
But in a few hours, I'll pass away
Into a land of misery and pain,
All because I've been sinful and vain.
I am old enough to know the way,
But haven't been thoughtful enough to pray.

Has papa come yet? Does he know I'm sick?
Oh telegraph again, and tell him to come quick.
If he does not come before I go,
Tell him to not oppress the poor;

But the evil things of this life shun,
And believe in Christ; that holy one.

When he comes, if I am dead,
Tell him everything I've said.



REV. P. C. HUNT, D. D.,
Presiding Elder of the Houston District, Texas,
A. M. E. Conference.

Come closer, mamma, and kiss me good-bye,
Hush, Rosa! don't cry,

But promise me you'll learn to pray
So when called to go, you'll know the way.
Then she looked around, frowned, and closed her eyes;
Never before was heard such cries.
The mother with grief was almost crazed.
At the shrieks of Rosa, all were amazed.
The father just arrived in time to see his child.
He wrung his hands, and acted like some one wild.

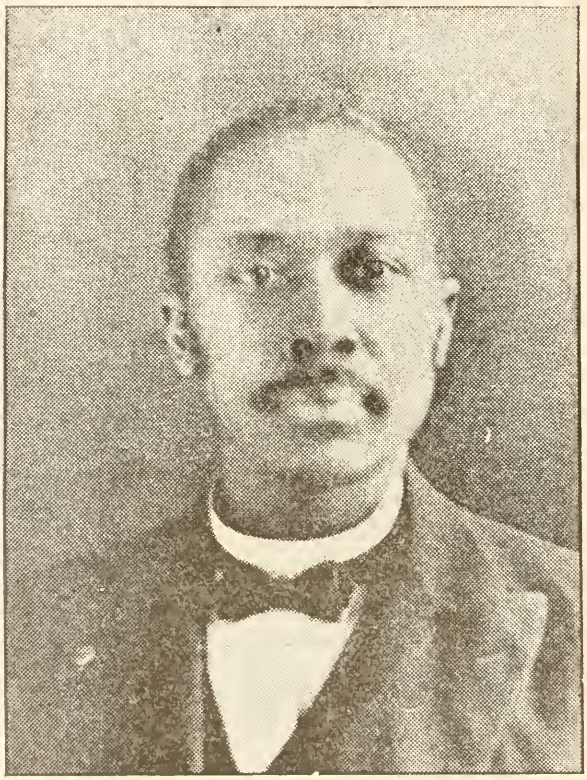


MRS. LULA KERR,
Bastrop, Texas.
A Teacher and Musician widely known throughout the South.

Ethel Brown's testimony, on her death-bed,
Had more effect than all that had been said
By preachers, teachers, or any one,
Who had tried to teach sinners to shun
The awful fate that did await,
After they'd passed through the judgment gate.

Old, young, rich and poor,
Never had witnessed such before;

And every one mourned, for Ethel Brown
Was called the belle of the town,
And friends followed slowly, nor did they halt
Until the casket was carried to the vault.



REV. D. S. MOTEN, B. D.,

Graduate of Payne Seminary, Wilberforce, Ohio, Chief Secretary of the Northeast Texas A. M. E. Conference, Assoicate Editor of the Texas Recorder, a great preacher, ripe scholar and one of the best A. M. E. pastors in Texas, a successful manager of Christian Endeavors, now pastor at Allen Chapel, Fort Worth, Texas.

Oh how they wept at the grave,
But didn't have power her soul to save.

Some of the sinners inwardly resolved
To take Ethel's advice, and serve the Lord,
And some of the Christians resolved to do more
Than they had ever done before.

The mother went home with a bowed head,
Because she mourned for her dead.
Rosa looked very sad and lone,
Because her sister was gone.

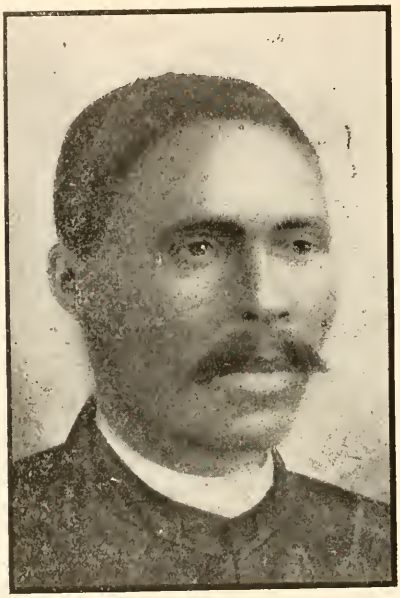


MRS. ADDIE BENSON,
Dallas, Texas.
An Expert in the Culinary Art. Has reeceived several awards from the Texas State Fair.

And no one could the father cheer,
Because he mourned for his daughter dear.

Even the place looked lonesome and bare,
Because Ethel Brown wasn't there.
And that cold November night
Even Nature dressed the place in white;
And the next morning the flowers bowed their heads,
Because Ethel Brown was dead,

And couldn't protect them from the snow.
However, only the day before
They smelt fragrant and were in bloom,
But the next, they withered and were in gloom.
From the appearance of each leaf.
It seemed that the trees themselves had grief.



REV. W. D. F. PYLE, D. D.,
Hillsboro, Texas.
The Intellectual and and Progressive Pastor of Wade Chapel A. M. E. Church.

When the sun rose, the snow did not stay,
But silently slipped away
And left the grass on its knees,
And tears dripping from the trees.
It seemed that the house with tears were bathed,
Because Ethel was not saved.

They didn't preach her funeral
Because she said she was going to dwell

In a place of pain and misery,
Throughout through eternity.
But if she had not left this testimony
Some would have said she went to glory.

Some one has died in every town
Leaving the testimony of Eethel Brown
Written upon the tablet of their heart,
Though they were not so smart,
Whilst on the verge of dispair,
As to warn other poor sinners to beware.

She saved her sister, parents and friends, too,
By telling them what to do.
And sometimes Mrs. Brown would go with Widow Grey
And kneel with her when she went to pray.
They'd often kneel in the same pew
And praise the Lord that's good and true.

Let this be a token, not only to the Browns,
But to the people of all the towns.
Wouldn't you like to live in the home on high?
You know that you have got to die
And be placed in a grave or vault;
But there your soul will never halt,,

But will soar to a land of rest.
Or will go to one where all distressed.
Now, think where you'll spend eternity;
Whether it will be in peace or misery,
And if you'd like to be of great renown,
Take the advice of Ethel Brown.

It matters not whether you're rich or poor,
It's your duty to be sure
That Christ has cleansed your heart of sin
Before you lose your health; for when
You're on your death-bed, looking in the grave,
'Tis hard to believe that Christ will save.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND TIME.

I have made a comparison between the Mississippi and time,
And have put my thoughts into rhyme.
Near this river I had pleasure, thoughts and fears
Often and on for about two years.
I have sat on its banks under shady bowers
As I whiled away many leisure hours
Watching the rolling water go
On its way to the Gulf of Mexico.
Now what stories do you suppose it told
When it whispered to me, laughed and rolled?
It said, "I am wonderful, my ways are strange,
For sometimes my bed I change."

"I am not always in the same mood;
Sometimes I'm peaceful, sometimes rude,
Sometimes angry, sometimes calm,
Sometimes I protect and sometimes I harm.
I carry with me things that you wear and eat,
Without me your commerce would be incomplete.
I carry with me life and death,
Sometimes I am pernicious when I cometh,
And ofttimes whilst in my haste
They say, I bring ruin and waste;
But when in this propensity
It matters not what I see.

"If it doesn't get out of my way,
I tear it down, injure or slay.
At other times I am as peaceful and mild
And harmless as a little child.
Then I am so good and true,
I let people play on my bosom blue;
Let them take a nice little ride
Across my stream or down my tide.
Do you think I'm wonderful and strange
Because I continue to change?
Ha! ha! ha! I am full of changes as I go
On my way to the Gulf of Mexico."

What wonderful changes this river makes!
And if I make not a mistake,
Time changes any and all things
As it speeds on its wings.
One day whilst on the banks I sat,
Time passed by and we had a chat.
However, it did not tarry,
But silently said I carry
With me the good and bad,
The industrious, lazy, merry and sad,
Loss, gain, misfortune, success,
Health, disease, joy and distress."

"Sometimes I come boldly, sometimes by stealth,
And carry away your health and wealth.
For tide and I do not wait
For no man or a better fate.
It matters not what I bring or carry,
I shall not rest, sleep, or tarry;
But shall roll on, until God stops me,
For this is my propensity.
I shall roll on into eternity,
And hear you tell how you used me.
Hence, if you want to leave this world without a fear,
Make good use of me whilst you are here.

"I have often looked at trees rising on each side
Of the Mississippi river so large and wide.
They would look so stately and strong,
They would look like they'd stand there so long.
But should I question them to-day,
If they could speak, some would say,
"The Mississippi river washed all
The dirt from my roots, hence I had to fall
And be buried in a watery grave,
For I didn't have power myself to save."'
Now a thought comes to me
That such is the case with humanity.

I've seen so many who were healthy and strong,
Who are numbered with the silent throng,
But should I question them to-day,
If they could speak, some would say:
"Time swept the foundation from under my frame
By disease; and on the bed of affliction I had lain
Many days, before the Death Angel made his call;
But when he came I had to fall
So now I'm in the silent grave;
For I didn't have power myself to save."
Hence all will have to cross the chilly tide
Before they can reach the other side.

The Mississippi said, "As I drain
Over a million square miles of the Great Central Plain,
Some places I damage, some I destroy,
But when my work is done you can employ
Many who were idle before
The overflow.
I not only damage, but I make fertile soil,
Hence, when on it you sow and toil,
You may expect everything to yield
That's been planted in the field.
You may not understand me as I sweep through the land,
But I obey God's command.

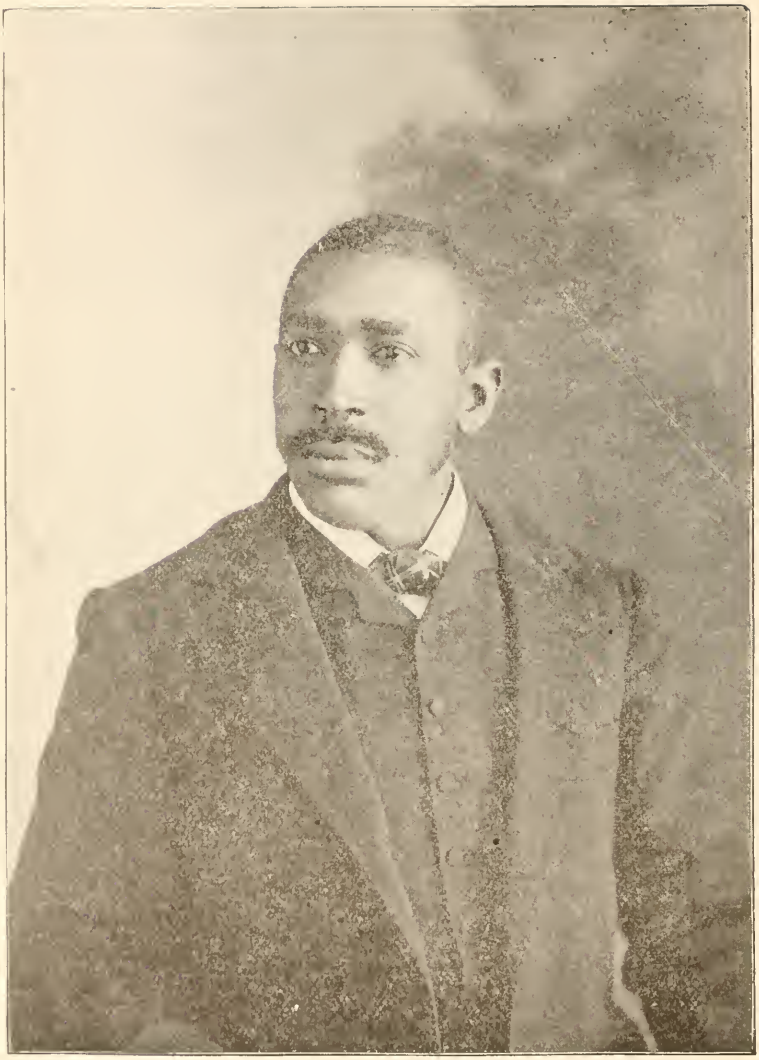
"I've seen animals struggle against the waves,
Hold their heads up and try to save
Their lives; but finally the cold
Water would silently fold
Them in its insiduous arms,
As if to say, "I mean no harm."
Sometimes, when I would look at the boats glide
Over its bosom so smooth and wide,
And the great steam boats make their way
Up and down the stream as if at play,
In the steel-like water so soft and cold
I would think them brave and bold.

Sometimes cyclones, and winds sweep through the land,

But they are only obeying God's command.
At times they make it easier for us to make a livelihood,
"For it's an ill wind that blows no one good."
I have seen people struggle when about to sink
Or fall over death's brink
Into Jordan's chilly stream,
And they could formulate no scheme
That would land them on the other side,
Without crossing that chilly tide.
For that was the way they had to go
To reach the other shore.

On the tides of time we float
Over this ocean in life's boat;
And we daily and hourly glide
Over its bosom so long and wide.
But at any moment we are liable to sink.
Oh did you ever stop and think
Of the danger you are in
In this world of sorrow and sin?
Perhaps when you think of the river and time,
You'll prepare for another clime,
For Christ will lead the prepared across Jordan's tide
And land them safe on the other side.

The Mississippi changes, as it goes to its destination,
But does not stop at a land or station;
But flows into the Gulf,
And deposits different kinds of stuff.
So it is with time, she continues to flee
With different kinds of people into eternity.
Time flies, and the river flows,
However, each one onward goes,
In its own peculiar way,
Hour by hour, and day by day.
Now tell me truly, don't you
Believe this comparison is true?



REV. J. W. RANKIN, D. D.,

Bishop Tyree's Private Secretary Editor of Texas Recorder, Presiding Elder of Waxahachie District, Northeast Texas Conference.

POLITICS.

Politics is the science of government,
And management is its intent.
Then the government should have at it's head
Men that are intelligent and well-bred;
Men of the right policy and principle;
Men that are wise and sensible.

At the close of the war
I think it would have been better far
If the Negro had let politics alone;
For the first thing he needed was a home,
An education and clothes;
I think these are things they should have chose.

He had not attained a sufficient amount of civilization
To know what was best for the nation.
But in the first place,
He didn't know what was best for the race.
Sometimes he voted against his own welfare,
But if he got a few dollars he did not care.

Sometimes before he voted for a man
He would require the money in his hand.
I suppose he thought that one would
Do as much good as the other could
In presenting policies to help his condition,
For he thought to them he was an abomination,

And appeared vandalic anyway,
However, it was his duty to say
I'll choose who I want myself,
And will make a living without pelf.
And he should have remained neutral still,
Rather than vote for one against his will.

Polities aroused envy and hate
Against the Negroes in the Southern States,
Because the white man thought himself better

Than the man who didn't know a letter.
And very few were willing for a Negro's time to be spent
In an office, if he was competent.

And when the war was closed
I think it would have been better if our friends had chosen
Other methods of helping the race;
For if other necessities had taken the place
Of politics, until we had made some progress,
I think we would have advanced faster in usefulness..

Hence past blunders and mistakes
Have caused him to meet with ill fate,
And in some States they disfranchised
Him, because he's not wealthy and wise.
In other States he's deprived of some rights, too,
But offices are given to a few.

Upon this shubject it seems that I might
Several pages write.
But I look on both sides of it so much
It makes me timid when I touch
My pen, for I think that my thoughts may
Not be understood in the right way.

Hence I have handled it with care.
However, feeling that all are aware
Of their duty to God, and their duty to man,
Now, I hope that the politicians will help to plan
Different ways for the Negroes' time to be spent.
I mean those who are able and competent.

SUPREMELY POWER.

When guided by supremely pow'r
Through shifting scenes of life,
Sunshine will light up the pathway,
Though low hangs clouds of strife.

Though traveling through a desert,
If led by God's own hands;
The feet will not be blistered,
By the hot scorching sands.

When traveling through a valley,
Secure the help of God;
The way may be dark and weary,
But continue to plod.

When guided by heavenly pow'r,
Within this world of sin;
No force the mighty pow'r withstand,
Of Christ the strongest friend.

When guided by divinely pow'r,
Our duty is to go;
Though the way leads o'er high mountains,
That is capped with snow.

When guided by God's own pow'r,
We'll be victorious;
Then who will not honor and praise,
That name that's glorious.

If guided by a holy pow'r,
On eternity's brink;
We can cross Jordans chilly tide,
But in it will not sink.

Serve God ,He's great, He's good and His
Strength is mightier far,
Than any help you can secure,
Or any earthly pow'r.

Be guided by the only pow'r,
In which you are secure;
The pow'r that's lasting and will
Eternal life insure.

BUILD YOUR HOUSE UPON THE ROCK.

Don't be like the foolish man
Who built his house upon the sand,
For when the storms and winds
Beat upon it, it will fall in.
But build it on the rock like the wise man,
Then it can stand, then it can stand!
The rains, winds and storms,
For its foundation they cannot harm.

If you build your house upon the rock
The rains may beat upon the housetop,
But it will not fall in.
Matters not how they descend,
But if you build it upon the sand
It cannot stand, it cannot stand.
For when the storms come, and rains descend,
It will topple, and fall in.

Build your house upon a firm foundation,
'Twill save you of troubles, trials and vexations,
For if the tempest is violent, rough and wild,
Christ will protect and save His child.
But if it's built upon the sand,
When the billows surge, it cannot stand.
And should there be an overflow,
It will be swept by the billows below.

All that's pure, humble and blest
Can trust in the Lord for peace and rest.
When the storms are raging and lightning flashing
You'll not have any fear of your house clashing,
For the King that died on Calvary
Will a true friend to His children be.
Then act prudent, serve the Lord,
And build your house where it can't be destroyed.

'Tis the foolish who disobey God's command

And build their houses upon the sand.
All who disobey God's voice,
And the downward way make their choice,
Is likened unto the foolish man
Who built his house upon the sand;
But the house that's built upon a rock,
When the winds blow, falleth not.



REV. J. R. MELONTREE, A. B.,
Pastor of the A. M. E. Church, Marlin, Texas.

ARE WE LOYAL TO THE STARS AND STRIPES?

Negroes were introduced
Into America in 1619,
And the shackles of bondage were not loosed
Until 1865; hence freedom was like a dream.

The Negro's progress was much retarded
Before freedom was declared,
Nor knew the meaning of stripes or star,
For he fared awful bad.

The policy of the states they knew not;
In the District of Columbia they were forgot;
But whilst thinking over their sad fate
They demurred until the war of states.

Only a few had been trained
Into manhood or citizenship,
But many had been stained
With blood from the whip.

They didn't know much about the polity
Of the country or State;
That's one reason why he appeared paltry,
Stolid, vandalic, and inadequate.

Matters not what has been done,
Be loyal to the stars and stripes,
For 'tis the duty of every one
To love their country, and do the right.

The United States has a government
By which its citizens should abide.
However, all who are sent
To the Legislature should decide

To make laws to help the Negroes
Take their places as citizens;
Then they will be willing to bestow
Their lives for Americans.

Some are willing now
To go to the battlefield and fight.
Look at the late battle and see how
They fought for the stars and stripes.

The Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth infantry
Were famous fighting regiments
Who fought for humanity
And for the government.

The Ninth Cavalry,
Who went out to protect the United States border,
Fought valiantly,
Without fear or disorder.

And the Tenth Cavalry, who made an onslaught
Up San Juan Hill,
Rallied around the flag and fought
Until many foes were killed.

Do not let injustice crush
Your ambition and rights,
But trust in the Lord, as you rush
Under the stars and stripes.

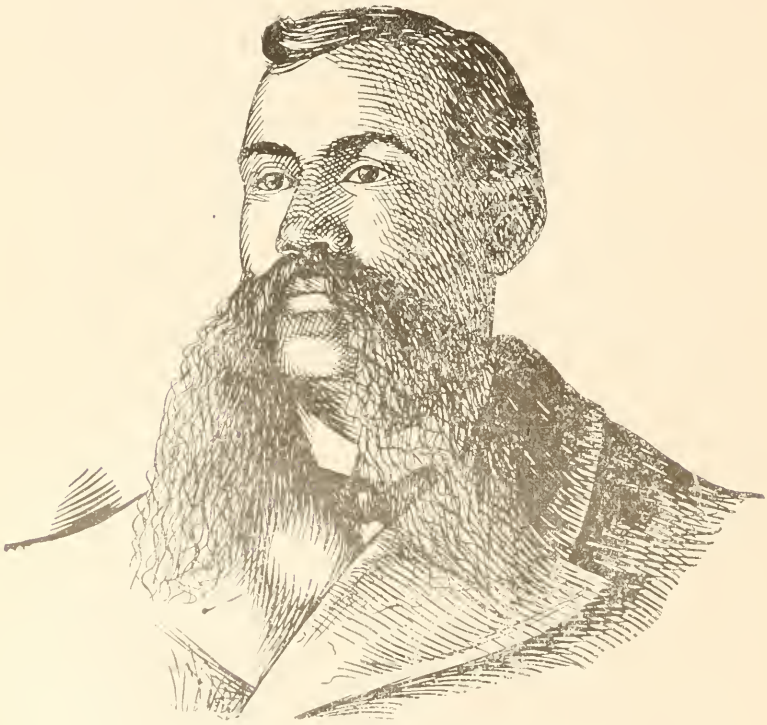
The Negro has a right
To cheer and brag,
Because he helped to fight
For the United States flag.

He saw men dying on the field
For this country
Before the government would shield
His rights, or set him free.

To-day he's deprived of his rights
In some States,
But is he not loyal to the stars and stripes
Regardless of his fate?

Did he stop marching on the account of snares,
Or because the way was dim?
The soldier should be commended
For his noble work and vim.

No, he pressed forward
For a higher life,
To better the condition of himself,
His children, and his wife.



REV. J. W. McKINNEY,
Grand Master of the Sovereign Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of F. and A. M. in Texas; Pastor of Evening Chapel C. M. E. Church, Dallas, Tex.

I am forced to admit
That he has lost many opportunities,
For he could have done better
In the different towns and communities.

However, he should be commended
For the noble work he's done;
Because he went out on the field
And the glorious victory won.



REV. Z. T. PARDEE, DALLAS, TEXAS.
Pioneer Baptist Minister, Traveling Agent of the Dallas Express.

WHAT A WONDERFUL PROGRESS!

What a wonderful progress the Negro has made
Since eighten sixty-five!
But he's had to struggle against adversity,
And learn how to contrive.
He has not always been compatible;
He has often suffered defeat.
Who can say he is futile,
When freedom says he's been fleet?

Who can say his progress is due
To trickery and pelf?
Through opposition he's pulling down barriers
And making a way for himself.
He has achieved very much
Since freed from slavery's band,
For he owns over $900,000,000 worth of property,
And many thousand acres of land.

The home life of the Negro
Is much better than it used to be,
And in many instances
Wealth has taken the place of poverty.
He has made a wonderful growth
In many lines;
He not only has comfortable homes,
But many beautiful shrines.

Look at his humble beginning
A few years ago,
When he came out as a citizen,
Homeless, ragged and poor.
Ignorant, uneasy and friendless,
He left his master's home,
And went out in this world
To suffer, struggle and roam.

He has been gradually pulling loose
From obstacles that have tried to hold him.

For he's had enough drawbacks
To discourage any one.
The Negro doctor knows what to prescribe
To cure the aches and pain.
And the editor tells us
That the day of progress is at hand,
And brainy, competent Negroes
Are in great demand.

Now when we look up the line of progress,
Who do we see?
We see different travelers on the road
Though not of the same degree.
There are lawyers, business men, laborers,
And people of another profession,
Marching steadily onward
In the progression.

The preacher has done much
To help lift the race,
By teaching it how to rise
And take its place.
The teacher has achieved much
Towards training the minds to think;
He has lead thousands to the fountain of wisdom,
And taught them how to drink.

They are moving out of huts into cottages,
And becoming intellectually strong.
Hence, if their gait was faster,
It would not be very long
Before they could hoist their flags
Of progress over this land,
Then stand up in the name of Jesus,
And for humanity justice demand.

"AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION WORTH A POUND OF CURE."

When I was a child
I heard the sentence o'er and o'er,
That, "An ounce of prevention
Is worth a pound of cure."

And this old adage
Is very true,
For if you use the prevention
That will do.

If the ounce of prevention
Had been used for the race,
'Twould not require so much medicine
For the case.

But as it is,
It needs the pound of cure
To clense its system
And health restore.

However, if it uses
The ounce of prevention in time,
It can save its children
Many a dime.

And if the ounce of prevention
Is used by the government,
It can save itself
Many a cent.

If the ounce of prevention
Is used by the State,
Its inhabitants
Will not retrograte.

And if the ounce of prevention
Is used by the country,

'Twill not need the pound of cure
For prosperity.

If you take a dose of medicine
When you first feel ill,
More than likely
'Twill save a doctor's bill.

Sometimes an ounce of prevention
Will save one's life,
But by waiting
The pound of cure will not suffice.

One should evade little things
If he wishes to prevent
The things that causes illness
And disturbment.

Thwart evil in its pathway
So it will not annoy
Your minds, and lives,
Nor your health destroy.

Be economical, industrious,
And do not waste.
Grasp the opportunities afforded;
And make haste!

The time has come
For you to discern
The things that's leading you
To destruction and ruin.

All who are old enough
To have an apprehension,
Should be wise enough
To take an ounce of prevention.

Do not wait
 Until you become so ill
That you'll be compelled to have
 A prescription filled.

But you who have waited
 Take the pound of cure,
So that pains and misfortunes
 You'll not have to endure.

Do not squander
 Away your time.
And be very careful
 How you spend a dime.

If you let your property
 Become devastated by lying unused,
'Twill require quite a sum
 To have it renewed.

Be economical, careful,
 And do not waste,
For it will require a pound of cure
 To replace.

If you use the ounce of prevention
 'Twill be cheaper than using the remedy
To restore you to health
 And prosperity.

Economy and intellect will help
 You accumulate,
To be wise, useful,
 Wealthy and great.

AN ALL AROUND FAILURE.

A mortal and an immortal failure is what I call an all around failure.

Now I shall not consume much time on this subject, as most of you are aware of the direction and the things that lie in the pathway of the road that leads to it.

However, I will say that a neglect of the principles that lead to success will assure you of failure.

Sometimes the gifted and talented fail to succeed
Because to these principles they will not take heed;
And sometimes they fail and are kept in a strain
By helping the unworthy gain.
Though they fail in life they've no excuse for not being blessed
With immortal success.
As there are so many things in life to endure,
There's an excuse for mortal failure.
O God, thou who hast taught
Man what he ought
To do, help him to plan,
Understand and see,
Before he puts on immortality.



SUCCESS AS FAILURE, AND FAILURE AS SUCCESS.

Look at success, merry and glad!
I am sure she doesn't look sad,
For she has opulence at her command,
And a comfortable home furnished grand.
But I wonder if she's pure and good,
And does her duty as she should.

Does she trust in God, and him alone,
And follow Christ, his only Son?
Or is she trusting money and land?
Has she built her house upon the sand?
Has she risked her soul by gaining wealth,
Which can be taken from her by stealth?

Now look at Failure, weary and sad!
She hasn't many comforts to make her glad.
How pale and serene her face!
But on it is not written disgrace.
However, she has toiled and sacrificed,
In order to live an honest life.

But doing the will of God aright,
Is this poor woman's chief delight.
She walks uprightly from day to day,
And she never fails to pray.
On the Sabbath day she goes to church,
For she enjoys the services very much.

She has labored very hard to live,
But her church dues she is willing to give.
Though ofttimes her heart is vexed in pain,
Because the comforts of life are hard to gain.
But because she does not partake in wickedness,
The wicked laugh at her distress.

However, she continues to plod,
In the pathway that leads to God.
Believing that he will her friend be.

Through troubles, trials and poverty.
Hence she is willing to follow him,
Who came and died on the account of sin.
Success spreads like a green bay tree,
Whilst Failure dwells in poverty.



REV. W. M. CONNOR, D. D.,
Pastor of the Olive Branch Baptist Church, Paris, Texas.

Success seldom goes to church,
But in societies delighteth much.
She goes to resorts for pleasure, or for health,
And finds different ways to use her wealth.

In adding to her comforts here
She does not attempt to steer
Her boat towards the eternal city,
But she's steering downward; what a pity!
Though wealthy, she should steer heavenward,
Do her duty, and serve the Lord.

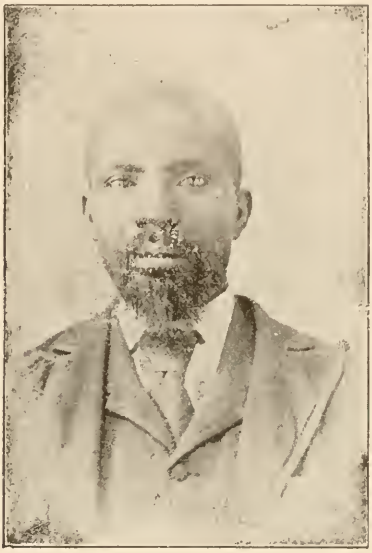
People often call a good old Christian Failure,
Because she's afflicted or poor.
But when people have health,
Together with wealth,
Most people call them success,
Matters not how they glory in wickedness.

But when they die,
Friends stand around the bed and cry;
And wonder if their hearts were made clean,
Before they crossed the chilly stream.
Now if the successful here would act wise
They'd lay up their treasures beyond the skies.

I think, the sinner is Failure,
Matters not whether she's rich or poor.
And success should be the Christian's name,
Matters not whether she's rich, poor, blind or lame.
For only the pure, can enjoy and behold,
The city whose streets are paved with gold.

When these two women died,
The one of humbleness, and the one of pride,
There was quite a contrast in the shrouds,
There was quite a contrast in the crowds,
And there was also a contrast in the burial plots,
For one was grassy, and the other was not.

When Success died
Many people moaned and cried,
Friends made her a beautiful gown,
With ribbons and laces all around,
They got the finest casket in the undertaker's shop,
And for her vault, a beautiful plot.



REV. W. E. ADAMS,
Taylor, Texas.
Pastor of the A. M. E. Church.

They selected a spot that was green and shady,
For this rich and noble lady.
They got the hearse and carriages, too,
For this woman was well-to-do.
And a long procession followed her to the grave,
But didn't have power her soul to save.

Some said it was such a pity,
For one to die so rich and witty,
When young, rich and happy, too,
And companions wondered what they'd do;
For her words were spice to their conversations,
And they looked upon her with admiration.

Poor Failure lingered many days,
However, she did not fail to praise
Him who saves the pure in heart.
This true friend did not depart
From her whilst in the hours of pain,
But did by her bedside remain.

Finally she passed away
With Christ; to that beautiful land to stay,
Where no clouds of adversity hang around the door
Of the humble and the poor.
There is no poverty, pains or sorrow there,
But it's always bright and fair.

Poor Failure was buried in a coffin rough,
Some said that she was better off.
They put her on a plain white gown
With no ribbons and laces around.
She was carried to the grave in a hack;
Some followed in wagons and some horseback.

Failure and Success arrived at heaven's gate,
And stood before the Judge to inquire their fate.
Success carried a paper edged with gold, but blank;
Failure carried a check on heaven's bank;
So the God that discerns right from wrong
Gave Failure an entrance to his throne.

Though Success stood at the door and knocked,
He said, "Depart from me, I know you not;
In yonder's world you were ashamed
To honor and praise my holy name."
So she was sent to a place of punishment,
Because in earthly pleasures her time was spent.

So Success, whom earthly treasures did win,
Failed to have an entrance in
The land of joy and bliss.
Though Failure did miss
The comforts and pleasures here below,
But she'll never suffer any more.

Success should be the name of the good and pure,
But the sinful should be called Failure.
After these women had put on immortality,
To exchange names they did agree.
So in yonder's world each proclaim
To be called by the other's name.

So Failure is called Success,
Because she gained eternal happiness,
And Success is called Failure. Don't you see,



MR. S. W. J. LOWERY,
The Popular Caterer of Texas, Now in St. Louis, Mo., in the Firm, Mason & Lowery.

She has gained eternal misery?
Set not your hearts on treasures here below,
For they only bring on misery and woe.

Once Lazarus laid at the gate
Of a certain man who was rich and great.
Poor Lazarus begged for crumbs that fell from the table
Of this man who was able
To not only give crumbs, but to feed
This poor man, who was in need.

Lazarus was good, but poor,
Hence, in his world he was Failure,
But in heaven he was a successful man
And rested in the bosom of Abraham;
There he was free from pains, comforted,
And did not have to beg for bread.

But this rich man lay full of pains,
Thirsty and tormented in flames,
Because in the wrong pathway he had trod,
Serving mammon, instead of God.
He would not obey the prophet's voice,
And the wrong way, made his choice.

But honor and praise the God of love,
And set your affections on things above.
If Success here wants to keep her name,
She must the laws of God sustain.
And poor old Failure must always be good,
To fail here, and above too, she cannot afford.

If that rich man could warn his brothers here,
He would tell them not to steer
Their boats towards torment,
But to repent,
And serve the God of love,
And lay up their treasures in heaven above.

AN ALL AROUND SUCCESS.

A mortal and an immortal success is what I call an all around success.

I shall not attempt to picture a road in which the travelers are successful in everything, however, I shall endeavor to picture one that has been traveled by those who have gone courageously onward to prosperity.

Usually the successful man is the one who selects a profession, sticks to it, attends to his business, thinks for himself, gives attention to little things, works persistently, has courage to start and faith, believing that he will succeed, trusts in the Lord, places his feet in the middle of the road, leans neither to the right nor left, but keeps straight ahead, regardless of the little failures in his pathway.

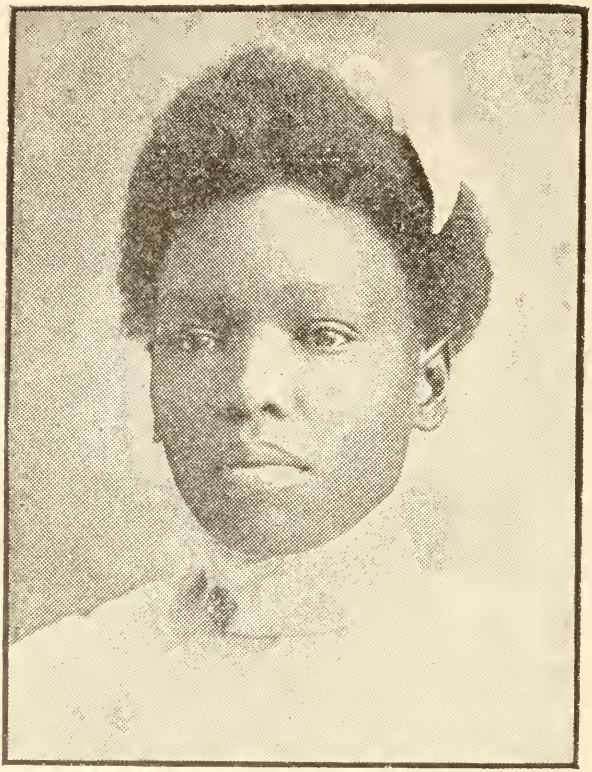
The one that follows the above principles is the one that outstrips those around them.

The successful man is methodical, for method is one of the essentials to success; and if the right thing is done at the right time, it saves time and friction.

And punctuality is another essential of success. Time should be properly used, for when it's lost it's never regained.

Sometimes one fails in life
By struggling against competition, diseases, envy and strife;
But for an immortal failure no one can produce
A reasonable excuse.
The all around successful man
Is the one that wisely plans
For this life and the one to come,
For this and the other home.
He gains mortal and immortal happiness
And an all around success.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.



By Miss Celestine Grantt, B. S., Bryan, Texas.

Progress has its root in history. Great forces pour into the present, receiving their impulses from times and conditions more remote. Our civilization, its breadth of culture and wealth of invention is heir to the genius of the past which affords us thought and inspiration for the present and future.

Tracing these, we find them under the influence of Christian education.

Nothing presented itself more forcibly to the mind than the dawn of the Christian era. With it came new inspiration, the environments were different and those present had various experiences which continue until to-day.

When the Messiah sojourned upon earth, His examples of purity were presented in a manner so simple until the most illiterate could comprehend and the wise could readily understand.

Upon one occasion while exhorting to His disciples, He impressed them to "Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things will be added." Perusing further, he instructs us to „Study the Scriptures, for in them do you find eternal life."

Noting the progress of successful individuals, we find that their success is measured by the amount of interest developed in perusing the Holy Volume. Nicodemus, the ruler, who was so anxious for eternal life; the eunuch, who conversed with Phillip; Paul, the great persecutor of Christians and afterward a powerful advocate of Christianity, also many others, were constant readers of the Bible, and their success was dependent upon the adherence to the truths found therein.

Without religion, intelligence and morality, life would degenerate and cease to be worth living. Some one has asked, Why do nations die? Greece with her culture died; Rome with her conquering powers died; the Vandals, Huns and the Moors are dead or dying. Why? Were they overpowered by mightier nations? Were they swept away by pestilence? Nay; they perished by reason of their religious negligence and moral degradation, the immediate results of intemperance; then God in His wise providence allowed the radical change to ensue.

Under the influence of Christian education we find ourselves advancing in civilization and becoming more enlightened.

Contrasting this land under Christian influences with that which is not, we find that ours excels in every respect.

How essential is this training to humanity! Accompanying it are the avenues for enjoying life in a more comfortable manner.

Noticing this influence at the home, the school and the church, we find that at home the individual possesses a special reverence for the Supreme Ruler and executes the same by dutifully attending to the different religious services and practicing the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." In this home we find that peace and pleasure reigns supreme; then love is duty and right is law.

Tracing this influence to the school room we find instructors endeavoring to implant such principles in the minds of the pupils as will serve as a platform upon which to build an upright life that will reflect credit upon the parent instructors and the race.

From the church we receive such information as will enable each in-

dividual to execute the mission designed for man to accomplish. This mission is embodied in three distinct lessons, viz.: (1) Love to God; (2) Love to man; (3) Love to ourself.

Under the first division the special duty we owe our Moral Governor



HON. AMMON S. WELL,
Attorney-at-Law, Grand Legal Adviser of the Knights of Pythias, Delegate to the National Republican Convention, 1904, Held at Chicago, Ill.

is to love Him supremely, obey His commandments and execute such acts as we can conscientiously render as right.

The second division, love to man, endeavors to incite us to perform such duties as we would consider right and would have rendered to us if we were in similar circumstances.

The third division, although personal, yet it does not encourage self-

ishness, but places upon us the responsibility of self-preservation whereby we may be able to execute our mission.

We believe that a neglect of Christian education would have a tendency to impair or wreck the present and future life of an individual.

If more importance was placed upon this special training the dangerous element in the community would be seen and the change would result in transferring them from the restless citizen to one of harmony; then his every movement would mark distinctly the intellectual qualification and in return they would be imparted to some individual, thereby giving new inspiration to life.

The following quotation conveys the idea in this instance:

"Sow a thought, we reap an act;
Sow an act, we reap a habit;
Sow a habit, we reap a character;
Sow a character, we reap a destiny."

For the reason of the influence which we possess over others and for our personal advantage, we should guard our thoughts, acts, habits and character, for in them are determined our destiny.

Observing the cause and effect of things, we decide that if this special training were reversed, that our prosperity would be retarded, civilization retrograded and humanity would be in a deplorable condition. Nothing would confront us but destruction, and life would be a failure.

Under theinfluence of Christian education we assist in civilization, encourage business enterprise, and in many instances prevent crime, thereby robbing the almshouses and prisons of their expected inmates.

Then it behooves us to take advantage of every opportunity to do good.

We can readily see the influence of Christian education, and agree that this influence is unlimited; it is so lofty until we can not surmount it, so broad we can not compass it, and so deep until we can not fathom it.

We can only agree with the poet:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

COME ALL THE WORLD.

Come all the world and serve the Lord,
 Bow humbly at his feet;
Receive his love, and worship him,
 His blessings are so sweet.

Follow him where he leadeth,
 Don't tarry on the way;
But when you get hungry and weak,
 Fall on your knees and pray.

The very moment you have faith,
 What you ask for is given;
With vigor and strength you can arise,
 And journey on to heaven.

Come all the world and choose that friend,
 Who can teach you how to row
Across the billowy waves of time
 To the peaceful, happy shore.

Come all the world and work for Christ,
 And you'll receive your pay;
For he will employ every one
 Who will his laws obey.

Come all the world and go to school
 To the Holy Teacher above,
Who can pour wisdom in your soul,
 And fill your heart with love.

He'll teach the young everything
 That they should know;
He'll also teach the aged,
 Whose heads are white like snow.

Come all the world and let the spirit
 Enter your hearts of sin;
Drive out all malice, pride and hate,
 And make them clean within.

When the blessings flow,
 Then you'll feel
Like serving him; who can,
 Through faith, all things reveal.

Come all the world and worship Christ;
 Praise him for blessing given;
Thank him for dying on the cross
 To give you a home in heaven.

Ask him to do his will, not yours,
 In assigning you work to do,
And to let your soul take a flight to him
 When you bid this world adieu.

Come all the world, 'tis Christ's desire
 For you to be at the feast;
An invitation was sent to you
 At the request of the Priest.

But if you don't accept it,
 You shall hear your awful doom,
And dwell with demons in a pit of fire,
 Be it late or soon.

Come all the world and prepare yourselves
 To appear at the judgment bar;
You must give an account of all your sins,
 When you reach the gates ajar.

But if you fail to accept him,
 Or if you prove untrue,
All of your pleasures will be over
 When you bid this world adieu.

Come all the world, come sinners thou,
 And choose the perfect way;
Depart from wicked, evil doers,
 And the laws of God obey.

Come all who are heavy laden
And he will give you rest
If you learn of him; he'll bear your burdens,
And comfort you when distressed.

Come all who are forsaken,
He'll be to you a friend;
When troubles and trials press you
You can on him depend.

Come all that's broken hearted;
He'll heal up every wound,
For his mercy of grace and love
Will make it pure and sound.

Come all that's bowed in trouble;
He'll make you stand erect;
He'll subdue your enemies under you,
And will your souls protect.



REV. A. L. HANDLEY,
The Energetic Pastor of the A. M. E. Church, Tyler, Texas.

NEGRO ENTERPRISES.

We have quite a number running enterprises,
But very few Negroes patronizes
Them as they should.
But do you not think that we would
Be stronger as a race
If we would encourage an enterprise
And each other patronize?



MISS SUSIE COLEMAN.

An expert with the needle and cissors, demonstrating the possibility of being useful, and using well her advantages in the art as a seamstress.

This feature others would detect
And look upon us with more respect.

Some sing this song,
That Negro enterprises doesn't last long.
But if you would pay them what you owe

In only a few cases, 'twould be so.
Is this not true?
As long as some can get things on credit they praise
The Negro's goods, and his ways;
But when he wants his money, they scandalize
The Negro's enterprise.

I believe in patronizing others, too,
But do you
Not think it true and just
To patronize each other; and must
We not do this to help the race?
What are we educating our children for?
To be an enterprising people, or
A class that's unwilling to engage in labor,
And try to pull down an enterprising neighbor?

We must be careful about the seed we sow,
For we are liable to reap the fruit at our door.
Then encourage every effort for right
And your good deeds will incite
Your children to engage in labor
Instead of working all day
On a poor farm without pay.
Engage in labor yourselves, and cheer others, too,
By your patronage and them patronizing you.

He says give me justice, but you understand,
You must give better satisfaction than the other man
If you want his trade and money,
For sometimes he's very funny,
IF you want him to trade with you,
And you must be very polite,
Or else he will say you are not treating him right.

OUR GUIDING STAR.

Thou art our star, our guiding star,
 Thou lightest up our way;
We see thy radiance from afar
 When we thy laws obey.

Thou art our star, our guiding star;
 Thou art our hope and light;
We can see thy radiance from afar,
 Though it be night.

Thou art our star, our guiding star,
 And a light to our pathway;
Though thy home is afar,
 Thou art with us when we pray.

Thou art the star, the only star
 That shineth brighter than day,
And if we follow thee, thou
 Wilt show us the only true way.

Thou art the star whose beaming rays
 Shed blessings in my soul,
And sometimes when I praise
 Thy name, myself I can't control.

Thou art the star that will lead us home
 When we bid this world adieu;
Thou art the star that'll bid us come
 In when with troubles we are through.

Thou art the star of Bethlehem
 That died upon the cross;
Thou didst die for sinful man,
 So that he may not be lost.

Thou art the star, the wounded star,
 We saw thy bleeding side,
And a thorny crown upon thy brow,
 When thou on Calvary died.

Thou art the star, the heavenly star;
We see thee on the throne;
And at thy footstool humbly bow,
And claim thee as our own.

Thou art the star, the peaceful star
That calmest every fear;
When we see the raging storm afar
We know that thou art near.

Thou art the star, the only star
That is this dark race's light
In storms, and always knowest who we are
Though we be black as night.

Then let us follow our guiding star
And go with him where he leads,
Though the promised land be afar,
He will supply our needs.

Then let us follow our guiding star
To Canaan's happy shore,
And when we pass through the gates ajar
We can sing, troubles o'er.

SOLDIERS FOR GOD.

Have you enlisted in the army of the Lord?
Are you and Him of the same accord?
Yes, our opinion of the battle is the same,
And we shall fight until we the victory gain.
We are fighting under a banner that's blood-stained;
However the victory will be gained,
For a battle never was lost by Him
Who suffered, toiled and died on the account of sin.

We are fighting under a Captain that can save,
For He conquered death, hell and the grave.
What wondrous things he hath done!
That Captain is Christ, God's only Son.
We will follow Him to battle, though we must die
To reach that peaceful abode on high,
But what is death to those who are saved by grace
And go from this to a better place?

One of the peculiarities about this battle for right,
Women and children go out and fight,
And sometimes they are more valiant than men
After they enlist in the army to fight against sin.
Put on the helmet, armor, sword and shield,
And go out to fight in the battlefield.
Look at the banner waving in the breeze,
Representing the King of Heaven, the land and the seas.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is one of the chief characteristics of the race
Regardless of its condition or case.
One may be stigmatized, crushed and oppressed,
Yet he travels on in happiness.

Happy? Yes' he's usually happy and jolly,
In poverty, prosperity, work or folly.

If his habitation is a cottage, cabin, hut or cot,
He's usually contented with his lot.

It matters not how he's distressed, or what betides
One seldom commits suicide;
But will act like some good old saint
When bearing a trouble, trial or complaint.



MISS LEOMA ROWAN.

The first young lady to show the highly cultured taste of the race in a complete millinery store for Dallas operated by her deft fingers and business capacity, now at 266-268 Juliet Street.

I sometimes think he should change his volition
Of being so happy under the present condition;
Become more serious about his situation,
And struggle harder for elevation.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one they're coerced in
To this world of sorrow and sin.
One is successfull and one is not,
Hence, each has a different lot.

One by one they entered this life
To struggle with its battles and strife.
One is industrious and one is not,
Hence, each has a different lot.

One by one they go to school,
One becomes wise, the other remains a fool.
One is educated and one is not,
Hence, each has a different lot.

One by one in society they are numebred;
One sits idle, the other with positions encumbered;
One is honored and one is not,
Hence, each has a different lot.

One by one they go through the street;
One is greeted by acquaintance they meet,
And one is not,
Hence, each has a different lot.

One by one to church they go;
One is changed, but lo!
The other is not,
Hence, each has a different lot.

One by one they commit a crime;
One gets a trial, but the other hasn't time;
One is exhonorated, and one is not,
Hence, each has a different lot.

One by one with diseases they lie;
Friends think that both will die,
But one will get well, and one will not,
Hence, each has a different lot.

One by one they leave family and friends;
One goes to rest, and one where punishment never ends.
One dies contented and one does not,
Hence, each has a different lot.

One by one they droop and die,
And leave relatives and friends who cry;
One is better off, and one is not,
Hence, each has a different lot.

One by one they are placed in the ground,
Neither knows his neighbor, nor can he hear a sound.
But one is saved and the other is not,
Hence, each has a different lot.

One by one they turn to clay,
To remain, until judgment day,
At which time they will arise
And go beyond the skies.

Then they will stand on doom's day
And hear the Judge say
To one, "Depart from me I know you not."
But to one, eternal life he will allot.

UNITY.

If a people would successful be
Together they must stand;
Not in the wrong,
But in the right they should band
Themselves as one great force
For justice, honor and peace.
Then some of the noise about failure
Would cease.

You must inwardly resolve to be
A strong united band,
And you must inwardly resolve,
To obey God's command.
Unity in the right makes a people
Powerful and strong,
For God can enable them
To stand before any throng.

Crush the wrong with your foot,
And firmly stand for right.
Turn your back on Satan,
And trust in the God of might;
He will help you to rise
To an exalted place in life,
Where you'll not be overpowered
By malice, envy or strife.

Stand together, firmly stand,
And battle against wrong.
Live pure, do your duty,
And it will not be long
Before what you've wished for
Will be in reach; then you can praise
The God of heaven and earth
In many ways.

You can praise Him in actions, thoughts, words
And with the heart;
Then you can be under his protection

And share a part
In his blessings, mercy and love.
Though oppressed with grief, burdens and care,
If honest, pure and right,
You need not despair.

Be true to each other, to yourselves,
And God.
Turn neither to the right nor left,



MISS HATTIE MAE INGRAHAM,
Graduate of Dallas High School and
Musical Directress, Chicago, Ill.

But continue to plod
In the middle of the road, for it has an end.
It will lead you to happiness and rest,
And to a place or peace,
Where all are blest.

Did you ever see a people
Who weren't united, last long?
Did you ever see a people continue to prosper

Who were wrong,
And boasted in wickedness?
Did you ever discern
A road with no end,
Or a lane with no turn?

No. Then you may expect a change,
Labor, work and pray,
Be of good cheer; do your duty,
And wait for a better day,
For the time will come, wait patiently,
When the righteous and united shall prosper. But all
The nations, who are divided
And wrong, shall fall.

What a weak nation without unity!
Where is their strength and power?
They can not stand before the foe,
They may fall at any hour.
What a strong nation!
When it is united, stands firm for right,
And puts its trust
In the God of might!

THE SHEEP AND GOATS.

In that great judgment day
When all nations meet each other,
The Shepherd will place the sheep on the right
And the goats on the left, regardless of color.

The Lamb will look
On his right and say,
Come and inherit the kingdom prepared for you
Throughout eternal day.

"When I was sick
Ye visited me,
So eternal life
I'll give to thee."

Then He will look on the left
At the goats, the cursed,
Who gave Him no water
When he didst thirst,

And say, "Depart into
Everlasting punishment."
Hence throughout eternity
Their time must be spent.

The lambs, though feeble,
Are not neglected,
But are fed, clothed
And protected.

When the lambs and sheep
Do their duty
They behold the scenes
Of pastoral beauty.

He watches over them
When asleep they lie,
With a shepherd's
Watchful eye.

The Shepherd tenderly guards
His sheep,
And gives them living bread
To eat.

And they may drink
From the still waters that sweep
Through the green pastures
For the sheep.

The Shepherd's ever ready
To comfort and console
Those who've been washed
And made whole.

Hence, It should be the soul's
Chief delight
To glory in the God
Of love and might.

A PRAYER.

O God, the God of truth and love,
Send down more blessings from above.
Grant that I may be more like unto Thee
And that my heart may purer be.
O God, Thou art my refuge and light,
To do Thy will is my delight,
But when temptations assail my heart
Often from Thy ways I depart.
But hear my prayer,
Move back every cloud and care
And hide me, O my Savior, hide
Me where I can in Thee abide.
Help me to be faithful and more meek,
And make me strong where I am weak.
O Lord, teach me how to pray,
And how to walk in the narrow way;

Increase my zeal as I go
To love Thee better, and serve Thee more;
For I come to Thee with a penitent heart;
Please do not from me depart.
Give me a strong desire to live for Thee,
And also a desire to flee
From everything that has a tendency to keep me
From following Thee.
I know that I ought
Not to cherish an unholy thought.
Then may I never treasure
In my heart a wordly pleasure
That will turn your face from me,
Or divert my thoughts from Thee.
When this restless life is o'er
Land me safe on the other shore.
Then shall I have peace and rest
With the pure and the blest,
Where I can praise Thee forever and ever
There I shall be happy and never
Suffer, complain, weep, or sigh,
For after I die
I shall go with Thee to live above
In that land of love.
Hear this prayer I pray,
And help me to perform my duty, day by day.

THE SINNER.

Sinner, why art thou so willing
To sin from day to day?
Do you not know that Christ is grieved?
Do you not know that the saint's are bereaved
To see you are filling
Hell, and are going there to stay?

Did you know that every hour
Rushes you into despair?
You are throwing away your time in sin;
But wouldn't you like to win
The love of God, and his power,
And go to the land that's fair?

'Tis true that you are tempted
To continue in the path of vice.
But can you not resist the sin
That's trying so hard your soul to win?
Are you really contented
By selling your soul at such a price?

Do you not know that heaven's
Prepared for you,
And is arrayed in splendor and beauty?
If you will but do your duty
You can rest in that beautiful haven
An enjoy peace and pleasures, too.

Suddenly disease will come
And slip upon your frame.
It will confine to your bed,
Until all will see that you are dead.
Then they'll leave you in the tomb
To turn to dust, from whence you came.

Is that all? No.
Your soul will have to go
To a land unknown,

And will also be thrown
Into a pit of fire and brimstone,
And you will cry, "Woe! Woe!

Unto me that I was born to die
And go to a place like this;
I wish I had obeyed Christ's voice;
I wish I had made heaven my choice;
Then I would not have to lie
In flames, and eternal happiness miss."



MISS SADIE DELLA HAMILTON,
Van Wert, Ohio,
Graduate of Wilberforce A. M. E. University, Xenia, Ohio. Principal White Rock Public School, Grayson County, Texas.

THE PRODIGAL'S PRAYER.

O Heavenly Father, I went astray
Into fields far, far away.
Hence, I feel unworthy to be called thy child,
Because thou art so good and mild.
But now I come back to Thee,



MRS. OSCAR THOMPSON, DENISON, TEXAS,
A teacher, expert with the needle in fancy work, Doilering and Battenberg, awarded several premiums by the Texas State Fair.

So let thy mercy rest upon me;
Teach me how to watch and pray,
And how to walk in the narrow way.
Increase my zeal as I go,
To not turn back any more.
Now please do not from me depart,
For I come to Thee with a penitent heart;

I know that I've been mean,
But purge, wash and make me clean.
I know that I've been sinful and wild,
But will you not take back your child?
I know that I am filthy and poor,
But will you turn me from your door?
If you'll let me live with Thee,
I will an humble servant be.
Hear this humble prayer, I pray,
And I'll never again go astray.

SPRING.

Come, sweet spring; come with your showers;
Come with warmth and laden bowers.
We love your season best of all—
Better than summer, winter or fall.

Come on! Winter will have to go,
With his cold wind, rain, ice and snow.
Our feet are cold, our backs are bare—
O, come, dear Spring! We need your care.

Spread Nature's lessons on your chart,
Then teach every mind and heart
To see God on the land, the seas,
The plants, the air, the clouds, and breeze.

Wake up, sweet Spring, and sing once more,
Let your sweet bells chime as of your,
And the concert of sweet sounds ring,
Loudly and clearly, it is Spring.

Sleep no more until music is heard
From the land, the water, the air and bird;
Let your vocal sparks warm the earth,
And to dead plants whisper a new birth.

Let Nature do her part once more,
By spreading flowers at the door,
By chasing winter's gloom away,
By doing things to make us gay.

Come on, sweet Spring—the trees are bare;
They need your rain, your warmth and care;
And we need their ripe fruit so sweet—
We are longing for some to eat.

Come on, sweet Spring—do not delay—
With your soft, sweet breezes, one day;
Bring an odor from your flowers
And sweet scent from laden bowers.

In your cradle lull us to sleep,
There we will not worry nor weep
About Winter's hardships and frost,
Nor about what his visits cost.

We invite you again, dear Spring,
With your sunshine, warmth and rain;
Earth's thirsty for Spring rain once more,
And everything wants to grow.

Please accept our invitation;
If not, we'll die from starvation,
Or we'll surely die from grief,
If you don't come to our relief.



REV. ALEXANDER S. JACKSON, D. D.

The subject of this sketch was born in Georgia, May 4th, 1858, of Rev. Andrew and Charlotte Jackson, parents who were deeply pious

and were untiring in their efforts to bring up the son in the fear and admonition of the Lord. Alexander was early converted and by his ministerial father was baptized into fellowship in the Baptist Church in the city of Atlanta, of which his father was pastor. His education, which began in the first schools established in the South by Northern philanthropists, was completed in the Atlanta University; his study of theology began in the Clark Seminary and was later prosecuted in the Berean School of Sacred Teaching. While yet a youth he began to teach in the public schools of Georgia, and after some years entered upon the same work in Mississippi, closing seven years' labor as principal of the leading State school at Jackson, the capital, to accept a call to the pastorate of the Tulane Avenue Baptist Church in the city of New Orleans, La., where he remained more than eighteen years, developing that church into a great power for good in every way in which a church can be helpful in the uplift of our people. In the year 1899, having been called to the pastorate of New Hope Baptist Church, in the city of Dallas, Texas, recognizing it to be the will of God, he resigned to come to this responsibility, amid the protests of his New Orleans church and the citizens of both races, under a sense of duty to take up the Dallas work. After five years' effort this church has fully entered upon a new era in its history and will soon enter its new splendid brick house of worship, which is being erected at a cost of about $20,000 without incurring a loan-debt. Dr. Jackson led in the reorganization of the Baptist State Convention of Louisiana, and was its president for some years, resigning that others might learn the burdens and responsibilities of leadership. He was for two years president of the National Convention of the Baptist denomination. During the World's Exposition at Chicago, he was one of the only two Negroes who held membership on the Advisory Council which managed all the religious congresses of the Exposition. The white Baptists of the North have on three occasions had him to attend and address them upon the religious needs of the race in the South, at their annual meetings in Washington, D. C.; Boston, Mass., and Minneapolis, Minn, respectively.

Dr. Jackson felt that he owed himself to other spheres of usefulness than that of preaching, and has kept actively in touch with movements which sought the elevation of the race. For thirteen years he was the chairman and executive officer of the board of trustees of Leland University at New Orleans, an institution which carries an improved property worth $200,000 and an invested endowment of over

$100,000. His signature in such capacity is attached to the diplomas of many of the most promising young men and women of the race in the South. Though Dr. Jackson has never had any liking for politics, beyond the personal exercise of the franchise, yet under the administration of President Benjamin Harrison, the office sought the man and he was appointed to the office of Receiver of Public Moneys for the city of New Orleans, La., being immediately confirmed by the Senate. This position he held till several months up into the administration of President Cleveland, with an allowance of three thousand dollars a year, and ended his public career with a resignation, for, having continued his pastoral labor while holding the office, and unwilling to retire from ministerial work, he found office-holding overburdening him. The Department of the Interior complimented him for faithfulness when he left the service. During his occupancy he became acquainted with many distinguished men in public life.

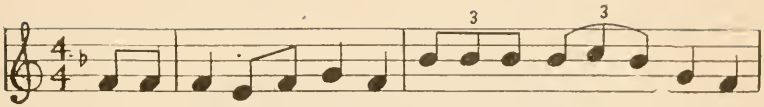
Dr. Jackson was first married to Miss Laura Augusta Mason, a college-mate in Georgia, of which union there were three children, now living, to all of whom he gave completed education in the best universities. His first wife being taken to her reward in heaven, the Doctor, after two years, married Miss Odalie Alice Morse, a young lady native of New Orleans and a teacher at the time in Leland University, who now is his worthy companion in all his labors. Of this union there are two promising boys. The Doctor's domestic life has always been as nearly ideal as is attainable.

The Doctorate of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Kentucky in the year 1892 at Louisville.

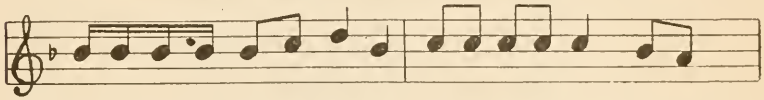
He is now just in the prime of all his gifts and deeply attached to his work in the leading city of the great commonwealth of Texas, where he proposes to remain till New Hope is made an ideal church.



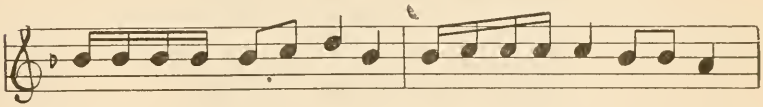
Let Us Hope.



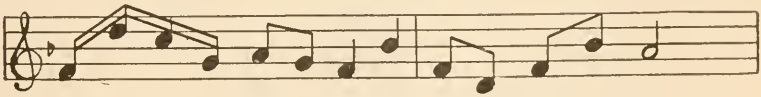
Let us hope, righteous workers, and may God be our chief delight
Let us hope, oh ye people, the skies are more bright,
Let us hope, let us hope, and behold the radiating light,
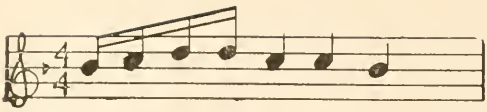


Though we may be heavy laden, He will make our burdens light
Hope is bringing joy and gladness, though we've passed a rest-
less night,
Lift your eyes christian workers, and see the glorious sight.



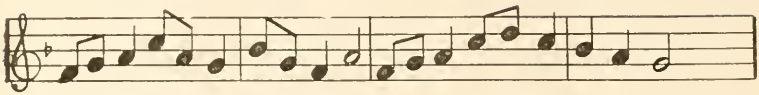
Our path may be dark and stormy, Our way may be cloudy and
drear,
Though often enveiled with doubts, we must labor, toil and pray,
Though our path seems darkened by the barriers in the way.



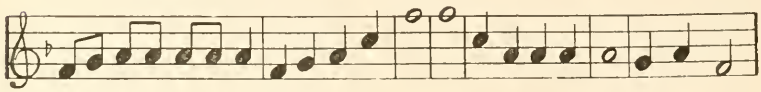
And we may be in a sad plight, but we need not fear,
For if we do our duty and the laws of God obey,
But if we do right, we will not go astray.
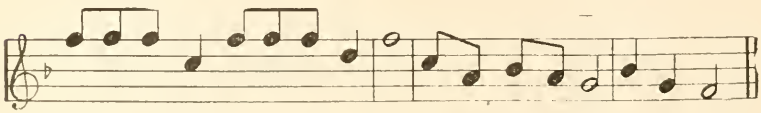


For a better time is near.
He will on our side stay.
There'll be a brighter day.



Let us hope as we go, hallelujah, Let us work, watch and pray,
hallelu,



We've discovered rays of light, and if we do right Christ will
our battles fight hallelu.



Hallelujah, hallelujah, Christ will our battles fight, hallelu.



SUNDAY.

The day is calm and cool and still.
The fleecy clouds are drifting slow.
The morning zephyrs gently blow.
I hear the cricket sharply shrill,
Peace and good will, peace and good will.



PROF. J. AUSTIN LOVE,
Dallas, Texas,
Author of "Satire From the South," "Leisure Hour Lyrics" and "Lines to Lucile."

The wagons stand high heaped with hay,
The teams are grazing 'round the bend;
The plows stand idle at the end,
And all of nature seems to say,
Remember thou the Sabbath day.

Hark! from the church across the way,
Comes echoes of sweet Sabbath bells.

Each peal a sacred story tells,
Unto my heart they seem to say,
Repent and pray, repent and pray.

A source of joy these chimes afford.
I see the host assembled there.
I hear the pastor lead a prayer.
I see the sexton pull a cord,
Then comes the echo, praise the Lord.

Sweet bells, I can't ignore your plea,
Though to your shrine I cannot come;
Today I must remain at home,
But here will I on bended knee,
Praise God 'neath my own vine and tree.

J. A. LOVE.



MRS. ANNIE A. GREEN,

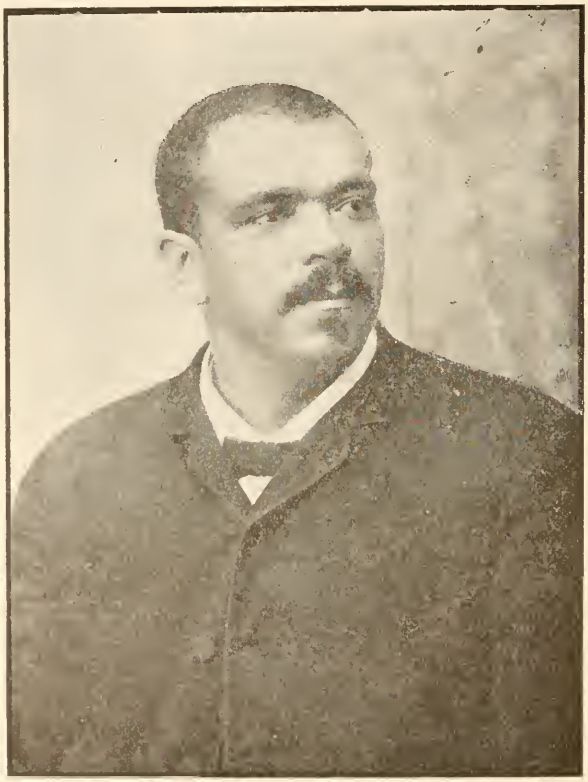
Widow of the late Rev. C. R. Green, a devoted A. M. E. Christian worker, and has spent her life in the cause of Christ; born in Grayson County, Texas. and on marriage went North, where she has been of great use to her race teaching Arsene, Needle Work and Hair braiding, to the young women; she ranks among our wealthiest women, and has set aside $500 in cash for the church in which her membersip is at death. She now resides at her Kansas home, Baxter Springs. Kan.



DENNIS V. HOOPER, DALLAS, TEXAS.
Doctor of Pharmacy.

The above cut is a likeness of our druggist, Mr. Dennis V. Hooper. Born in Lake City, Florida, April 17, 1878, Mr. Hooper spent the first years of his life as most country boys, roaming over the farm. He came to Dallas at the age of thirteen years, securing employment in one of the largest retail drug houses in Texas, where Mr. Hooper remained for five consecutive years, when he came to the conclusion that he would like to attend school. Returning to Florida, he spent three years in study. In 1899 Mr. Hooper returned to Dallas and resumed work in the drug house where he had formerly been employed. Our young druggist re-entered his chosen and favorite study of pharmacy after several hard years of diligent study in February, 1904, successfully

passed a creditable examination before the Texas Board of Pharmacy and was granted a certificate of registration. On June 15, 1904, Mr. Hooper was married to Miss Alice N. de Jarnette of Montgomery, Ala. In August of the same year he opened a drug store of his own at 595 Elm Street, where Mr. Hooper is doing a prosperous business.



REV. ABNER TAYLOR, DALLAS, TEXAS.

Born 1854, in Monroe County, Georgia; prominent divine of the Baptist Church.

Garlands of honor crown his faithful service in moral life as a minister, and the business enterprises fostered and successfully operated for the advancement of humanity demonstrate his nobleness of character.

HON. A. J. McCAULEY.

The subject of this sketch was born at Tunnel Hill, Whitfield County, Georgia, in 1861, and attended the public schools of his native town. Being one of three dependent children upon a widowed mother, he was forced at an early age to quit school and join the ranks of the bread-winners. Though deprived of further school training, his thirst for knowledge made him a diligent student; and so persistent did he pursue his studies that he is qualified for business life, and has a remarkable command of the English language. In fact, he is more than a match, from a literary point, for most of our college bred men. He has been many years ac-



A. J. McCAULEY, Dallas, Tex.
Attorney at Law.

tively engaged in the newspaper business and is recognized as one of the ablest editorial writers of his race. Mr. McCauley has been an active participant in the politics of his State for twenty years, and is well and favorably known throughout the State. He is one of the State's most eloquent public speakers—a forceful and convincing debater and one of the most effective campaigners in Texas. He first attracted attention as a campaigner in the memorable prohibition State campaign in the eighties when, after a heroic struggle, he "went down on the losing side." "I believe men can and should be just as honest

in politics as in business," is a favorite expression of his, and his vehement attacks and scathing denunciations of those who, in his opinion, have not "toed the mark," politically, are worth going a good distance to hear.

Assisted by some of his many white lawyer friends, Mr. McCauley read law in this city, and after passing "one of the best examinations ever passed in this city," was admitted to practice law. The applicant for license to practice law was examined in "open court" before Presiding Judge Richard Morgan of the 44th Judicial District Court, by a special commission composed of the following three eminent lawyers: Judge W. J. J. Smith, formerly of the 14th Judicial District bench of Texas, but now attorney for the Houston and Texas Central Railroad Company; Judge Charles T. Morriss, formerly of the Corporation Court of Dallas, now city auditor; and Jefferson Word, Esq., a leading lawyer of the Dallas bar. It is said by competent judges that Mr. McCauley is a lawyer of exceptional ability, and it is with especial pride we reproduce here the comment of a learned Texas judge upon Mr. McCauley at the close of a trial conducted by him.

Mr. McCauley addressed the Court as follows: "Now, may it please your honor; I am about to leave the court room, and before doing so I wish to thank the Court and the attaches of this court for the very kindly and courteous treatment accorded us during our labors here." "I am gratified at the favorable impression made upon me here today, and it will be lasting."

Replying to these remarks, the Hon. L. W. Moore, presiding judge, said: "Yes; I had intended privately to thank and commend you for the very excellent manner in which you have conducted this case; but since you have taken occasion to interrupt the Court to thus express your appreciation of the treatment accorded you by and in this court, I shall now, in open court, that it may form part of the record of this court, say to you what I had intended to say to you privately. The Court wishes to thank you for the manly, able and at the same time courteous manner in which you have deported yourself in the conduct of this case."

"In fidelity to your client, in ability and adroitness in the management of your case; and withal, your very excellent decorum, combine to make your labor here today exemplary, and the Court expresses the wish that your brethren at the bar, not only of your race, but of my own as well, will emulate the example which you have set here today."

Turning in his chair so as to more directly face the bar, his honor, in a serio-comic vein, continued: "And particularly does the court

express this wish with reference to the bar of La Grange. In my long experience at the bar and on the bench, I have observed no man to appear to better advantage than you have in this case; your management of the case, in fact, has been exemplar. And I want to say to you that no man could have gotten more out of it. And that you except to the judgment of the Court and give notice of appeal is but one of the evidences of the fallibility of the human mind, and is rather a good than a bad sign—rather to my liking than my disliking—when men differ properly and for good cause."

Certainly these very flattering words of commendation, coming as they do ex cathedra, should be highly prized by every thoughtful member of the race of which Mr. McCauley is a worthy representative.

Mr. McCauley is also a printer, and his pride in the fact is expressed by him in the following language: "I know of no more satisfactory way in which I can spend my leisure moments than by setting up my editorials for the Metropolitan."

DAILY QUESTIONS FOR SELF-EXAMINATION.

Do I take advantage of opportunities?
Have I used my time to advantage?
Am I ashamed of my daily life?
Am I living right in God's sight?
Am I virtuous, industrious and religious?
Is my conduct always justifiable?
Am I truthful and honest?
Am I economical?
Do I do unto others as I would have them do to me?
Am I envious?
Do I dig ditches for my superiors simply because they are more successful than I?
Do I see things in a broad common sense way?
Am I worthy of emulation?
Am I vigilantly striving to do my duty?
Am I living a Christian?

O God! grant that the Negro may
Answer these questions in the right way,
Before his building crumbles and falls
And before the Death Angel calls;
Help him to make his peace with Thee,
Help him to prepare for eternity.
For when diseases cannot be cured,
When pains can no longer be endured,
When each individuality,
Must put on immortality,
It will be too late
To correct a mistake;
So help him to do the things that's right
In Thy sight.



THOUGHTS FOR DIFFERENT NATIONS.

I will submit a few thoughts for other nations' consideration in the following arraignment:

1. When judging the Negro, think of the frailties that bound humanity.

2. Think whether the Negro has been justly treated or not.

3. Think of the horrible system of slavery.

4. When you think of the Negro who has failed, think of the one who has succeeded.

5. Think of the Negro's progress in every respect during the last thirty-eight years, and see if it is commensurate with his conditions and oppportunities.

6. As you think of the 20,264 Negroes in the penitentiaries and county jails, think of the forty thousand who have graduated from schools, colleges and universities; and also their business enterprises, intellect and wealth.

7. And then think of a method that will bring on a friendly relation between us.

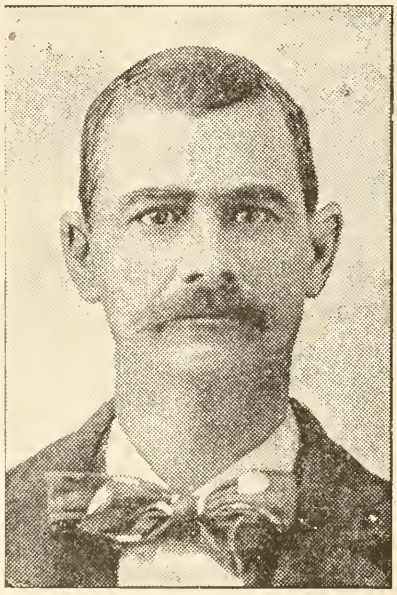




COMMENDATION.

I have examined the "Mental and Moral Capsule for Solution of Race Problem." written by Mrs. Hall. She has chosen to write on that much discussed race problem; and I think she found a solution to it. At least, her work will assist those into whose hands it may fall to reach a solution of the so-called race problem.

I find that it has been the purpose of Mrs. Hall, in writing this



PROF. H. S. THOMPSON, A. M.,
Principal of Booker T. Washington
City School, Dallas, Texas.

little book, to reach the hearts of the girls of the race. May every girl copy after the ideal girl who reached the "pinnacle" of mental and moral excellence. Mrs. Hall is not alone when she says it would go a long way towards solving the race problem if the legislatures of the States would pass a law prohibiting idleness on the part of the young of both races. I wish for this little book a great field of future usefulness.

RD 6 6

THE PARTING WORDS OF THE PUBLISHER.

Fearlessly and freely we launch this very important barque upon the main of mind. The demand of the times, grant a favorable gale of prestige, regardless of empty animadversion and clamorous applause, we feel that this particular volume will be helpful in the home life and



REV. R. S. JENKINS, D. D.,
Presiding Elder of the Corsicana District A. M. E. Church
and Publisher.

of rhetoric in friction, touched with gilts of novelty simply to create a momentary impression. But herein the readers will find the solid unvarnished truth most helpful in these times of deceptive and pernicious subserve a good purpose. These pages are not covered with the flowers literature, for it is not the desire of the author to glean flowers for a

garland of fame, nor pander to the popular sentiment of the unthinking public of purulent excrescences of sorid soul and morbid minds, yet if a true, candid and enlightened criticism should prove the demolition of this volume, it would be preferable to have it thus perish, than to enter the homes of the readers on a useless errand and prove to be an erroneous, deleterious production. Yet if in the main this volume receives the hypercritical carpings of the disappointed literary fop, or the supercilious snarl of those that could do better and have never made the effort, for all such we have sovereign contempt, fearing not the one, nor court the favor of the other, being assured that humanity will be benefited and blessed, also instructed in the conomics and the domestic life by reading this book which the author has spent money and more than three years time in the preparation, also the publisher has spared no pains in obtaining pictures of persons and the publishing of the same. We therefore launch it, conscious of the fact of the mighty flood of various books and the indifference in the reception of them, believing Mrs. Josie B. Hall's book, Moral and Mental Capsule, for the economic and domestic life of the Negro as a solution of the race problem, to be a brilliant torch of wisdom, for eternal remembrance in the home life of our people, and if carefully read and adhered, will truly be a blessing of the greatest value, making the homes better, brighter and happier.

CORRECTIONS.

With a deep sense of justice to our Authoress, we note the corrections, such as the ages of Arella Theresa Hall, the baby not as yet a year old, and A. G. Hall, 5 years.—Page vi. "And cannot himself from her wean," to be omitted.—Page 68. Confusion, instead of "concusion."—Pape 117. " 'right to do right.' " And as some great power seized her tender mind, she has inwardly resolved to do right and many valuable thoughts."—Page 120.

We apologize for the oversights and other typographical errors that may appear to the critical reading public; for it was not the fault of the authoress. Mrs. Hall has spent money and time to give the world her most valuable thoughts, and for this cause we make the polite, conscientious apology.

Yours sincerely, R. S. JENKINS.

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